THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA

PRENTICEANA;

OR,

WIT AND HUMOR IN PARAGRAPHS.

BY

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

G. W. GRIFFIN,

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES IN LITERATURE."

PHILADELPHIA:
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,
Nos. 819 and 821 Market Street.
1871.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Add to Lib.
GIFT

P
1870

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.*

THE life of this distinguished poet and journalist has been a crown of glory to the world; but only those who have been brought within the charmed circle of his acquaintance, and enjoyed his confidence and friendship, can form the least idea of the peerless grace and lofty beauty of his soul. He seemed to belong to a higher order of beings than those of this earth; and I can but feel, in approaching the subject of his memory, that I am treading upon sacred ground. He was my best and truest friend. I consulted him upon nearly every duty and obligation that I owed to society and to the world, and I always found him the wisest and gentlest teacher and the safest and surest guide. His heart was so eloquent in the depth, pathos, and purity of its affections that I was never in his presence without feeling wiser and better. I had known him so long and so well, and had been the recipient of so many acts of love and kindness at his hands, that I began to look upon his existence as necessary for my happiness upon earth. There was nothing that he could do for me that he did not do cheerfully. In no instance did he endeavor to make me sensible of the obligation I owed him, but he ever appeared more like the receiver than the giver. There

* This biographical memoir is taken from a new book, "Studies in Literature," published by H. C. Turnbull, Jr., Baltimore. The author of the sketch was a most intimate friend and companion of the subject of the memoir.

787

was scarcely a day during the last five years of his life that I did not see him, or receive some message from him. It was his custom to spend at least two evenings in every week at my house. A chair was placed for him regularly at our table, and no one was allowed to occupy it during his absence. This little mark of respect seemed always to please him exceedingly, for even trivial kindnesses were never passed unnoticed by him, and those who conferred them were always well paid by some pleasant word or acknowledgment. There was a mildness, a dignity, a love, and a patience about him peculiarly his own; and now that he is dead, I feel half ashamed of the little that I can add to his memory.

George Dennison Prentice was born at Griswold, Connecticut, on the 18th of December, 1802. He displayed very early in life talents of no common order. He excited the admiration of every one who knew him by the marvellous facility with which he acquired the most difficult and complicated branches of knowledge. He was able to read fluently when only four years of age. He was a fine Greek and Latin scholar, and at the age of fifteen could translate and parse any sentence in Homer or Virgil. At this time he was prepared to enter the Sophomore class at college, but was compelled to teach a district school in order to defray the expense of a collegiate education. In 1820 he entered Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island, and here he graduated in 1823. A few years later he studied law, and was soon admitted to the Bar. He did not find the practice of law congenial to his tastes, and he devoted himself to literature. In 1828 he started the *New England Review*. This paper was successful from the beginning. The editor at once distinguished himself by his bold and incisive style of writing. In 1830 he left the *New England Review* in charge of the poet Whittier, and ac-

cepted an invitation to go to Kentucky for the purpose of writing the biography of Henry Clay. As soon as he reached Lexington, the home of Mr. Clay, he went to work at once upon the biography. It was completed in a very short time. It met with a most enthusiastic reception, not only from the people of Kentucky, but from the entire Whig party of the nation. It contains by far the most correct account ever given to the public of the life of that distinguished statesman, as well as the most animated and eloquent exposition of the political principles of his party. Mr. Clay cherished for his biographer the warmest feelings of affection, and often said that he owed the greater part of his fame to him. It is almost useless to speak of the services Mr. PRENTICE rendered Mr. Clay, for they are so manifold and varied that the names of the great statesman and the great journalist are inseparably associated.

Mr. PRENTICE removed to Louisville in the month of September, 1830, and on the 24th day of the following November he published the first number of the *Louisville Journal.* The politics of the country were at that time exciting in the extreme. The Democratic party determined, if possible, to defeat Mr. Clay in his own State. The leading Democratic organ in Kentucky was a paper called the *Louisville Advertiser.* It was under the editorial management of Shadrack Penn, one of the most eloquent and effective writers in the State. Mr. Penn's friends had the most unbounded confidence in him. They predicted that he would demolish Mr. PRENTICE at a single blow.

Those who remember the warfare waged between these two knights of the quill, have no difficulty in realizing that there were giants in those days. Each of the editors was recognized as a champion with whom ordinary mortals must not interfere. In their respective fields they possessed powers rarely rivalled. Mr. Penn had a great advantage

in a well and widely established reputation in the *venue* where the case was to be tried, while Mr. PRENTICE was comparatively a stranger, and apparently weak. Mr. Penn had rarely met an editor able to cope with him. After he had vanquished the redoutable Amos Kendall, on the Old and New Court issues which convulsed the State, Mr. Penn was the recognized champion of the party that had triumphed in the great contest in which those issues were tried. In this condition of things, it is not likely that Mr. Penn dreaded any contemporary writer on politics. The comparatively young Connecticut writer had fully surveyed the ground before consenting to link himself with the enterprise of a new daily paper in Louisville. He had measured the powers of the veteran Penn, but he had unbounded confidence in his own powers.

When the *emeute* began to brew in the *Advertiser*, Mr. PRENTICE gave an admonitory warning, announcing that without desiring strife he was ready for it. He stated that his editorial quiver was armed with quills of all sizes, from those of the humming-bird to those of the eagle. The war began, and was waged with activity and vigor for the space of eleven years. Each of the combatants possessed great powers, and up to the end of the war each had hosts of friends. Mr. PRENTICE became famous throughout the Union. The remarkable purity of his diction — a purity in which he had few equals and no superior; his wonderful versatility of expression, by which he was able to use the same idea many times, and never twice alike; the Attic salt of his wit, the torturing power of his irony, his satire and sarcasm, the terse epigrammatic force which enabled him often to overwhelm an antagonist in a single sentence, made him the most popular and renowned journalist in the country. These qualities made Mr. PRENTICE a power in the land; a power which he never abused. He was at all

times placable, even with those who had most abused him. This is beautifully portrayed in his reconciliation with Mr. Penn. I am indebted to Dr. T. S. Bell, of Louisville, for an account of this noble feature in the lives of the two renowned journalists. Dr. Bell was the intimate friend of each of the editors; and on the eve of the departure of Mr. Penn for St. Louis, Dr. Bell proposed to both gentlemen the project of an interview. Each assented to the proposal, and each of them gave Dr. Bell full power to act for him. The interview took place at Dr. Bell's office, and commenced and ended most happily. Mr. PRENTICE began by expressing the hope that the necessity of Mr. Penn's departure was not absolute, and begged to know of Mr. Penn whether he, Mr. PRENTICE, could be of any service in aiding him to remain. He eloquently alluded to the long series of Kentucky enterprises, and the numerous recognized schemes for the prosperity of Louisville, that endeared Mr. Penn to the principles of Kentucky, and Mr. PRENTICE deplored the departure of Mr. Penn from the State as a public calamity. Toward the close of the interview, Mr. PRENTICE assured Mr. Penn of his earnest purpose to give him all the aid in his power toward making Mr. Penn's career in Missouri successful. This pledge he fulfilled. It is difficult to conceive of anything more beautiful of its kind than Mr. PRENTICE's tribute to Mr. Penn upon the departure of the latter for St. Louis. Mr. PRENTICE read the article, before publishing it, to Dr. Bell, as the common friend of Mr. Penn and of himself, and asked for any suggestions for elaborating this magnanimous editorial. I need not add that Mr. Penn was much gratified with it.

Mr. PRENTICE was one of the most industrious men that ever edited a daily paper. He wrote with great facility, but kept himself well posted in all political matters, not

only those that were contemporary with him, but with those of the past. Until within a few years he never left the office until the editorial page was imposed as he desired it to be, and locked up in the chase.

In 1840 he was attacked with a disease called *Chorea Scriptorum*, caused by excessive writing. This disease shows itself only when the hand attempts to write. Mr. PRENTICE could handle other things than a writing instrument without any trouble. Indeed, for a long time after the appearance of the disease, he was able to write many words until the thumb was pressed toward the index finger, when the pen would fly from him as though some one had struck it. One morning, while suffering in this way, he composed a beautiful song for his friend, Dr. T. S. Bell. Mr. PRENTICE'S amanuensis was not in, and he stepped over to the Doctor's office, and asked him to write something for him, saying, "It is for you and your wife." Mr. PRENTICE then dictated the following beautiful lines, which were afterward set to music by a distinguished artist of Poland:

"We've shared each other's smiles and tears
  Through years of wedded life;
And love has bless'd those fleeting years,
  My own, my cherished wife.

"And if, at times, the storm's dark shroud
  Has rested in the air,
Love's beaming sun has kissed the cloud,
  And left the rainbow there.

"In all our hopes, in all our dreams,
  Love is forever nigh,
A blossom in our path it seems,
  A sunbeam in our sky.

"For all our joys of brightest hue
Grow brighter in love's smile,
And there 's no grief our hearts e'er knew
That love could not beguile."

Those who were not acquainted with Mr. PRENTICE's forgiving nature, have been surprised that his enemies should so often display a readiness to forget and forgive the many severe things he said about them.

At one time, Mike Walsh, a prominent Democratic politician of New York, provoked a quarrel with him, and was severely punished for his temerity. Mr. PRENTICE handled him without gloves, and let fall a perfect torrent of wit and sarcasm and satire against him. At the time of the controversy Mr. PRENTICE and Mr. Walsh were personally strangers to each other, and as may naturally be supposed, the latter did not care to alter the relation. They met, however, some time afterward, at a dinner-party in Washington city. As Mr. PRENTICE advanced, Walsh fixed his piercing eyes upon him without offering his hand, and exclaimed: "You are GEORGE D. PRENTICE, are you?" Mr. PRENTICE bowed an assent, and Walsh said: "You must know, sir, that I like you; although you have skinned me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, your instrument was so sharp and so skilfully used that the operation was rather pleasant than otherwise."

During Mr. PRENTICE's long and eventful life he was engaged in many controversies, and, strange to say, he invariably came out triumphant. Some of his controversies led to violent personal encounters; but I have his own testimony, and that of many of the oldest and best citizens of Louisville, that he was not the aggressor in a single instance.

Some years ago, George James Trotter, editor of the Kentucky *Gazette*, fired at him on Market street, in Louisville, without the slightest warning, and wounded him near

the heart. Mr. PRENTICE, with knife in hand, instantly threw him to the ground, and held him irresistibly in his grasp. A large crowd gathered around the scene, and nearly every one present cried out, "Kill him! kill him!" Mr. PRENTICE instantly let go his hold, and exclaimed: "I cannot kill a disarmed and helpless man!"

Mr. PRENTICE'S forgiving nature was so widely known that those who had wronged him most did not hesitate to accost him in terms of apparent friendship.

On one occasion, Thomas Jefferson Pew, without the slightest provocation, said some very scandalous things about him. Pew was so unworthy of PRENTICE'S notice that I do not believe he ever replied to him; but one morning, several years afterward, he had the audacity to enter PRENTICE'S office. Pew was in a wretched and filthy condition; his clothes were worn and seedy, and with uncombed hair and unshaved face, he presented a most disgusting and loathsome appearance. He called PRENTICE aside, and after some conversation left the office. Fortunatus Cosby, the distinguished poet, was in the room at the time, and asked Mr. PRENTICE the name of his unsightly visitor. Mr. PRENTICE replied: "He is Thomas Jefferson Pew. He told me that he was in distress, and that he wanted two dollars and a half for the purpose of going to see his mother." "Yes," said Cosby, "and I suppose you were silly enough to give it to him?" "No," replied PRENTICE, "I recollected that I had a mother, and asked myself the question what she would have thought of me had I appeared before her in so filthy a condition, and I gave him *twenty-five dollars*, and told him to go to see his mother in the garb of a gentleman."

In 1835 Mr. PRENTICE was married to Miss Harriet Benham, the daughter of Col. Joseph Benham, a distinguished lawyer of Kentucky.

The *Louisville Journal*, under the guidance of Mr. PRENTICE, for a period of thirty years probably exercised more political power and influence than any other paper in America. It has been said, and said truly, that "among the newspaper-press it was a monocrat." It exercised as much influence in the field of literature as in the field of politics. It made and unmade poets and essayists as well as politicians and statesmen. A writer whose contributions appeared in its columns considered his reputation as an author established. Fortunatus Cosby, John J. Piatt, Amelia Welby, Sallie M. Bryan, and many others equally distinguished, owe their first public introduction to it.

Its editor became daily more and more popular. He was known almost as well in Europe as in America. He scorned to be subservient to any clique or party. There was no mortgage on his brain. Everything that was mean, or little, or false, or meretricious, was foreign to him. He never courted popular applause. It seemed that there was nothing outside of the range of his genius. No such word as *failure* was written in his lexicon. He accomplished everything he undertook. His learning was varied, thorough, and profound. What he did not know he never affected to possess. He imitated no one. He created models rather than followed them. He had no especial fondness for quotations. Whenever he availed himself of the writings of others, they were so refined in the crucible of his genius that they became his own. His memory was not only retentive, but trustworthy in the fullest sense of the word. His command over language was extraordinary. It was tyrannous. He could think of a thousand words at once, and select the one best suited to his purpose. He was a natural grammarian. I have heard him say that he understood every principle of English grammar as if by intuition, and that when a child he astonished his teacher by

finishing the study of Lindley Murray in less than a week. His style of writing was quick, subtle, powerful, and massive. There was nothing dull or commonplace about it. He wrote with marvellous facility, and often dashed off from six to ten columns of printed matter a day. His wit was keen, sparkling, and original. His humor was rich and racy, and like that of Lamb and Fielding, at once broad and fine. He was always willing to fight an up-hill battle, for he was as skilful in attack as in defence. His anger was slow to arouse, but when aroused, it was like the lightning's flash, brief and quick, but sure.

The affluence of Mr. PRENTICE in genius and in equipments of education seemed to be well-nigh endless. He was as generous in the beneficent use of his intellectual wealth as he was great in the magnitude of its possession. Those who knew him intimately during his editorial career in Louisville, can easily call up from the storehouse of memory hundreds of examples of his judicious, unstinted, and benevolent kindness to young aspirants for fame. The term judicious kindness is illustrated in the case of that lovely song-bird, Amelia. Many persons who saw her charming poems in the columns of the *Louisville Journal*, and who knew of her limited education, were unable to conceive that she was capable of writing the beautiful poetry that appeared in her name. The surmise was quite common among this class of persons that Mr. PRENTICE either wrote the poems, or corrected and dressed them up for her. A distinguished gentleman of Louisville who was quite intimate with Amelia, and had often seen her write her poems, mentioned the current story on one occasion to Mr. PRENTICE, who said: "I recognized the priceless beauty of her genius too well to spoil it in that way. I never corrected a word in any of her writings. On the few occasions when she had used a word which I would not have

used, I sent her manuscript back to her with the defective word marked, and she immediately corrected the diction herself. Beyond that I never aided, nor had occasion to aid her."

Amelia loved music, and played instrumental music beautifully without any education in it. She sang as sweetly, and as melodiously, as she wrote. She had an intense love for flowers, and possessed a husband whose gifts as a floriculturist gave him power to abundantly gratify her floral desires. Some of her beautiful tributes to music, birds, and flowers, adorn the tasteful column erected to her memory in Cavehill cemetery.

Nothing in the career of Mr. PRENTICE was more astonishing than the ease and naturalness with which he called his gifts of education into duty, whenever an occasion called for their exercise. He never used Greek or Latin words in his compositions, yet such was his intimacy with those languages that, upon the spur of the moment, he often gave criticisms of as profound a character as though he devoted himself exclusively to the study of the classics. Dr. Bell was his physician for thirty-seven years, and was one of his most intimate friends through that long period, yet he was not even aware that Mr. PRENTICE was almost a perfect master of mathematics until Dr. S. G. Howe, the renowned philanthropist, visited Kentucky at the invitation of a number of her citizens, to aid in the establishment of a State institution for the education of the blind. Dr. Howe brought with him a pupil of the "Perkins Institute for the Blind," and a pupil also of Harvard College. The pupil, Mr. Smith, possessed a remarkable education as a musician, classical scholar, linguist, and mathematician. Dr. Howe, who was a student of Brown University with Mr. PRENTICE, requested Mr. PRENTICE to attend the public meeting of the citizens of Louisville, where Mr. Smith was to

show that blindness was not a barrier to the acquisition of a varied and extensive and profound education. Mr. PRENTICE was called upon at the meeting to make important problems for solution by Mr. Smith. The first problems were not remarkably recondite, but as soon as Mr. PRENTICE discovered Mr. Smith's proficiency, he rose into the highest departments of mathematics, and made problems that might have found an appropriate place in Hutton's Mathematical Recreations, which could not be called recreations to any one but a profound mathematician.

In 1860 Mr. PRENTICE published a volume of his witticisms, under the title of "Prenticeana." This book consists principally of paragraphs from the *Louisville Journal*, and a few written for the *New York Ledger*. Mr. PRENTICE had for years been repeatedly solicited to allow the publication of such a volume, but uniformly declined, because there were serious objections to many of his wittiest paragraphs on account of partisan bitterness expressed in them. He finally consented to publish the book, from a knowledge of the fact that if he did not collect his own paragraphs others would, and make the selection with far less regard to the feelings of many who were his friends.

Prenticeana contains about three hundred pages. There is not a single paragraph in it that is not characterized by the most piercing keenness and the most exquisite aptness. It does not, however, contain by any means the best specimens of PRENTICE'S wit and humor, but there is probably no similar collection in any language that will begin to compare with it.

At the beginning of the late war Mr. PRENTICE espoused the cause of the Union. He put on his armor and went to work in earnest. He infused into the columns of his paper all the ardor and enthusiasm of his nature. His old friends, many of whom had perilled their lives for him,

remonstrated with him, warned him, and threatened him. Even his two sons, whom he loved with a devotion almost unequalled, had entered the Southern army to battle for what they deemed a sacred duty; but undaunted, he called the people to arms, and to consolidate a mighty phalanx against an unrighteous rebellion. He did more. He used all the power and eloquence of his genius to persuade the Southern people to put an end to hostilities and to pursue a hopeless struggle no longer.

I need not dwell further upon this theme. The part he enacted has passed into history. Had he adopted a different course, the most fearful consequences to the Government might have been the result.

In person Mr. PRENTICE was above the medium height. His head was finely shaped; his figure was erect, but his exceedingly sloping shoulders gave him rather a drooping appearance. He was dignified and elegant in his bearing, and graceful and natural in all his movements and actions. His hands and feet were unusually small; his face was round and full; his features were irregular but not homely. His forehead was broad and high, and awed the beholder by its expression of intellectual vigor. His eyes were his finest feature; they were of a dark brown color, rather small, but lustrous and full of strange intelligence —

"Deep-searching seen, and seeing from afar."

His voice was low-toned and persuasive, but, free as a fountain, it took the form of the conduit thought.

He was one of the finest conversationists I ever heard. He illumined every subject upon which he touched. He knew exactly when to begin and when to stop. He had no set speeches. He delivered no monologues. He never wearied his listeners, or insulted them by presuming upon their ignorance. His favorite poets were Virgil, Byron,

and Shelley. He placed Virgil even above Homer. He said there was a freshness, a naturalness, and a stately grandeur about the verses of Virgil that were unequalled. He talked more of Shelley than of Byron, and I believe saw more to love and admire in him both as a man and a poet. Mr. PRENTICE, I believe, thought more of Rousseau than of any other French author. He once asked me to read the *Nouvelle Heloise:* "but, for heaven's sake," said he, "read it in the original text. There is a *finesse* about Rousseau that cannot be translated."

Mr. PRENTICE's favorite German author was Jean Paul Richter. He had read everything from his pen. I heard him once advise a young writer to adopt Richter's style as a model, "that is," said he, "if you must have a model."

Mr. PRENTICE was one of the best judges of character I ever knew. It was almost impossible to hide truth from him. He could see, at a glance, through the most guarded meanness and hypocrisy. He never doubted the constancy of a friend. Whenever he formed an attachment, it was almost sure to last through life. There was not a particle of selfishness in his nature. He was kind, and gentle and charitable to a fault, and felt no enmity toward his rivals. He never allowed his political feelings to alter his personal relations. I have often heard him speak in the kindest and most affectionate terms of Mr. Greeley. These two great journalists were for many years the most bitter political opponents, and, although engaged in a countless number of polemic duels, neither of them at any time entertained the slightest doubt of the honesty and sincerity of the other's convictions. When Mr. Greeley came to Louisville for the purpose of delivering one of his famous lectures, Mr. PRENTICE urged me to go to hear him, saying, "I regard him as the ablest, as well as the most conscientious journalist in the North; he has outlived the

ordinary period of life, but his mind is in the fullness of its power. It is something for the people of the rising generation to look upon the form and features of such a brave and daring chieftain. When he shall depart from among us, he will probably not leave a single peer behind."

On the evening of Mr. Greeley's lecture, Mr. PRENTICE occupied a chair near the speaker's stand, and listened attentively to every word that fell from his lips. A few weeks after the lecture Mr. PRENTICE wrote the following beautiful poem to him, entitled "To a Political Opponent:"

"I send thee, Greeley, words of cheer,
Thou bravest, truest, best of men;
For I have marked thy strong career,
As traced by thy own sturdy pen.
I've seen thy struggles with the foes
That dared thee to the desperate fight,
And loved to watch thy goodly blows,
Dealt for the cause thou deem'st the right.

"Thou'st dared to stand against the wrong
When many faltered by thy side;
In thy own strength hast dared be strong,
Nor on another's arm relied.
Thy own bold thoughts thou'st dared to think,
Thy own great purposes avowed;
And none have ever seen thee shrink
From the fierce surges of the crowd.

"Thou, all unaided and alone,
Didst take thy way in life's young years,
With no kind hand clasped in thy own,
No gentle voice to soothe thy tears.
But thy high heart no power could tame,
And thou hast never ceased to feel
Within thy veins a sacred flame
That turned thy iron nerves to steel.

"I know that thou art not exempt
From all the weaknesses of earth;
For passion comes to rouse and tempt
The truest souls of mortal birth.
But thou hast well fulfilled thy trust,
In spite of love and hope and fear;
And e'en the tempest's thunder-gust
But clears thy spirit's atmosphere.

"Thou still art in thy manhood's prime,
Still foremost 'mid thy fellow-men,
Though in each year of all thy time
Thou hast compressed threescore and ten.
Oh, may each blessed sympathy,
Breathed on thee with a tear and sigh,
A sweet flower in thy pathway be,
A bright star in thy clear blue sky."

I regret that the limits prescribed for this article will not admit of an extended notice of Mr. PRENTICE's poetry. It has been said that "he wrote verses simply as a recreation," and that "he estimated lightly his poetic gift." There is no truth whatever in such a conclusion. A more silly thought never took possession of a critic's brain.

Mr. PRENTICE wrote poetry because he loved it, because he could not help it, and because it was one of the elements in which he lived, and moved, and breathed, and had his being. It was so deeply interwoven in his nature that it became an integral part of it, and ever clung around and about him as the tendrils of the ivy to the oak. It was to his existence what the dew and sunshine are to the flowers.

In the stillness of night, when alone in his room, "a time for memory and tears," his great soul loved to commune with itself and the spirit of the universe. I have heard him say that at such moments, if it had not been for his paralyzed hand, he could have expressed thoughts such as only the truly inspired feel.

His poems entitled "My Mother's Grave," and a little poem called "Violets" (published in the *Ledger* a few weeks before his death, but written last summer), "The Closing Year," "The Stars," "To a Poetess on her Birthday," "The River in the Mammoth Cave," are among his best pieces.

The last poem he ever wrote was inscribed to my wife. It is so very beautiful that I hope I shall be pardoned for inserting it here.

"TO MY POETESS—A. M. G.

"Dear Alice, for two happy hours
I've sat within this little nook,
To muse upon the sweet soul-flowers
That blossom in thy gentle book.
They lift their white and spotless bells,
Untouched by frost, unchanged by time;
For they are blessed immortelles
Transplanted from the Eden clime.

"With pure and deep idolatry
Upon each lovely page I've dwelt,
Till to thy spirit's sorcery
My spirit has with reverence knelt.
Oh, every thought of thine to me
Is like a fount, a bird, a star,
A tone of holy minstrelsy
Down floating from the clouds afar!

"The fairies have around thee traced
A circle bright, a magic sphere,
The home of genius, beauty, taste,
The joyous smile, the tender tear.
Within that circle, calm and clear,
With nature's softest dews impearled,
I sit and list with pitying ear
The tumults of the far-off world.

"Thy book is shut — its flowers remain,
'Mid this mysterious twilight gloom,
Deep-imaged on my heart and brain,
And shed their fragrance through my room.
Ah, how I love their holy bloom,
As in these moonbeams, dim and wan,
They seem pale blossoms o'er a tomb
That's closed upon the loved and gone!

"Young angel of my waning years,
Consoler of life's stormiest day,
Magician of my hopes and fears,
Guide of my dark and troubled way.
To thee this little votive lay
In gratitude I dedicate,
And with an earnest spirit pray
God's blessing on thy mortal state."

"The Closing Year" is one of his earliest productions. It is more frequently quoted than any other of his poems. It is generally regarded as his finest creation. It bears some resemblance to Bryant's "Thanatopsis," to which it has often been compared, but its imagery is far bolder and more inspiring, and it has a greater breadth of vision and a wider range of imagination. There is, however, in "Thanatopsis" a soft and mellow beauty which is hardly equalled in the other, but there is a compactness, or rather completeness, about Bryant's poems that seems to leave no room for suggestiveness.

"The Closing Year," however, is no more beautiful or suggestive than some of Mr. PRENTICE's later productions: for instance, "The Summit of the Sierra Madre," and the "Thoughts on the Far Past," written but a few months before his death.

The truth is, Mr. PRENTICE's genius shone out with increasing splendor toward the close of his life.

In the spring of 1868 he said to me, "I have promised

Mr. Bonner to write ten pieces of poetry for the *Ledger*. I am glad of it. I am growing old; pain and sickness and trouble and sorrow have laid their corroding fingers upon my brow, and many think that I cannot write as well as I did in my younger years. I am determined to prove to the contrary, for the rose of my spirit is as bright and fresh as in the days of my boyhood." On the first day of 1869 he said, "The past year was a bad old year; I am glad that it is gone, and that a new one has come with its buds of hope and promise. I am determined to make this year the best year of my life."

How well he fulfilled his resolution is known to the world. There was not a line that fell from his pen that did not bear upon it the ineffaceable stamp of his genius.

I have already referred to the affection in the hands of Mr. PRENTICE. It is called *Chorea Scriptorum*, or *Scriveners' Cramp*. As everything about Mr. PRENTICE is interesting, and in relation to this malady may be instructive, I purpose to give some details additional to those I have mentioned. This *Chorea Scriptorum* was the torture of Mr. PRENTICE's life for over thirty years. It showed itself soon after an exciting canvass for the Presidency, during which he wrote excessively. After trying a multitude of remedies, including galvanism and electricity, without getting relief, he managed to write by using a pen the handle of which was made very large by wrapping silk around it. The pen was grasped by all the fingers and the thumb kept in a state of extension. This plan soon began to fail, and in view of this possibility Mr. PRENTICE learned to write with his left hand. The left hand soon fell into the condition of the right one. Amanuenses were then employed, and upon these he was mainly dependent the rest of his life. The inventive genius of the country was taxed for the invention of a suitable writing-machine for him, but all machines

failed, and were of course abandoned. One season he went to New Orleans, and placed himself under hydropathic treatment with a hope of cure. He pursued this until his constitution was severely ravaged. The entire skin was in a state of serious paralysis. This induced him to moderate his use of hydropathy, but he never gave it up until a foreigner, whom he had brought with him from New Orleans, and who resided with him because of his great pretensions as a hydropathist, undertook one night to reduce a dislocation of the right shoulder by pouring pitchers of cold water over the shoulder. This filled the cup of Mr. PRENTICE's suspicions of the ignorance of his hydropathic attendant. The family physician was sent for, and he immediately reduced the dislocation. From this time Mr. PRENTICE gave up hydropathy.

This mysterious disease is incurable as a general rule. Niemeyer quotes Fritz for the most sensible view of this malady that has been given. Brown-Sequard and Claude Bernard have explained the phenomena of reflex actions of the nervous system, and have shown that they have their origin mainly in the skin. Fritz says that this affection is a reflex neurosis, in which, however, excitement of the motor nerves is not derived from the cutaneous nerves, as in most reflex neuroses, but proceeds from the muscular nerves. The evil, no matter how long it may be quiescent by abstinence from the use of the muscles that produced the disorder, will invariably show itself even if the hand is merely held in the position for writing. As soon as this special use is suspended, the malady ceases during abstinence from this use. Mr. PRENTICE, notwithstanding this affliction, occasionally wrote in his own hand poems and letters to his particular friends.

Mr. PRENTICE never wearied talking of the beauties and mysteries of nature; and I have often listened, spell-

bound, as it were, to his description of the Mammoth Cave with its deep chasms, Stygian pools, awful aisles, fathomless gulfs, crystal fountains, and high-pillared domes fretted with the semblance of stars and flowers. He had arranged with my family to visit the Cave during the coming spring. He said, "I want to stand once more upon the bank of Echo River, that wild and wizard stream, in which no star or rainbow ever glassed its image of love and beauty, and extinguish my lamp, and see what darkness is."

Mr. PRENTICE, at one time, thought of retiring from the press for the purpose of devoting himself wholly to the pursuit of literature. His son, Colonel Clarence J. Prentice, had purchased a beautiful farm, nine miles below Louisville, on the Ohio River, and it was his wish that his father should pass the remainder of his life away from the noise and bustle of the city; but a fondness for newspapers prevented Mr. PRENTICE from acceding to the wishes of his son, and it may be said that he died literally in harness, with accumulated and accumulating duties around him. The last time I saw Mr. PRENTICE in Louisville was the day before he started to his son's. He came to spend the evening with us, and as he sat in his chair in the library I thought that I had never seen him look so well before. He was unusually cheerful, and talked with much pleasure of a visit to his son's during the approaching holidays; but I fancied that his voice assumed a more melancholy tone than usual when he said, "It is a dreary trip at best during the winter. The roads are in a bad condition, and I look forward to the time with no little anxiety when I shall again have the pleasure of passing an evening with you and Alice and dear little Virgiline." I did not then think that he was so soon destined to leave us forever, and that the walls of our little library had echoed for the last time the

musical tones of his much-loved voice. The next morning he started to his son's. The day was the coldest of the year. He made the trip in an open carriage. The exposure gave him a severe cold, which resulted in an attack of pneumonia. Dr. J. W. Benson, of Louisville, was sent for, and though he treated Mr PRENTICE's disease with the utmost skill, there was not strength enough in his enfeebled constitution to rally from its effects.

I saw Mr. PRENTICE several times during his illness, and each time thought he would recover, but I believe that from the first he anticipated his own destiny. He said, "It is almost impossible for one who has suffered as much as I have to get well; but I do not complain. Death has no terrors for me: this world is not our only home: there is a brighter and a nobler existence beyond the grave."

About a week after the interview I saw him again. He appeared to suffer less pain than at any time during his illness. He inquired kindly, very kindly, about some of his friends in Louisville, and expressed a faint hope that he should be able to go to see them in a few weeks; but I could see in his countenance that he was calmly and patiently awaiting the hour when he should no longer be a dweller beneath the skies.

On Friday, the 21st of January, he sent me word that he was dying. I felt it my duty to be by his bed-side. The river had overflowed its banks, and the messenger who arrived from the farm reported the roads in an almost impassable condition. My wife, who had loved and admired Mr. PRENTICE's poetry from her childhood, could not be dissuaded from accompanying me.

We left the city late in the evening, and after proceeding some distance, we were compelled to leave the road and go through a dense wood, in order to avoid the back water.

The darkness was enough to appall stouter hearts than ours. At last we reached a temporary lake which had surrounded the house of the dying.

A little boat was in waiting to take us across the water; but I shall not attempt to describe the picture that presented itself to our view as I lifted my wife into the boat, and saw the physician standing on the steps with a flickering lamp in his hand, reflecting the scene of death in the background.

It was about ten o'clock when we entered the room. Mr. PRENTICE had been in a dying condition since eight in the morning. Not a murmur or word of complaint crossed his lips. My wife approached his bed, and said, "Do you know me, Mr. PRENTICE?" He did not recognize her at first, and thinking she was Mrs. Prentice's little sister, Josephine, said, "Yes, it is Josephine;" but when my wife told him her name, he said, "Yes, yes, I know you now; it is Alice."

Mr. PRENTICE was in the full possession of his faculties until the last moment of existence; and I have been informed by Captain J. M. Hewett, who faithfully nursed him throughout his sickness, that in not a single instance did he abandon that patient forbearance and elegant politeness which so beautifully characterized all his actions in life.

I have heard it said that the last words of great men are great like themselves, and I felt no little curiosity to hear the last words of Mr. PRENTICE. My wife, who held his hand in hers at the time, says they were (as near as she could understand them), "I want to go, I want to go." I have often stood by the side of the dying, but I never before beheld a death-scene half so solemn or impressive. Mr. PRENTICE's little grandson, Georgie, was asleep on a lounge in the room, unconscious of the end that was await-

ing the being he most loved upon earth. The attending physician had ceased to hope even against hope, and weary with watching, fell asleep in his chair. At last Colonel Prentice knelt at the side of his father, and exclaimed, in accents of deepest woe, "Pa, Pa, speak to me once more;" but no answering word came to relieve the awful silence; and a few moments afterward the golden bowl was broken, and the silver cord unstrung, and the spirit of the great man winged its flight to the bosom of the God who gave it.

PREFACE.

THOUGH I have been a public writer from my boynood, I offer this volume to my fellow-citizens with a diffidence almost painful. It is made up of a portion of the paragraphs that I have written for the "Louisville Journal" during the last twenty-nine years, and a few of those written for the "New York Ledger" within the last two years.

A long time ago, I was urged often and earnestly to publish such a volume as this, or permit one to be published, but I uniformly declined. I should decline still, but for the knowledge that, if I do not publish my own paragraphs, others will, making the selections with far less regard for the feelings of men who are now my friends than I choose to exercise.

I am as well aware as any one can be, that there are just grounds of grave objection to this book. Probably, in many things that it contains, little else than partisan bitterness will be found. Still I have carefully excluded, out of deference to the sensibilities of persons whom I now esteem and love, thousands of the very passages which, at the time of their appearance, did most to give to the "Louisville Journal" its fame or its notoriety. In many of the passages here given, I have suppressed names in order that there may be no occasion for offence. In regard to my contemporaries of the Press, who are

referred to, I will say, in justice both to myself and to them, that not more than half of the blows struck between them and me were mine. I do not think that I have now a feeling of personal enmity toward any member of the Press.

Many, and perhaps most, of the paragraphs here collected relate to the men and measures of former times, but I believe they all explain themselves. I have no doubt, however, that a very considerable proportion of them, which, perhaps from partisan partiality, were deemed "good hits" at the time, will, now that the occasion which called them forth has passed, be read with comparatively little interest. I know that such things do not *keep* well.

It is of course impossible for me to remember how far I may, in some trifles, have been indebted to suggestions that I found in the writings of others, but I believe that all which I have here given is my own. Not a few of the paragraphs have been keeping their place in the newspaper Press for many years, no one seeming to have any knowledge of their origin, and very likely they are not worth my reclaiming.

The reader will see that, occasionally, to express a thought, or a fancy, or a conceit more conveniently, I have put the words into the form of a dialogue, purporting sometimes to be between two politicians, sometimes a man and his wife, etc., but such paragraphs are not less original, not less my own, than the rest.

The Publishers are responsible for the title of this book.

G. D. Prentice.

PRENTICEANA.

AN exchange says that we have a right to take an umbrella or a kiss without permission wherever we can. Well, but if the umbrella isn't returned, the fault is ours; if the kiss isn't, it is the lady's.

A MAN went out into the fields to procure slippery-elm bark. After freely chewing what he supposed to be the genuine article, he became wretchedly sick. No doubt he "barked up the wrong tree."

MR. THOMAS POTT, a citizen of Western Texas, publishes a violent communication against his neighbors in general, because he has had an axe stolen. His rage is evidently a tempest in a *T. Pott.*

THE "Boston Transcript" says, that a young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed—"bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?" We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor *man?*"

AN Alabama paper calls Mr. —— a Van Buren man, on the alleged authority of a Mr. Shaw of Tennessee and Mr. Pugh of the "Lexington Gazette." To Shaw's authority we say *pshaw!* and to Pugh's, *pooh!*

A QUIZZICAL editor in Arkansas, who rejoices in the rather quizzical name of Harry Hurry, says that "truth is generally slow in its progress." Probably it is never in such a Hurry as he.

A FEMALE correspondent suggests a condition on which she will give us a kiss. We feel in duty bound to say to her, that kissing is a thing that, at every proper opportunity, we set our face against.

A WESTERN editor boasts that his State furnishes a greater quantity of oats than any other in the Union. He forgets to say whether she also furnishes a greater number of asses to eat them.

AN editor in Michigan, talking of corn, professes to have a couple of ears fifteen inches long. Some folks *are* remarkable for the length of their ears.

THE Cincinnati representative in Congress boasts that he can "bring an argument to a p'int as quick as any other man." He can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker.

THE editor of the "New Hampshire Patriot" says, that if the Whigs succeed in their efforts, he shall tremble for the fate of the country. He may tremble as much as he pleases, but he will be *no great shakes.*

A MAN recently got married in Kentucky one day and hung himself the next. No doubt he wanted to try all varieties of nooses to see which he liked best.

THE Salem (Ind.) "Annotator" says, that in a late remark respecting Mr. Ratt, the Democratic candidate for Congress in that district, we were guilty of misrepresentation. Perhaps the candidate or his editor will tell us what the misrepresentation was. Come, Mr. Ratt—you "can a tale unfold."

THE "Pioneer" wants to know whether, if the devil were to die, the newspapers would not eulogize his character. If they didn't, the editors would be very likely to get unceremonious orders from some of the relations of the deceased—"stop my paper."

MRS. POLLY TROONE, of Brazoria, has been convicted of slandering her neighbors. A good many unconvicted *Pol-troons* of the other sex are habitually guilty of the same offence.

IT is stated that the members of a late court martial ran up a bill of four hundred and fifty dollars against the government for port wine. We suppose those *men-of-war* thought they ought to make *port holes* of their mouths.

A TEXAS editor, in reply to the imputation of being a small craft, boasts that he "carries as many guns and draws as much water" as his assailant. We fear he draws more brandy than water.

THE editor of the ——— calls himself a lion. If not the king of beasts, he is certainly a very great one.

IT has been suggested that the culture of hemp be tried in the South. A southern editor, remarking upon the subject, says that he knows all about cotton and rice, but doesn't understand hemp at all. Perhaps he may yet get the *hang* of it.

IT is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

OUR friend Hunt, of the "Nashville Banner," addicts himself to making puns upon our name. We have hunted for some pun wherewithal to be revenged on him, but our labors have proved, like himself—a vain and unprofitable *hunt.*

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Indiana says that he should hazard very little in contradicting our assertions. Very true; he would be hazarding the merest trifle in the world —*nothing but his character for veracity.*

THERE is an editor of our acquaintance who exaggerates so habitually that we fear he will never *speak within bounds*—unless he is sent to the penitentiary.

THE editor of the "Eastern Argus" is melancholy in his reflections upon the close of the year. He says he shall soon be lying in his grave. When he gets there, it will be time for him to stop lying. The ruling passion is often strong *in* death, but seldom after it.

IN some parts of Arkansas, trees are scarce and hangings numerous. A tree without two or three men hanging on it is quite a rare spectacle. Such a tree is not considered a good bearer.

THE question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to *take* it when they get a chance.

A YOUNG widow has established a pistol-gallery in New Orleans. Her qualifications as a teacher of the art of duelling are of course undoubted; she has *killed her man.*

A CANADIAN editor says that he has "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His friends had better take it from him. He might commit suicide.

THE "Nashville Republican" announces that Mr. Barrow is to take charge of its editoral department. We know nothing of his political opinions, but presume from his *name* that he is not "a *whole* hog." *

A LETTER from China says that the Chinese have succeeded, by the skill of their cultivators, in producing a new and delicious variety of tea. We suppose they have accomplished this by *crossing their teas.*

IT is said that the hunger for gold generally increases with age. Accordingly we see that most of our old people *have it in their mouths.*

A MAN was recently convicted in Kentucky of stealing his neighbor's cows and hiding them in his cellar. It was a cowardly mode of *cow-hiding.*

* It was a common boast of the old Jackson party that they "went the whole hog," and they came to be denominated "whole hogs." It was a coarse term, but at the time they did not object to it. They accepted it as kindly as the Whigs afterward did the name of "coons."

WE always hated moustaches. We would almost as soon be *hare-lipped* as *hair-lipped.*

THE question is often asked, why it is that so many dogs have spots over their eyes. Probably nature, in that particular case, stops to *dot her eyes.*

A MR. STARR, of Georgia, shot a Cherokee Indian the other day in the gold region. He is a shooting-Starr.

A NEW ENGLAND writer says that it has been found that negroes can be better trusted than white men not to betray secrets. We suppose this is upon the principle that they always "*keep dark.*"

OUR neighbor says he has discovered a rat-hole. He had better move into it and save house-rent.

A ROMANTIC poet sends us some stanzas addressed to a young woman, and commencing—"We met as meet the day and night." We can't encourage amalgamation.

VIRGINIA seems in sore distress on account of Mr. Van Buren's nomination. She played with a juggler and has been juggled. She dealt with the Kinderhooker and has been *kind'er hooked.*

THE "——— Herald" says, that Mr. W., in his speech at the court-house in that place, professed to have forgotten the name of the editor of the "Journal." He would forget his own if he changed it as often as he does his principles.

THE editor of the "Advertiser" says, there are several conductors of the "Journal." It is not strange that he thinks so. During the last war, an American soldier at New London, chancing to come somewhat suddenly upon a peaceful and solitary traveller, ran back into camp, hair on end, exclaiming with all his might—Help! help! I am chased by a thousand British!

SOME newspaper establishments are operated by steam. In others, horse or ass power is employed. Should our neighbor obtain, as he promises, a steam press, he will have a combination of advantages—a paper printed by steam, and edited by an ass.

EVERY day our neighbor repeats against us the charge of lying. If we ever set up a lie-factory, we shall hang him out for a sign. He gets four thousand dollars a year for lying, and this, according to the nicest estimate we can make, is about half a dime for every ten lies.

THE editor of the "——— Argus," speaks of having filled a sheet of foolscap on the subject of the British West India trade. Fool's-*cap* is made to be filled by such heads as his.

THE editor of the "——— Gazette," noticing a late accident, says, that one of the persons killed was Mr. ——, who *keeps* the springs. If the springs are kept by a dead man, none but ghosts will drink at them.

IT is very well that the youth of our country should *get high*, but they should do so as the oaks do—by drinking water.

A BOILED potato was recently set on a dinner-table at Chicago, which, on being opened, was found to contain a serpent. Many a serpent has been taken to the table in a bottle or decanter, and many a victim been mortally stung in consequence.

A GENTLEMAN, if aggrieved, has a right to pull a blackguard's ears, but he should on no account cut them off. They should be left on for the accommodation of other aggrieved parties.

THE "Chicago Journal" says that we must, in these days of wonders, be surprised at nothing. But when should we be surprised, if not in the days of wonders?

THERE is said to be "many a slip between the cup and the lip," but it would be well for some of our young men, and old ones too, if there were a good many more.

MR. J. S. SNELLING, somewhat notorious in the literary world, has published a life of General Jackson. In undertaking the old hero's biography, he has followed the advice he once gave to us. Two or three years ago he wrote a satirical volume, wherein, among other hard things, he said to us:

> "Think not to honor 'tis the certain way
> To soil the noble life of Henry Clay—
> Go seek a patron more upon thy level,
> Go plaster Andrew Jackson or the devil."

As the poet has taken part of his own advice, he had better adopt the rest, giving the world the devil's biography as soon as possible. Let it be entitled the "Life of Old Scratch," by his affectionate son.

IT is very provoking to see how constantly certain editors are in the habit of stealing the best articles they can find in their exchanges. They should at least be content to pilfer second or third-rate matter. Their betters would probably have no objection to setting apart something for their use. An old Scotch farmer sowed a field of turnips, and, appropriating a ridge to the use of the public, put up a notice, "Thieves are requested to steal from this spot."

A POLITICAL editor of a village newspaper cries aloud to his party, "Let your trumpets bray in the front of the battle." A good many political partisans can bray well enough without such instruments. The use of trumpets is a needless expenditure of brass.

WE received a newspaper two days ago, professing to give a full account of the creation of the world. We shouldn't be much surprised if the enterprising editor were to bring up the news in his next number to Noah's flood.

THERE are four or five Democratic editors in this vicinity whose abuse amuses us not a little. If one assails us, all the rest stand ready to sustain him by furnishing him with the necessary falsehoods and copying his Billingsgate. They remind us of the habit of *rats*. It is said that a string of some half dozen of these vermin will hold each other up by the tail to enable the lowermost to steal an egg from the bottom of a barrel.

A FEW days ago, the freedom of New York city was presented to Mr. Van Buren in a gold snuff-box. All the freedom that New York has enjoyed for years might be given away in a box of the very smallest description.

A WRITER in the "——— Gazette" says that the cholera has renewed its ravages in that city, in consequence of the drunkenness of the Clay-men at the election. The author of this very decorous calumny is a little short-legged fellow with a red nose, looking for all the world like a brandy-keg waddling about on a couple of taps.

A SHORT time ago the editor of the —— was professedly neutral in politics, but all at once he came out a violent partisan. Every political movement has a cause; sometimes that cause is openly avowed, and sometimes it is *put slily away into a man's breeches' pocket.*

OUR southern friends are under the impression that, if a genuine Yankee were to meet Death on the pale horse, he would banter him to swap horses.

THERE is no more dishonor in being knocked down by a bully than in being scratched by a catamount or kicked by a jackass.

A POLITICAL opponent says that we have twisted his arguments till they are no longer his but our own. Suppose we were to twist his nose—would it become our nose instead of his?

"IS the smoke of my cigarette unpleasant to you, sir?" "Oh, no, madam; I would rather inhale smoke from your beautiful lips, than taste kisses from any others."

A COUPLE of our western editors are publishing bitter hand-bills against each other. There is a great deal of billing between them, but no cooing.

THE sheriff of Lincoln County asks why we do not come and kick him. Dr. Johnson said of certain curiosities in Scotland, that they were worth seeing, but not worth going to see. In like manner we say of the Lincoln sheriff —he is worth kicking, but not worth going to kick.

AN administration organ in New York says that "if the Senate stands in the way of the President in the discharge of his constitutional functions, he will unhesitatingly leap over it." That will be the most wonderful leap since the time when "the old cow jumped over the moon."

"HOW do you like my face, miss?" said an individual, whose forehead and chin protruded very much, while the intermediate features formed a concavity. "Oh, sir, it is my favorite *dish*."

WHEN a young woman marries an old man for his money, he should certainly let her have it all. If she takes him, that she doesn't want, he should let her have his gold that she *does*.

THE editor of the "Advertiser" calls upon the people not to pay their debts to the bank. His late call upon the opponents of the institution to "strike for liberty," is now explained. By striking for liberty, he means cheating a creditor. "I feel patriotic," exclaimed a drunken soldier. "What do you mean by feeling patriotic?" inquired a bystander. "Why, I feel as if I should like to kill somebody or steal something."

THERE is in the Senate a man whose life has been one of ignominy, and, when he dies, his epitaph should be, Here lies the man who lied in the American Senate.

MR. C., of New York, has made a speech in Congress in defence of the late act of the executive. Although he didn't succeed in clearing the executive, he was remarkably successful in clearing the house.

FLEAS must be long-lived. The "industrious fleas" that were taken through the country fifteen years ago, are advertised as having gone to Cape Cod. They will have to be "industrious" there, or they will starve to death.

IT has been thought strange that a dinner to which a man is not invited, is generally the one that sits hardest upon his stomach.

SCOTT says that "every man that lives has his lights and shades." We are not so certain about the shades, but there is no liver without lights.

MEN should not think too much of themselves, and yet a man should always be careful not to forget himself!

WE have before us a copy of the famous post-office circular, soliciting contributions for the Postmaster-General's picture. On the whole, we are not surprised at his resorting to this expedient. Having expended the last farthing in his possession, what is he to do if he cannot "run his face?"

THE Democratic editors display their wit in the invention of nicknames for the Whig party. A Tennessee paper says that "the editor of the 'Louisville Journal' is a big Wig." That may be, but our Tennessee friend is "no great *scratch*."

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Illinois says that he "wears no collar." But probably the worst is that he wears no shirt. We hope his friends will get up a subscription, and send him a dozen shirts with a good stout collar to each. If he is not *collared* now, he certainly was a couple of years ago—collared very unceremoniously by a gentleman whom he had libelled, and whom he thought *the malignant cholerer.*

MR. Q. made another speech at the court-house last night. He was, if possible, more fiend-like than upon the former occasion. Seven devils seemed to have taken possession of him—not Belzebub, Moloch, or any of the big devils, but seven mean, malignant, grovelling imps, such as in the olden time entered into the herd of swine.

WE take no account of Mr. W.'s threats against us. He will never have the courage to make a bodily assault even upon a cripple, unless he first takes a brick and beats his own skull to raise a bump of combativeness. He is a bladder of wind—puffed, swollen, and portly; but give him a single prick and he lies lank and shrivelled before you.

THE "Eastern Argus" undertakes to defend the integrity of a high officer of the Government by alleging, that, though he has been in office for years, he is still a poor man. That's no rule. Calvin Edson, the living skeleton, used to eat ten pounds of meat per day. The more he gobbled, the more he wouldn't get fat.

THE officers of the government have given to the editor of the ——— the paper and twine contract for the whole West. They have given him "rope enough," noping, probably, that he will hang himself.

WHEN we see a man ostentatiously buying books that he never intends to read, and that he couldn't understand if he did, we are forcibly reminded of deaf men buying tickets to the opera, and blind ones to picture galleries.

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Ohio, whose paper is as dingy and dirty as if manufactured from the unwashed rags of his own back, abuses us at a terrible rate. We should imagine his daily beverage must be aqua fortis stirred up with a lightning-rod.

THE last number of the government organ contained but three falsehoods. Until the appearance of the next number, the subordinate organs must live upon short commons. It is "fast-day" with them.

THE Democrats of Springfield, at their late celebration, fired one gun in honor of the head of President Jackson's *kitchen cabinet.* We presume that it was charged with spits, pothooks, and ladles, and wadded with a dish-cloth.

THE comet lately passed near the constellation of the Great Bear. Since then its tail is said to be considerably shortened. If the bear bit it off, all the planets in the solar system should honor bruin with a vote of thanks.

A CRITIC says of a late volume of poetry, that it is "*unutterably* stupid." Pity it hadn't been.

THE editor of the ——— says he has ' a rod in soak for us." We always knew him for *an old soaker.*

A CONTEMPORARY of ours says that "Some editors are always trying to be witty and often fail." His readers might add that others seem always trying to be stupid and never fail.

JOHN T. FROST, of Donaldsonville, has had to pay a man five hundred dollars for biting off his nose. That's more than men generally get for having their noses bitten by Jack Frost.

IN Columbia, a week or two since, a man whistled to his neighbor as if calling a dog, and got soundly whipped for it. That was "paying dear for the whistle."

THE botanists tell us that there is no such thing in nature as a black flower. We suppose they never heard of the 'coal-black Rose."

A FELLOW who has taken our paper two years without ever paying a farthing for it, threatens to be our "patron" no longer. He has been just such a patron as a rat is to a corn-crib, a cat to a pot of cream, or a Democratic office-holder to the public treasury.

THE Democrats met on Saturday evening and appointed delegates to a State Convention, "with power to fill vacancies in their own body." Pity they couldn't have the power to fill vacancies in their own heads.

WE think the reduction of the mail facilities has gone quite far enough. We are informed that the mail lately passed through one of our western towns in a stocking carried upon the back of a bull-dog.

THE Hon. Mr. H. says there are some little errors in the Post-office which he cannot approve. But why cannot he approve of the little ones as well as the great ones? Is he like the giant who used to feed on wind-mills and hedge-fences, but unluckily got choked at last with a lump of butter?

PLACE confers no dignity upon such a man as the new Missouri senator. Like a balloon, the higher he rises the smaller he looks.

THE editor of the —— calls the bank "an old harlot." At any rate, she is not indiscriminate in the bestowal of her favors. *His* tender advances were recently rejected.

THE fact that a man's word is at a discount is no indication that his note will be discounted in bank.

THE "American Agriculturist" speaks of a species of pigs with square snouts. A learned goat can add, subtract and multiply, but these pigs can give an illustration of the *square root.*

THE editor of the ——— says that our mouth is dirty. If his is so, 'tis not for the want of *frequent rinsings.*

THE editor of the "——— Hemisphere" says there is reason in all things. His own skull is certainly an exception.

THE editor of the ——— is opposed to the election of Judge White. Nobody ever thinks of that editor as a White man. He never behaves like one.

THE administration's Philadelphia organ suggests the expediency of conferring banking privileges upon manufacturing establishments. This is the newest and brightest form of Democracy. What a glorious currency we shall have when all our cotton and woollen factories, grist mills, tanneries, rope-walks, and blacksmith-shops, shall become banks of issue.

THE Postmaster-General tries to arrange the machinery of the post-office so as to withhold from the people all intelligence that might endanger the interests of his party. He is, in one sense, though only one, a "Locke on the Human Understanding."

"I HAVEN'T taken a drop of liquor for a year," said an individual of questionable morals. "Indeed! but which of your features are we to believe—your lips or your nose?"

"I WILL lay you a wager," said one sportsman to another, "that I will shoot more crows to-day than you!" "Oh, yes, you could always beat me *crowing*."

JOHN NEAL says that the eagle "has a contempt for all other birds." The owl, however, is more contemptuous still: he hoots at everything.

"SHE isn't all that my fancy painted her," bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and, worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

WHEN women begin to count their admirers, it isn't apt to take them long to do it.

MR. SPEIGHT, of North Carolina, says that Mr. Clay is not a great man. We wonder how many skulls like Speight's could be filled with Henry Clay's brains. First let it be ascertained how many quart measures could be filled with the waters of Lake Erie.

IF the new Postmaster-General wishes to know what our neighbor really thinks of him, let him take from that paper the *twine* contract. He will then find, that

"The twine that's untwisted untwisteth the twist."

THE "Merchant's Magazine" says that the business of the merchants has not been very good during the last year. Certainly a large number of them have done "a *smashing business.*"

NEVER seek to be intrusted with your friend's secret, for no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you will be liable, in a thousand contingencies, to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

"DOCTOR, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?" "Oh, it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, *abhors a vacuum.*"

A GREAT many men and women seem trying to establish their claims to the possession of genius by proving their deplorable lack of common sense.

THE two Democratic factions in Pennsylvania are having a hard race. "The devil take the hindmost"—and the foremost.

A HUNTER killed four wild-cats the other day, upon the bank of the Kentucky River. That's the only "wild-cat bank" we have heard of in Kentucky.

THE editors in one of the small towns in Arkansas are *badly posted.* They have been posting each other as liars, villains and swindlers.

WITH ladies of taste, you cannot hope to accomplish much, unless you are yourself accomplished.

THE Washington "Globe" asks whether any party that acts from mere policy can long retain power. Certainly it can if it acts from a wise policy, and most especially if it acts from the best of all policies—honesty.

A WESTERN editor, not noted for brilliancy, says that he "would rather put questions than respond to them." He has probably read that fools may ask questions but that it takes wise men to answer them.

A KENTUCKY editor thinks he is to be pitied because he has been a "whole week without mail intelligence." Perhaps he is still more to be pitied for having been all his life without intelligence of any sort.

THE coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor.

HE who reels and staggers most in the journey of life, takes the straightest cut to the devil.

A PARTISAN candidate in one of the northwestern States says, that he expects soon to attend the tattered garments of the opposite party to the tomb of oblivion. We suppose he will think himself highly honored, walking in procession to the funeral obsequies of a suit of old clothes.

A WESTERN judge recently complimented the people of a county very highly, because upon his holding court among them not a single indictment was brought before him. It is to be hoped that the compliment was not due to the grand jury, rather than to the people.

THE New Haven "Herald" says: "Does the editor of the Louisville 'Journal' suppose that he is a true Yankee because he was born in New England? If a dog is born in an oven, is he *bread?*" We can tell the editor that there are very few dogs, whether born in an oven or out of it, but are *better bred* than he is.

THE "Richmond Enquirer" says that Mr. Van Buren will carefully guard those principles "upon which hang all the law and the prophets." We guess his great principle will be to trample on the law and pocket the *profits*.

MEN in all ages have been addicted to imitating those above them; in Alexander's reign every Greek carried his head awry, and, in Richard the Third's time, every Englishman "*humped himself*."

THE "Boston Atlas" thinks that Mr. —— was just fit to be General Jackson's bottle-holder. He wasn't fit for that. He could never hold a bottle five minutes without depredating upon its contents.

THE "Louisville Journal" professes to think that Mr. Clay can be elected to the Presidency. Is Brother Prentice a fool?—*Westchester Herald.*

No, but if the editor of the "Westchester Herald" is our brother, we are *next kin* to one.

A WRITER in the "Globe," supposed to be A. K., says that "the Whigs are riding the *White* hobby to death." We should dislike to see his gaunt figure bestriding a White hobby. It would be Death on the white horse.

AN eastern paper gives an account of a child that was put in a pint tankard. That's nothing. Our neighbor, at birth, was put in a tankard, which happened to be filled with *beer*, but, instead of being drowned, he drank the contents at a single pull, and then shouted with a precocity rather astonishing—"Give us another pot of your ale, daddy."

WE protest against having the words of the editor of the "Louisville Journal" put into our mouth. That gentleman is very unlike us in every respect.—*Westchester Herald.*

To be sure we are; else we should be no "gentleman" at all.

THE editor of the ——— is addicted to everything mean and villainous. He is restrained only by his cowardice. If he has not robbed a hen-roost, it was because he was afraid of the old rooster.

MR. V., of the "Sentinel," compares us to a turkey. He is more like that sort of fowl himself. A cock-turkey cries "quit, quit, quit;" and that's just what V. cried the other day when our friend F. was whipping him.

A BOSTON editor calls the young ladies in his city beautiful waves on the sea of existence. Probably they spend all their time in dancing.

AN eastern paper states that Daniel Webster and Senator H., lately stopped one night at the same house. It must have been a house of "entertainment for man and beast."

WE advise you, girls, when dashing young fellows make love to you, never to believe that they really love you until they conclusively prove it by committing suicide on your account.

THE editor of the "Virginia Republican" says: "we are honest in our support of Van Buren." In the next paragraph he says: "We flatter ourselves." Unquestionably he does.

A MAN that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

TWO cousins, named Crickett, were married last week in Jefferson County. We are opposed to such cricket matches.

WERE it not ungenerous to remind a man of his *natural* infirmities, we should inform the editor of the "Grand Gulf Advertiser" that he is a *natural fool.*

THE editor of the "Sentinel" has had a "*strike*" in his office. He deserved it, and it took him right between the eyes.

A NOVELIST tells of two lovers who agreed to wave their hands toward each other, at a certain hour, across the Atlantic ocean. One might suppose there would be *waves* enough between them without their trying to make any with their hands.

THE editor of the "Bangor Republican," referring to an alleged coalition between the Whigs and Anti-Masons, asks when the Devil and Sin were married. Probably about nine months before the editor of the "Republican" was born.

MR. WILLIAM HOOD was robbed near Corinth, Ala. on the 13th inst. The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt that he was Robbin' Hood.

SOME publishers of periodicals publish on white paper, some on blue, and some on yellow. A large portion of the political papers should by all means be of a color that *won't show dirt.*

A WRITER in one of our medical reviews, says that if a cow is diseased, the milk is necessarily diseased too. We understand that the common treatment of diseased milk is the water-cure.

MR. AMAZIAH STRING advertises in the "Georgia Constitutionalist" that a young man has run off with his two daughters. That is outrageous. What's the use of two *Strings* to one *beau?*

AN Illinois editor, speaking of one of the writers for the "Journal," claims to be "able to endure most kinds of people," but says "he can't bear a natural fool." Unfortunately his "maternal ancestor" could.

A WRITER, who has just returned from China, says that the most useful crop raised by the Chinese is peas. The Celestials are a prudent people—they *mind their peas and cues.*

A MR. BENTLEY has been indicted in Alabama for striking a stranger with an axe. He says that he didn't *know* but that the stranger was a robber. He didn't know, and so he *axed* him.

THE editor of the "Eastern Democrat" puts a dozen saucy questions to us, and concludes with calling us a "brandy barrel." If that's his opinion of us, 'tis no wonder he *pumps* us.

THE editor of the "New Hampshire Patriot" calls a female editor his "sister of the quill." His brothers and sisters of the quill may occasionally be heard gabbling in the creek.

MR. JOHN RUBB, candidate for some petty office, publishes in a Mississippi paper that the Whigs are the corruptest party in the world. "*There* LIES *the Rubb.*"

A RHYMER sends us some of his verses, and describes himself as six feet four inches high. In spite of his height, he is no *Longfellow.*

THE question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business than being raised by it.

TO keep your friends, treat them kindly; to kill them, treat them often.

A PAPER calling itself literary and miscellaneous advertises that it intends to swallow up everything around it "like a great maelstrom." We have little doubt but that it will prove *a great "take in!"*

MR. SEXTON, of the "North Carolina Times," says: "A highly respectable clergyman from the eastern part of the State informs us that Dudley is elected; the knell of the Democracy is sounded." So it seems that

"The parson told the Sexton,
And the Sexton tolled the bell."

AN editor says that he gives no heed to what we say—that our words "go in at one ear and out of the other." We have no doubt of it. Things pass easily through a vacuum.

"I AM very much troubled, madam, with cold feet and hands." "I should suppose, sir, that a young gentleman who has had so many *mittens* given him by the ladies, might at least keep his *hands* warm!"

A YOUNG lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat in rowing, has been presented with a beautiful yawl. A *smack* would have been more appropriate.

THE editor of the "Green River Union" intimates that we take "a drop too much." When the hangman gives him his due, nobody will think *he* has "a drop" too much.

THE editor of the "Globe" says that he "hopes to reach the truth." He is laying out for himself a long journey. He had better make his will before he starts.

A WRITER on domestic economy, in giving instructions for keeping eggs fresh, says, "lay with the small end down." He does not specify whether this direction is for the hen or the housewife.

THE "Upper Canada Standard" records the seduction and abduction of Miss Elvira Spoon by Henry Plate. Old marvels are enacted anew—"the dish runs away with the Spoon."

THE editor of the "Paoli Patriot" talks about the Presidency rather oracularly, considering that he lives in the wilderness. Does he suppose that the moderns, like the ancients, must receive their oracles from the woods?

WE often receive Whig papers requesting an exchange with us, and proposing to "pay the difference." We can have no "difference" with our Whig brethren.

THERE is a member of the Arkansas Legislature whose name is Buzzard. Let him subscribe for the "Louisville Advertiser;" it will be a *feast* to him.

ONE of the Alabama editors, commonly called Bobby Steele, asks us whether a Prentice is not the same thing as an *ap*-prentice. No; but Bobby is the same thing as booby.

SOME folks think that their personal importance fills a large space in the public eye, when it is all in their own.

PERSONS often insist on publishing their own lives, whose lives are not worth giving--or taking.

THE "Winchester Virginian" says that we tell lies upon the President and his cabinet. We do them no such injustice. What is the use of *lying* about them, when the people will not believe more than one half of the *truth?*

A TESTY editor wonders if we are not often frightened by the ghost of murdered truth. We do not think he is in any danger of such a fright. As he was never able to see the truth itself, he will hardly be able to discern its ghost.

ONE of the defenders of the Indiana representative claims for him that he is "absent-minded." No doubt, he exhibited a very remarkable instance of absence of mind when he forgot his own name and signed that of another man to a legal document.

MR. WISE has given Mr. H. of this State a most cruel scourging in the House of Representatives. He pretended all the while to be asleep. We guess he slept about as quietly as a mouse in a cat's ear.

THERE are two sorts of cats. We doubt the truth of the common saying that one of them has nine lives, but many a poor fellow's back can attest that the other has nine tails.

A MR. HALL, of Loudon County, Va., has been indicted for biting off the nose and part of the ear of Samuel Cherry. He was wrong to make "*two* bites of a cherry."

THE "Cincinnati Gazette" thinks that the meanest paper in Ohio is the "Coshocton Horizon." We consider the Hon. Taylor Webster's "Telegraph" "below the Horizon."

THE "Portland Argus" states that three Whigs in that vicinity have gone over to the administration, and adds, "Straws show which way the wind blows." All very appropriate; no doubt the converts are men of straw.

THE "Northern Mercury" says that its candidate for the Presidency "has a dead majority of the people on his side." We have no doubt that his majority is a "dead" one. He may expect to be elected when the dead come forth.

THE "Philadelphia Free Press" exclaims: "Contemplate the character of the administration!" Certainly we will —but then

——"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!"

A FELLOW in Ohio, who was taken up by the Democrats, as a testifier against General Harrison, has *run away*, and nobody can catch him. Isn't he a *swift witness?*

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Ohio says that he concedes Licking County to the Whigs. We thank him, and, not to be outdone in generosity, will give the Democrats a dozen lickings for that one.

A NEW Democratic paper in North Carolina is called the "Rising Day." It ought rather to be called the Night, for it is *the shadow of the* [*Washington*] *Globe.*

THE "Richmond Enquirer" calls us "a miserable calumniator." He, on the contrary, is a first-rate one. Practice makes perfect.

THE "——— Argus" says that "Senator B. is always determined to go to the bottom of every subject he discusses." Just now he is discussing the Mississippi River. When will he go to the bottom of it?

A MAN in Iowa had his nose bitten off the other day in an affray begun by himself. Of course he is in no danger of being indicted for getting up the quarrel. Any grand jury that may have to examine his case and face will have to report "*No bill found.*"

THE "Missouri Gazette" charges that we "hate to meet the truth." We never do *meet* it; we and the truth always travel in the same direction.

MR. JOHN LOVE, of Alabama, was recently lost during a passage from Texas to Mexico. We had supposed that no "Love" would ever be lost between those countries.

THE "Eastern Telegraph" boasts that two brothers named Prince, have deserted the Whig ranks and joined the Democrats. "Put not your trust in Princes."

THE editor of the "——— Argus" professes to have "taken the measure" of his party. Now let him go, and bespeak its coffin.

A BEAUTIFUL young girl has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

WE learn from a New York paper that Senator ——, while crossing the lake last week, came near being drowned. 'Tis well that he did not find a grave of water. His body could not have rested quietly in an element so unnatural to it. A red-nosed ghost would have been seen wandering perpetually in the pale moonlight.

A PENNSYLVANIA paper inquires why Judge H., of Cincinnati, abandoned the Whig party? Because he was appointed cashier of one of the administration's pet banks. He never would have left our party if he hadn't *got into a pet.*

THE Hon. Mr. ——, of Indiana, exclaimed, in a late speech: "I am always ready to fight for the working class; they are the bone and sinew of the country." What dog is not ready to fight for a *bone?*

IN one of the strong Jackson counties of North Carolina, the Democrats, in the late canvass, put Mr. J. Goe upon their ticket. He was a popular man, but the result was *no Goe.*

"AND so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No, *Mr. Pence.*" "Ah, you have done better than I thought."

YOU may wish to get a wife without a failing; but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character!

THE "Winchester Virginian" says that "the administration has listened attentively to the expression of public sentiment." Like other listeners, it has heard no good of itself.

A DEMOCRATIC paper in North Carolina says: "The Whigs, during the last six months, have been gaining some advantages, but the changes of the next six months will be the other way." Does North Carolina, like the North Pole, have six months day and six months night?

OUR neighbor ——— is still arguing against the credit system. Let him try to get credit anywhere to the amount of five dollars, and he will find that his arguments are considered perfectly conclusive.

THEY say there is a man in North Carolina whose body attracts silk at the distance of eighteen inches. We are told that the editor of the "North Kentuckian" attracts *hemp* at the distance of fifty yards.

THE "Pennsylvania Democrat" asks, whether Senator B. will ever receive justice at the hands of his opponents. The senator himself might well reply—"I'll be hanged if I do."

MR. BEAN, of Yazoo county, Miss., was robbed on the highway. A footpad met him and said, "Your money or your life." Bean shelled out.

A MR. DORR has declined a challenge in Missouri. He says he will "fight under no circumstances." He is no battle-door.

PROBABLY the reason why women's teeth decay sooner than men's is not the perpetual friction of their tongues upon the pearl, but rather the intense sweetness of their lips.

SENATOR N. says in his last speech—"I shall plant myself upon two grounds." We hope he will plant himself so deep that there will be no danger of his *coming up*. The crop would be worth nothing.

IF any lady chooses to be ill-natured toward us, we are disposed to say to her in bold defiance of consequences, Madam, you are "no gentleman."

"IS it possible, miss, that you do not know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly—I don't even know what my own may be a year from now."

ANY general can get an army trumped up in five minutes —if he has a dozen trumpeters to puff and blow for him.

THE "Advertiser" asks, when the Whigs will exhibit the cloven foot. Just when we take the Democracy by the shoulder and *jerk it out of its boots.*

"I DO wish, madam, you would pay a little attention to me for a few minutes." "Most gladly sir, if you will only promise to stop paying attention to me."

MR. J. S. FALL, a Mississippi editor, asks when we shall get wise. Undoubtedly *before Fall* if ever.

THE "Georgia Constitutionalist" says, that "the snow-white plume of the Democratic party will wave amid the battle." We have no doubt that the party will *show the white feather.*

WE have received a furious letter from Thomas Pott of Mississippi. He threatens our life. There is evidently "death in the *Pot*."

MR. DAY of Colchester has brought an action against his neighbor for stealing his dog. No doubt he thinks that every dog should have his day, and every Day his dog.

MR. S. W. PADD, advertises that he has lost his horse. We hope he'll not have to turn foot-Pad.

THE editor of the "New Hampshire Patriot," says, that a dog lately passed through his town "in a rabid state." We are afraid that all the New Hampshire dogs are *in a rabid State.*

"WILL you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?" said a gentleman politely at table to an ancient maiden. "I am no waiter, sir." "Well, I think you have been waiting a long time."

A LOCO FOCO editor, says he has branded us. He rather seems to have *brandied* himself.

MR. HENRY A. RHULE says, in a Mississippi paper, that he has "worked zealously for the administration." Now let him turn and work faithfully against it. 'Tis a poor Rule that won't work both ways.

MR. WORD of Mississippi will, we think, get the seat in Congress to which he has been fairly elected. The House is a talking body, but Mississippi will probably be able to thrust in a Word edgewise.

AN impudent anonymous correspondent, signing himself "Ned Bucket," expresses the wish that we were dead. Very well—let him show himself in person, and we pledge ourselves to "*kick the Bucket.*"

THE persons who are supposed to have taken the most *interest* in the late financial pressure were the money-lenders.

MR. H. LYON, in a speech before the New York Legislature, asserted that the *Whigs* are seeking the ruin of the country. Mr. Lamb of the "Lansingburgh Gazette" indorses the slander. Thus is the prophecy fulfilled—the Lyon and the Lamb shall *lie* together.

THE editor of the "——— Enquirer" says that Gen. Jackson is his friend; but that truth is more his friend. If truth is really the editor's friend, it literally obeys the divine command—"love your *enemies.*"

YESTERDAY we heard an old fisherman upon the banks of the river complain, that the boys had stolen his minnows. We suppose the little rascals hooked the bait, to bait their hooks.

SOME judges commit a great many crimes, yet very seldom diversify the employment by committing criminals.

WE have an old maiden acquaintance who sits twelve hours in the day with a green parrot upon her shoulders. We don't much like such *Poll-bearers.*

AN Illinois editor says, that his soul is harrowed. The labor is thrown away. The soil is not worth cultivating.

LAST evening we chanced to see a pair of interesting lovers kissing at an open lattice. Young people! that was very improper lattice-work.

AN author, ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks, how a dead man can get into a locked room. Probably with a skeleton-key.

"MY dear wife, I wish you would try to keep your temper." "My dear husband, I wish you would try to get rid of yours."

THE "Advertiser" says, that "the Democratic party is in motion." So was Vulcan when Jupiter kicked him out of heaven.

JUDGE H., recently appointed cashier of the Pet Bank at Cincinnati, has gone over to the administration. He adhered to the Whig party till he was *cashiered.*

IF a miscreant sets a stain upon your character, you can't wash it away with his blood; the foul fluid would pollute rather than purify.

A NEW YORK paper says, that Mr. Van Buren "never turned his back upon a friend;" but it should have been added that he never turned his face upon an enemy.

THE editor of ——— wishes to run for Congress. The only great run he ever made was the one for his life at the battle of the Thames.

MAJOR J. C. M., formerly of Kentucky, and now editor of a Democratic paper in Tennessee, says that he "can show a clean pair of hands." We can testify to his once having shown *a clean pair of heels.*

THE aggregate weight of a late jury of twelve men in Indiana was stated to be 2,832 pounds. Just think of a poor fellow's being tried by 2,832 pounds avoirdupois of jury. It would seem fitter that the jury itself should be tried—by the tallow-chandler.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. But certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

THE New York subterraneans have passed a resolution, declaring that they will "never consent to have *a sovereign.*" No doubt they will keep their resolution; they will never have half that amount among them.

MR. FLINT, of the "Eastern Sentinel," is impudent. We have half a mind to become a "Skin-Flint" for once in our lives.

THE "Newbern Sentinel" says that, in a late trial in one of the interior counties of North Carolina, the jurors were stowed away six days and nights, in a room six feet by eight. That was a "packed jury."

THE "Baltimore Patriot" asks what measures Senator —— will go for. Rumor says that he pokes his nose into *measures* calculated to destroy the constitution.

A POLITICAL editor says that "the national treasury seems to be running away like a thing with legs." One would think that it must have a good many legs from the number of *drawers* upon it.

THERE is no music sweeter to our ears than the first peeping of the frogs in the early spring-time. We never listen to them without heartily wishing them a safe deliverance from all mischievous boys and hungry Frenchmen.

IN Arkansas, a man stone-blind is said to have been appointed to the bench. The fact that justice is blind is hardly a good reason why her ministers should be so too.

A MAN in the interior of Kentucky has brought suit against his neighbor for bruising his shins. If the jury award damages, they should order the amount to be paid in *shin-plasters*.*

THE "Northern Mercury" thinks that Kentucky is "but a short distance this side of the bottomless pit." If Kentucky is this side of the pit, the editor of the "Mercury" may "go further and fare worse."

A COUPLE of Democrats in Cincinnati are having a violent contest for the Legislature, one of them coaxing his party by the music of his fiddle, and the other treating them liberally out of his snuff-box. The result will go far to settle the question whether Democrats are more easily led by the ears or the nose.

---

* A prevalent currency in the panic year of 1837.

A YOUNG man in Alabama undertook for a wager to leap down a bank fifteen feet high and killed himself in the act. This was one way of "*jumping to a conclusion.*"

A PHILADELPHIA editor predicts that the two Democratic factions in that State "will be as loving as turtles." Snapping-turtles, we suppose.

WE presume it will not be denied that he is a bad agent, who, instead of doing the business of his employer, does *him.*

THE editors of the New York —— have been indicted for breaking open an important letter and purloining its contents for publication. Their object was to obtain information upon the subject of stocks; and they are in a fair way to become as familiar with the *stocks* as they can possibly desire.

THE "New York Commercial" thinks, that at least two or three hundred postmasters ought to be put to cutting stone in the penitentiary. A good many of them have recently fled their country; to keep from cutting stone, they have "*cut dirt.*"

THE editor of the "East Hampton Courier" boasts that "there are more Van Buren men in his county than you can shake a stick at." Certainly there are not more than *ought* to have sticks shaken at them.

ONE of the editors of the "Green River Union" is part preacher, part steam-doctor, and part politician. How do our Green River friends relish such a jumble of piety, red-pepper, and politics?

THE "New Bedford Gazette," inquires whether the Postmaster General is deranged. We don't know; certainly his department is.

FASHIONABLE riding-habits are very pretty, but unfashionable walking habits are pretty, too, and a great deal better for the health.

WE have received a North Carolina paper, purporting to be edited by "James White Ainsley Moore." Instead of J. White A. Moore, he should have been christened *J. Black-A-Moor.*

A REPORT was recently in circulation of the death of the Secretary of State of Illinois. An Illinois paper says, however, that he is "alive and kicking." Three or four months ago he was in this city. We know that he was alive then, and one of our Democratic lawyers knows that he was "kicking."

A COUPLE of old maids the other day sent a bachelor a bouquet of tansy and wormwood. He thought the gift considerably sweeter than the givers.

IF philanthropy is properly defined to be a love of mankind, most women have an unequivocal title to be considered philanthropists.

A WESTERN editor talks of giving in one of his columns the fibs of his neighbor. We presume that the other twenty-three columns are to be filled with his own.

WHEN a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he isn't apt to be talkative.

IT is an undeniable truth that the Africans, let them go to whatever part of the world they may, retain more unequivocally than any other people *the odor of nationality*.

A BUFFALO paper tells us that Gen. Jackson fills the measure of his country's glory, and asks what Mr. Van Buren has done. Filled the measure of his pockets.

BILL JOHNSON, of the "——— Times," says that Gen. Harrison's private character is not reputable. That's *a lie-Bill.*

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" says that he doesn't know us, and never expects to meet us on this side of the grave. We shall think ourselves in particularly bad luck if we meet him on the *other* side.

A FRIEND of ours, who has been hesitating whether to keep a matrimonial engagement, informs us that he has at last bespoken his wedding suit. He evidently, on the whole, prefers a suit for the fulfillment of his promise to a suit for breach of it.

WHEN we hear men boast of their own talents, we incline to think that their talents should be reckoned as the East Indians reckon rupees—by the *lack.*

A MILITIA officer in Texas boasts, through the papers, that his men "would rally at the tapping of the drum." Perhaps they would rally more promptly at the tapping of a keg.

THE "Missiskowan Standard" threatens to put our ears in peril. Don't, Mrs. Kowan.

"WELL, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer, "how do you like your profession?" "Alas, sir, my profession is much better than my practice."

THE editor of the "Advertiser" says, in his new prospectus, that he means to have nothing more to say to us or about us. Well, if he is resolved to play dummy, we shall not again put him to the torture; we cannot be cruel to dumb creatures.

A MAN in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

THE Great Author of All made everything out of nothing, but many a human author makes nothing out of everything.

WE are often told to imitate nature. Still we should not imitate her too literally. We needn't dress in green velvet through the summer, because she does.

TWO classes of people are always out of debt—those who never want to buy what they haven't money in hand to pay for, and those who are such notorious rascals that they can't get trusted.

IN Indiana, the other day, a brute of a man kicked his wife. The indignant neighbors assembled, and made a jackass kick *him*. The wife was kicked by the much baser beast of the two.

A TENNESSEE editor says of the banks in that State that their sands are running fast. We hope he means the sand-banks.

IT is a bad thing to be over-wifed. Better have no appointment than get a place under petticoat government.

A POLITE editor over the river proposes "to direct the Whigs on their road to perdition." He is just fit for a guide-post upon that road.

THE editor of the "Advertiser" says that *he* was the first to apply to Gen. Harrison the title of the "Hero of Tippecanoe," and that he applied it ironically. The title of the Lion-Hearted was first given to King Richard by his own harlequin, yet it was worn most proudly. Though given by a fool, it was borne by a hero.

AN ill-natured correspondent of a neighboring paper says we have no shame. True, we have none, and he has none—he, because he has lost his sense of shame; and we, because we do nothing to be ashamed of.

A GENTLEMAN in a neighboring town set his dog the other day upon an intruder, and advertised the latter the next morning. It is hard to say whether his dog or his advertisement is the most biting.

IT is, perhaps, a debateable question, whether a person who has always been notoriously in the habit of lying, has a right to tell the truth. It is, of course, the only device by which he can deceive people.

A DULL and voluminous European author has published what he calls "A Tale of the Great Plague." To our mind all the tales of that author are tales of a great plague.

SHAKSPEARE has written that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Many a poor fellow, that has survived a scalping by the savages, has, no doubt, thought that uneasier lies the head that *doesn't* wear a crown.

AN English paper says that hides are exceedingly scarce in Great Britain. We sincerely hope that our British friends have one a piece, though that's more than some of them deserve.

THE "Detroit Gazette" says that the administration will make everything go on very melodiously at Washington as soon as they get the right pitch. They never *will* get the right pitch until the people pitch them into the Potomac.

MR. AND MRS. BREWER, of Wayne County, have twenty-two children. Theirs is, perhaps, the most extensive brewery in the West.

"I MEAN to abandon my habits of life," said a dissipated gentleman. "Are you sure, sir, that they are not abandoned enough already?"

A MISSOURI editor says that a sportsman recently shot in that State "a bird with four legs." We guess that it was *a canard.*

"CAN'T we make your lover jealous, miss?" "Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we *put our heads together.*"

WE know a modest tailor who institutes more *suits* than any half dozen lawyers of our acquaintance. And his suits cover nakedness, while theirs expose it.

"WHAT do you think of Bub?" said a doting mother, presenting her bad brat to a friend. "I think he is a silly-bub, and ought to be a whipped silly-bub."

THE "——— Advertiser" says that "the sword has been married to the purse." True, but he has had the misfortune to lose his wife.*

THE editor of the "Constitutionalist" claims that his path "lies in a straight line." Certainly it doesn't; but if he pursue it much longer, it may *bring him to a straight line*

THE "Trenton Emporium" says, that the people would be perfectly satisfied with the administration, were it not for the Whig presses and Whig Members of Congress. No doubt the administration might pass itself off as marvellously pure, if there were nobody to expose its corruptions. "I'm sure," exclaimed a slatternly old woman, "that my house would be clean enough if it were not for the ugly sun which is always showing the dirty corners."

SLANDERS issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul and ugly spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

THE "Vermont Statesman" asks why we do not tickle the Democratic editors occasionally with the feather-end of our quill, instead of running them through and through with the point of it. We can give as good a reason as the sailor gave for stabbing with his sword a cross mastiff that had tried to bite him. "Why did you not strike him with the *hilt* of your sword?" inquired the owner of the mastiff. "So I would, if the beast had run at me with his tail."

* At this time, all the deposit banks of the government were broken.

THE "Baltimore Republican" says that "Col. ——— is always cool in the midst of danger." Probably he gets an ague.

THE editor of the "Democrat" says that if the wounds he has given us smart much, he will "try to cure them by future lickings." Well, the smart of a sore is assuaged by the licking of a dog.

THE editor of a Pennsylvania paper says that he once *saw* stripes publicly inflicted upon a man in Rhode Island for petty larceny. We wonder if he didn't *feel* them too?

WHEN all around us is drear and dark, the hidden glories of heaven may be caught in a tear trembling upon the eyelid and pictured vividly and beautifully upon the soul.

SOME dogs are kept about houses simply to give the alarm at the approach of burglars. Like certain spice-trees, they are valued only for their bark.

THE "Beaver Argus" records the marriage of John Coburn, only three feet high. No wonder he wanted to get *spliced.*

THE "Philadelphia Enquirer" says that Mr. B., who boasted that he was the President's "collar dog," has been upset in his race for Congress by Mr. Pitcher. No, the dog has upset the Pitcher this time.

THE "Vermont Statesman" says that Democracy has nothing to hope for in this world—that it "must look to heaven." It "smells to heaven" already.

RHODE ISLAND has declined to reëlect Dutee J. Pearce to Congress. She has discharged her Dutee.

THE "Richmond Enquirer" says that "it is time for the people to open their mouths." But if the present policy of the administration be continued, will the people have anything to put in their mouths after they are open?

THE editor of the "——— Sentinel" offers us the pipe of peace. He must excuse us; we never smoke. He proposes to extend his hand to all his political opponents. We shall be glad to have him extend it to us provided it contain the little sum which he owed us when he ran away from our office.

THE "Globe" says that "facts are stubborn things." Yes, and so are jackasses; hence the Washington editor and his facts are alike stubborn.

A MISSISSIPPI editor threatens to "put a full stop" over each of our eyes. Let him try it; while he is putting his full stops over our eyes, we shall put his nose in a parenthesis.

THE "Globe" says that "Mr. Clay is a sharp politician." No doubt of it, but the editor of the "Globe" is a sharper.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Cincinnati paper says that he lately put himself under the care of a doctor, and in less than one week was "*altogether another man.*" We don't know but that we have several acquaintances, who would do well to patronize that doctor.

WE once had a female correspondent who wrote: "When two hearts are surcharged with love's electricity, a kiss is the burning contact, the wild leaping flame, of love's enthusiasm." This is certainly very pretty, but a flash of electricity is altogether too brief to give a correct idea of a truly delicious kiss. We agree with Byron that the "strength" of a kiss is generally "measured by its length." Still there should be a *limit*, and we really think that Mrs. Browning, strong-minded woman though she is, transcends all reasonable limits in her notion of a kiss's duration. Why, she talks, in her "Aurora Leigh," of a kiss—

> "As long and silent as the ecstatic night."

That indeed must be "linked sweetness" altogether too "long drawn out."

A CONTEMPORARY exclaims in an exceedingly eloquent piece of writing, "If the dead could speak to us from their graves, what would they say?" We guess they would say, "*Let us out.*"

WE know some men, who, when they are perplexed in argument, get out just as poor debtors sometimes get out of jail—they *swear* out.

MEN who boast loudly that they show no quarters are nearly certain, in times of danger, to show none but their hind ones.

THE "Winchester Virginian" predicts, that, if Mr. Clay go again into the Senate, he will encounter a storm of opposition. Let the storm come. It will but develop the energies of the country's master-mind.

> "The storms that sweep the mountain side
> Will lay the rich mine bare."

WE were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable duel. There were six *men* upon the ground and six *misses*.

THE "Albany Argus" says that the vote of Albany county shows that Mr. Van Buren is admired at home. All sensible men admire him infinitely more at home than they do at Washington in the public service.

MR. JOSEPH SEGAR, candidate for the Legislature, attempted to pass himself off as a Whig, but the people have *smoked* him.

THE editor of the "Southern Argus" says that he doesn't like to hear puppies barking at him when he speaks. He's right; one at a time.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Southern Argus" mentions as a remarkable circumstance, that he lately travelled a hundred miles with a Whig editor without having his pocket picked. He is careful not to say whether the editor made a similar escape.

THE "Alabama Journal" says that "Mr. Fox, of the House of Representatives, is full of fire." Fox-fire, we presume.

THE editor of the new Van Buren paper at New Albany may have been bred to politics, as he says he has, but politics will never be bread to him.

NAT LOOMIS, of the "Southern Argus," may abuse us as much as he pleases. We war not with gnats.

A BALTIMORE paper says that our representative at the last dates was "tearing the hair from the head of the administration." We know his mode of doing such things, and have no doubt that he will soon leave the administration without any *hair apparent.*

A MEMBER of the Virginia Legislature compares Senator ——— to Jason, the leader of the ancient Argonauts, who bore off the golden fleece. We do not exactly see the force of the comparison. Did the senator ever steal a sheep?

A SWEET girl is a sort of divinity, to whom even the Scriptures themselves do not forbid us to render "lip-service."

WE received a note yesterday from the "old maids of Shelby" requesting that they may be invited to the bachelors' ball in this city. We guess the dear old things are begging the *question.*

THE "Vermont Statesman" asks how it happened that Mr. ———, was not hung long ago. He is naturally a "scape-gallows."

THE editor of the "Plaindealer" abuses the President. He calls him "a man with a single principle." No wonder the two cannot agree—the one being a man *with* a single principle, and the other *without.*

THE editor of the "Gallatin Union" calls our Journal "wrapping-paper." He himself knows, from the sores on his head, that it is the best *rapping*-paper in the country.

THE "Buffalo Whig" says that "the office-holders prescribe gold as a cure for all the distresses of the country." If so, they are queer physicians. They present the singular spectacle of a set of doctors stealing the medicine of their patients.

THE "Hartford Times" says that "nothing but the ghost of the Whig party is to be seen in Connecticut." We supposed that a ghost had been seen in that State. The lights there, as is said to be always the case in a ghost's presence, are getting to "*burn blue.*"

THE "Winchester Virginian" thinks that R. M. W. "ought to be looked up to." Then let him be hanged, and thousands will look up to him.

IN some parts of the country the ladies, it is said, have discarded short dresses, and are going to the opposite extreme. Their dresses are long and getting continually longer. If the reaction goes much further, the ladies will look as if designed, like locomotives, simply to drag *trains.*

A WRITER in the "Railroad Magazine" says that "no macadamized road is fit for use till firmly cemented by continued travel." "Och," said a son of Erin, "I shall never be able to put these boots on, till I have worn them a week."

AN editor who thinks himself very smart, says in his columns, that he never *lends* himself to party hacks. We presume he prefers selling.

ALMOST every political editor assures his readers that his aim is to cultivate friendly relations with his contemporaries. If that is his "aim," he is a bad marksman.

AN English writer says, in his advice to young married women, "that their mother Eve married a gardener." It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

WE see that some of the telegraph lines are getting up a competition in prices. If they undertake to make the lightning work too cheap, it may *strike.*

THE "Eastern Argus" says that the administration "goes on swimmingly." It has tumbled overboard, and must go on "swimmingly," or not at all.

A DEMOCRATIC postmaster in Indiana writes us an insulting letter, but is careful to say in conclusion, that he "writes as postmaster and not as an individual." All right; but if we horsewhip the postmaster, how will the back of the individual feel?

IF circumstances alter cases, as the editor of the "Free Trader" says they do, he ought to look for them to alter *him;* he is certainly a *case.*

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Indiana threatens to handle us "without gloves." We would certainly never think of handling *him* without at least three pairs, and thick ones at that.

IT is said that Dr. ———, one of the Ohio representatives, sets himself up at Washington as the bully of his party. We do not believe that the doctor is a very dangerous man, though unquestionably a dangerous doctor. His cartridge-box will never be half as fatal as his pill-box.

A GENTLEMAN, a few weeks ago, threatened to chastise the editor of the "Southern Mercury." The editor noticed the threat, and said that it was "all gammon." The next day he was cowhided. That, we suppose, was *back*-gammon.

THE editor of the "Eastern Mercury" says that the Whig party "is losing strength." Inasmuch as his name is Hardy, we can't better reply to him than by the old quotation: "There is no fool like the fool-Hardy."

THE "Vermont Statesman," marvelling at our shouts over the regeneration of New York, wants to know what we will do when Mr. Clay is elected. We shall charge the Mammoth Cave with powder to the very muzzle, and shake earth and sky and ocean with the explosion.

THE "Courier" thinks that Mr. K. "will make a first-rate devil in the next world." He may, but he is a poor devil in this.

A COUPLE of robbers fell upon John Bush, of Baton Rouge, and robbed him of a shin-plaster of a Mississippi railroad bank. That was taking the *rag* from the *Bush*.

THE New York "Evening Post" says that Col. B. "always holds his own." A great objection to him is that he holds other people's.

THE editor of the "Free Trader" professes to be a great lover of "canvas-backs." His love for them is but a modification of self-love. His back was thoroughly canvased a few months ago.

IT may seem a little remarkable that, in these days, the greater part of the white-washing is done with *ink*.

IN New York city, the common bats fly only at twilight. Brick-bats fly at all hours.

A BANK and a jail were broken in Tennessee last week —the former by outsiders, the latter by insiders.

THE Eastern papers state that Dr. D. "has killed his man." Is the compliment meant for the doctor's pistol or his saddle-bags?

A PHILADELPHIA member of Congress has robbed the public treasury of seventy-six thousand dollars. He has a fair claim upon his Democratic brethren to be called a patriot of '76.

MR. COOLEY, editor of a new Democratic paper in New York, complains that the Whigs threaten him with personal violence. Our advice to Mr. Cooley can be given in few words. If any political opponent chastise you within an inch of your life, *take it Cooley*.

THE editor of the "Ky. and O. Journal" says we are "a peddler of horn gun flints." We guess he uses the article that he charges us with peddling; his gun always misses fire.

THE "Pittsburgh Constellation" says, in an obituary notice of an old lady, that "she bore her husband twenty children and never gave him a cross word." She must have obeyed the good old precept—"*bear and forbear*."

THE Democratic presses have so often accused the banks of buying up Democrats, that many thousands of Democrats are waiting for a bid. They are impatient. They feel like the poor old maids at the storming of a Turkish city:

> "Who oft were heard to wonder 'mid the din
> Wherefore the ravishing did not begin."

A WASHINGTON correspondent offers to send us a lithographic likeness of the Postmaster General if we will wear it. Really our correspondent must excuse us. We cannot have the P. M. G. hanging from our neck:

> "As to hanging, indeed, he may hang where he will,
> But as for the neck, let it be by his own."

ANY observant person, who should look into our mint-julip establishments in the hot days of summer, would conclude that a great many of our people are *men of straw.*

WE must not judge who are the favorites of Providence by observing where his greatest favors are bestowed. Our Lord designated Judas as the traitor *by giving him the sop.*

THE editor of a little Locofoco paper in Indiana threatens to "gore us." We see from the numerous pilferings in his columns that he is great at *hooking.*

THE "Evening Post," speaking of Senator B., says: "His eye is brilliant and has more honesty in it than that of Mr. Clay." Certainly if the two were to look each other in the face, Mr. B. would have more honesty in his eye than Mr. Clay in his.

A CORRESPONDENT says, that, when Mr. Jenifer retorted upon Dr. D——, the color flew from the face of the Ohio representative. Of course the doctor can claim to have come off with *flying colors.*

WE have lately read of several fashionable ladies on the streets, who, upon the giving way of a part of the machinery of their dresses, were frightened at the thought that they were bitten by snakes. The reptiles were "*hoop-snakes.*"

WE see in various newspapers what purport to be "remedies for smut in wheat." We should be very glad if some practical remedy could be devised for smut in the newspapers themselves.

GO down upon only one knee to a young lady. If you go down upon both, you may not be able to escape quick enough in case of the sudden and unexpected appearance of an enraged father.

THE last accounts from Peru give some indications of ill-feeling on her part toward us. We should, of course, hate to have the Peruvians bite us, though we have no objection to a little *Peruvian bark.*

MADEIRA wine, whilst being transported to this country, is always, however pure its owners may think it, *something between Madeira and Port.*

IN the days when rogues and thieves were branded with the letters R. and T., *lettered* men were more common than they are now.

A FRIEND of ours says that it is his will to speak the plain truth, and nothing else about men and things. It is our will too, and, what is better, our *wont.*

LORD COKE calls the law a "stately tree." It may be a very nice tree, but it does have some wretchedly poor limbs.

THE "Port Gibson Herald" wants to know "what the poor Indians will do when the buffalos are extinct." Indeed we can't tell. We are afraid they'll have to *bear* it.

TWO weeks ago a vagabond was convicted in Illinois, of stealing two watches. He made a pathetic speech after his conviction, ascribing his failure in business and all his misfortunes in life to "procrastination." He seems to have been the embodiment of procrastination, which, the poet tells us, is "the thief of *time.*"

"YOU forget yourself," said a lady of our acquaintance to a rather impertinent gentleman. "Ah, well," added she, after a pause of a few moments, "I suppose you are excusable for forgetting what is not worth remembering."

THERE are two classes of persons of whom it may be truly said that their word is as good as their bond—those whose word is never broken, and those whose bond is good for nothing.

THE Idler, the Lounger, the Spectator, the Rambler, and the Tatler, are all classical works, but many a fellow is all those characters in one—and yet no student at all.

A RECENT writer says that "the Bloomer costume is next to no dress at all." Undoubtedly all sorts of dresses are the next thing to nakedness.

THE editor of a paper now before us says that he meets a certain statement squarely. Men sometimes meet true statements squarely by lying roundly.

THE "Westchester Herald" says "Dr. D., the Ohio representative, is either a knave or a fool—he must take one horn of that dilemma." Probably he will prefer taking both; he always prefers two horns to one.

W. H. HOOE, a postmaster in Vermont, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and asks, "*who* has got the money?" Possibly echo may answer—*Hooe.*

MR. CLOWNY, of the "Greenville Banner," thinks that "Congress, in making its retrenchments, might very appropriately make its sessions one month shorter." Perhaps Mr. *Clown-y* might very appropriately make his name one letter shorter.

THE "Alexandria Gazette" says that the government, by its great outrages upon public opinion, has raised a storm that will sweep its party away forever. We greatly doubt its ability to raise a storm. It has been trying in vain to *raise the wind* for the last six months.

THE House of Representatives insists on an appropriation of four or five thousand dollars, for a water-spout in the square of the capitol. 'Tis quite hard enough for the people to have to pay for the "spouting" in the capitol itself.

THE editor of the "———— Herald" was asked by some of his friends to become a candidate for Congress, but he declined running. If Chancellor Q. had gone to him with that request or with any other, he wouldn't have "*declined running.*"

THE editor of the "———— Journal" repeats his boast that if we do not let him alone, we shall "catch it." We have no doubt that all who handle him will be sure to "*catch it.*"

A GENTLEMAN advertises in a Washington paper "A silver cup lost." Let Dr. L. be searched. He generally has "a cup too much."

MR. JAMES STONE, of Mississippi, denounces his own party for disfranchising that State. The Locofoco outrages "make the very Stones cry out."

THE Democratic papers of New Jersey are trying to justify Senator Wall for his disobedience of instructions. Let them whitewash him as much as they please—he will be only "a whited Wall."

IN reply to a remark of the "Baltimore Patriot" that the Whigs have swept everything before them in Connecticut, the "Pennsylvania Democrat" says that the Whigs are "old women just fit to sweep." He might justly add that the Locofocoes are dirt just fit to be swept.

THE "Free Press" says that "there is nothing profound about the editor of the 'Globe.'" Certainly his ignorance ought to be excepted.

MR. BEER, a Democratic candidate for Governor in Connecticut, made immense exertions to secure his own election. He worked seven days in the week. He violated the good old statute of his State which forbade *beer* to work on Sunday.

A PETTIFOGGER in one of our southern towns got into a quarrel, and was chastised by a lawyer named Boyle; he got into hot water and was *Boyled.*

A GENTLEMAN, finding his whisky punch a little too hot, blew it with his breath to cool it. "Blowing your own *horn* I see," said his comrade.

A VETERAN editor of Ohio says that every passing year sets a mark upon him. Of course he may be known by his *year*-marks.

DR. D. B. in one of his late tirades, compares us to an owl. The doctor may have a great antipathy to owls, but he certainly has none in the world to *swallows.*

THE editor of the "Pennsylvania Democrat" says that editorial life affords him "many sweets." Unquestionably he would like it more if it afforded him each morning a stiff dose of *bitters.*

THE editor of the —— —— exclaims: "We say what we like." So he does, and, for saying it, he has more than once got what he didn't like.

A MR. HOOKER has been appointed sub-treasurer of Burlington. His name does not distinguish him from the rest of the sub-treasurers; they're all *hookers.*

A BRITISH writer says that the gentle sorts of animals are gradually becoming more ferocious, and the ferocious ones more gentle. Perhaps the time may come when the gentle lion, at sight of the ferocious sheep, will run with all his might—and *mane.*

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" offers to bet us his "head against a tenpenny nail." We decline the wager; we'll not bet a hard currency against a soft one.

THE "Fredericksburg Arena" thinks that the administration, if it employ the pet banks again, will find them "as docile as dray-horses." Unquestionably it has got them *well broken.*

THE editor of the "Globe" threatens to "make a sweep next fall." We are glad to hear it. We have no doubt of his making a first-rate *sweep.* We will employ him as often as our chimney gets foul.

THE "Southern Mercury" says that Mr. P. O. Thomas "has received his commission as Postmaster." So there's a post-office gone to P. O. T.

THE "Georgia Constitutionalist" says that "Mr. Wright is fully the equal of Mr. Webster in tearing away from a question the web of sophistry." Indeed he isn't; he is very acute, but he can never make a *web stir.*

A NEIGHBORING editor talks about the "troop" to which he belongs. We did not know that he was "*a trooper,*" though we have heard that he often *swears* like one.

A CONTEMPORARY threatens to make us see ourselves by holding up a glass to our face. His great fault is that he has held up too many glasses to his own.

OFTENTIMES at an election a political party rolls up its sleeves to roll up a majority, and after the election simply rolls up its eyes.

THOSE who oftenest suffer from fullness of the stomach, are generally those who were never troubled with a fullness either of the head or heart.

MENTION was recently made of the hanging of two men named Lace, in Georgia, for horse-stealing. The hanging took place nowhere but in the newspapers—a mere *paper-hanging.*

OUR neighbor of the "Advertiser" says he is "sorry for the Whigs." He was always *a sorry fellow.*

THE Pennsylvania postmaster, who was sent recently to the penitentiary, had stolen money from letters and then burned the letters themselves. That's the Locofoco fashion of *dispatching the mails.*

AN edition of ten thousand copies of the Postmaster General's portraits remain unsold in Washington City. That ought to be some consolation to him. If he can't boast of being *unbought*, his picture *can.*

THE "Ohio Eagle" abuses Mr. Bond's speech, and says that the people will set their seal upon him at the next election. But will a Bond be any worse for bearing the broad seal of the people?

THE "Globe" thinks that the condition of the country should accommodate itself to the policy of the administration. That paper no doubt holds that a man should be cut and clipped by his tailor to fit his breeches, instead of having them cut to fit *him.*

THE "Emporium" boasts that its party is "in the habit of using up rascals. A party, that makes such habitual use of rascals must of course *use some of them up.* It cannot expect its tools to wear forever.

A NULLIFYING editor says that the course of Mr. Clay "has been injurious even to the interests of his own State." The *leading* interest of this State is the *hemp-growing* interest, and there's no doubt that Mr. Clay injured *that* when he interfered and saved the nullifiers from the halter.

AN old English writer says that one of the most deplorable wants in woman is the want of heart. The prevailing want of a good many of our modern women seems to be the want of *hearts.*

A WESTERN writer recommends the smoking of cigars for the reason that it keeps off mosquitoes. But why should a man create an odor around himself that not even a pestilent insect can live in?

A WASHINGTON correspondent says of Dr P———, that he is "fond of turmoil." Our own opinion is that he is fond of *still*-water.

IT should be remembered that a bare assertion is not necessarily the naked truth.

A FEW days ago we had the gratification of seeing a little boy taken alive from under a sand-bank that had fallen on him. His terror had not turned his hair white, but he was decidedly sandy-haired.

"WHAT has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. "Why, your honor, I used to be a dentist—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

CRUEL men are the greatest lovers of mercy; avaricious men of generosity; and proud men of humility—in everybody but themselves.

THE "Illinois Register" says that it has actually "seen the banks shaving their own paper." We have seen a more startling sight than that—we saw a bank director, the other day, actually shaving himself.

DR. SHERWOOD of New York advertises to pay "a high price for leeches." Can't our President raise the wind by selling to Dr. Sherwood a few thousand treasury blood-suckers? He can warrant them a prime article.

A NEWBERN paper says that Mrs. Alice Day of that city was lately delivered of four sturdy boys. We know not what a Day may bring forth.

THE "Globe" says that the administration party in North Carolina are confident of success next year. They ought to be good judges of the events of next year, for they have been knocked into the middle of it.

THE "New York Post" compares senator W. to a flash of lightning. Why? because his motions are zig-zag?

THE "Massachusetts Spy" wants to know what the Democrats will do when they have no longer a hook to hang a hope on." Possibly they may look about for a hook to hang a *rope* on.

THE editor of the "Pennsylvania Democrat" proposes to us to "bury the hatchet." Oh certainly, but we must bury him with it.

THE editor of the "Advertiser" should be more modest. Being in the employ of the government, he is of course "the servant of the people;" and, as we are one of the people, he is of course *our* servant. We never allow our servants to put on airs in our presence.

THE editor of the "Troy Whig" says that he hardly knows how to classify the Democratic postmasters. He may as well arrange them in two classes, the *ins* and the *outs*—those that are in the penitentiary and those that are not.

THE editor of the "Ohio Democrat" says that he can easily look through such men as Clay and Webster. We doubt it. A jail-bird like him can hardly be expected to look through the *great*, however much accustomed to look through the *grate*.

THE Democratic editors are shouting over our victory in New York. A Democratic editor shouts just as he gets drunk; when victorious, to heighten his joy, and when beaten, to drown his sorrow.

THE editor of the "——— Monitor" intimates that he may turn Whig if he can have the promise of being made Secretary of State. We cannot promise him the Secretaryship, but we can tell him an anecdote not wholly inapplicable to his case: In the course of a conversation, upon the subject of human duty, between the Duke of Buckingham and a lady who prided herself upon chastity and all the other Christian qualities, the Duke started this question: "Madam, if you were offered ten millions of dollars for the sacrifice of that peerless gem, your virtue, would you not, in view of all the good that you might do with that vast amount of money in relieving human suffering and promoting the cause of the Christian religion, deem it your duty to make the sacrifice?" "Possibly under those circumstances, I might think myself called on to make the dreadful sacrifice," timidly responded the lady with downcast eyes. "Curse on my poverty!" exclaimed the Duke, laying his hand familiarly upon her shoulder, "I have found the prostitute, but how am I to raise the ten millions?"

A GRAVE correspondent, under the signature of "Plato," complains that our remarks are "not generally of a sufficiently serious cast." We have only to request "Plato" to bear in mind the old proverb: "The most solemn of birds is an owl, the most solemn of fishes an oyster, the most solemn of beasts an ass, and the most solemn of men an ass also."

THE editor of the ——— says that "the Louisville girls have eyes that would bore through any man's heart that is not made of adamant." The old fellow means that they have *gimlet* eyes.

THE editor of the ——— ——— calls us the most scurrilous editor in the country. Unquestionably he "*forgets himself.*"

MR. LEVEL, of the "Eastern Advocate," says the time is at hand when "every kind of political iniquity will be put down." We suppose that even the Devil will find his *Level.*

IT is barely possible that public opinion does Mr. ———, injustice; but even his friends must admit, that, if nature designed to mark the initial of the word "thief" upon his person and his mind, she certainly "*hit it to a T.*

THE "Toronto Patriot" says that a young man of that city, a drummer, is to run a match against time. A drummer should be able to *beat time.*

W. H. COTTON, lately a violent Whig, has established a violent Democratic paper in Alabama. Can some of the Alabama Democrats tell us the price of Cotton?

THE editor of the "Southern Democrat" asks whether "punishment should not be administered to a blackguard in the form of a cowhide over the shoulders." "*I take it so,*" he might himself reply.

THOSE who have most treasure have generally most anxiety. The Colchian ram with the golden wool was, no doubt, even though he had wings, in constant apprehension of being fleeced.

THE Natchez editor advises the friends of Mr. Clay to "keep their eyes skinned." They need not in return advise him to keep his back skinned; General Q. will attend to that.

THE "Milledgeville Journal" urges ex-Governor Troop's election to the Presidency. We think the ex-governor's supporters will prove to be like the ex-governor himself—rather a small Troop.

THE editor of the —— says that General Harrison "can never touch bottom." That editor has reason to know that a certain other prominent Whig recently *did.*

THE editor of the "—— Observer" calls General Harrison "a rather deserving man." The general and the editor are both deserving—the one of the Presidency, the other of the Penitentiary.

THE "Richmond Enquirer" says that its friends "*have no fear of ultimate success.*" They need have no fear of success, for they are in no manner of danger of it.

DR. D—— made a speech last week at a Democratic wine-frolic in Washington. His speech wasn't at all *happy*, but *he* was.

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" boasts that he keeps nine tailors in his employ. In this case, at least, the old adage proves untrue; the nine tailors can't *make a man.*

THE editor of the "——— Monitor" wishes us to send him a thunder-cloud, that he may make a noise over the victories of his party. We cannot lend him our clouds, but we are perfectly willing to send him a big black cat. He can get electricity enough from a cat's back to celebrate all his victories for a twelvemonth to come.

THE "Southern Whig" says that "most of the leading locofocos have their price." That can't be said any longer of the New York Democrats; their *Price** has just run away.

MRS. KNIGHT, formerly of our theatre, is married to Mr. Belt, of London; she is a Belted Knight.

A MR. J. LEMON, of the N. C. Legislature, has abandoned the Whigs and joined the locofocos. That's all right enough. If the locos think that they can recruit their strength with Lemon-aid, they are welcome to try the experiment.

THE editor of a new Democratic paper at Little Rock, gives this reason for engaging in the political conflict:

"The aspect of the political horizon became portentous; clouds were gathering and unfurling their banner-folds upon the party breezes; the muttering thunder and lurid flashes of the coming storm, of dread conflict and elemental strife, came louder and more vividly upon us. A battle must be fought and victory must perch upon our standard. We could not stand idle."

So the editor has actually buckled on his armor to go out and *fight a thunder-storm.* He is a match for the Kentuckian, whose affrighted wife awoke him one night in the midst of a terrific tempest. "Husband! husband! an earthquake is swallowing us up, or the day of judgment has come—I don't know which." "By Gosh!" roared the Kentuckian, jumping up and seizing his rifle; "I'm ready for eitner."

AN Ohio paper says that Dr. Asher talks of selling his farm and emigrating. We presume he would now sell the ground cheap. We know that he has frequently *fallen on it.*

* A Democratic Government defaulter.

THE editor of the "P. L." boasts, that his single head "*keeps no less than fifty operatives in full employment.*" His case is a bad one; the use of a fine comb might not come amiss.

THE editor of the "Free Trader" says he "should like to feel the heads of some of the Whig leaders." Probably he has a curiosity to know whether their heads and their *feet* feel alike.

AN editor who undertakes to prove everything by his own personal testimony, may certainly pass for an *I—witness.*

MR. H. LAW has established a paper at Jackson, and he pledges himself that it shall always be truthful. If he doesn't keep his promise, we hope he will find himself a bankrupt Law.

AN Arkansas editor says, "love me love my dog." Those who love him certainly love *a* dog.

A POPULAR writer says that men, like children, are "pleased with a rattle." Not if it is at the tail of a snake.

A PIOUS writer says "we can't expect to stay in this world." But certainly the ladies *stay* in it.

WHEN you see traders running to the brokers, look out for *breakers.*

A POLITICAL opponent says that if we are not disposed to take his abuse, we can demand satisfaction. The abuse itself is satisfaction to us.

EVERY man ought to have a wife. If a man is happily married, his "rib" is worth all the other bones in his body.

CUVIER describes a fish that is flat half the year, and round the other half. It isn't like Dickens's new periodical, "All the Year Round."

THE editor of the "——— Star" says that he has never murdered the truth. He never gets near enough to do it any bodily harm.

THE "——— Emporium" boasts that its party is "in the habit of using up rascals." A party that makes such habitual use of rascals, must of course *use some of them up.* It cannot expect its tools to wear forever.

J. O. BERGEN has been appointed postmaster in Alabama. We hope the government will not find him a bad J. O. B.

MR. VAN BUREN is busily engaged at present in "treading in the footsteps of Gen. Jackson," but in 1840 he will have to "make tracks on his own account."

THE editor of the "Cincinnati ———" says that when next he uses a painter's brush made of pig's bristles, it shall be to whitewash Louisville. If he wishes to use a brush of pigs' bristles upon our city, he had better come down and rub his back against her.

AN editor in our neighborhood says that he always has his proof ready for whatever he asserts. His proof is generally fourth-proof.

IT is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently pulling his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

THERE are some men who will walk up to a cannon's mouth, and some women who will walk up to a lover's —*without shrinking.*

OUR old friend, James Random, must have a hard time of it as an Iowa editor. Nearly all the editors of that State shoot habitually at random.

"THE fact is, John, since you have taken to drinking you are only half a man." "Oh, I suppose you mean I'm a demi-John."

AN Arkansas paper says that many of the girls in that State grow six feet high. They must be uncommonly well cultivated.

A DEMOCRATIC editor says that Gen. ——— has declined many honors. We are not aware of his having declined any except that of being an honest man and patriot. He has not declined honors so much as he has declined being honorable.

A WRITER in the "Globe" says, that Mr. Bond is "stamped with the mark of Cain." That writer himself has been stamped first and last with the marks of a dozen canes.

THE editor of the "Free Trader" says, that all who slander him are careful to do it behind his back. Folks must be very much afraid of him. We even hear that those who kick and horsewhip him do it *behind his back.*

WE have frequently heard ——— called "a small-beer politician," but an Ohio paper, by, perhaps, a typographical error, calls him "a small *bear* politician." Pray, whose *Bruin* is he?

THE editor of the "——— Statesman" says "*more villainy is on foot.*" We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

THE locofocos have prosecuted the editor of the "Somerset Whig" for a libel. They can effect nothing in that way. If they rely upon voting, we can out-vote them, and, if they go into law, we can *out-law* them.

THE Tory editor of the "Indiana Democrat" advertises that he will take bacon in payment of subscriptions. He can hardly expect to get that article from any of his tory subscribers; they have not been able this season to "save their bacon."

"AM I not a real *rain beau*, my dear?" said a fop, rushing up with an umbrella to a lady in a shower. "Don't make yourself so familiar, sir, or I shall have to be a *rein*-beau."

WHATEVER Midas touched was turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

WHICH may be considered the *faster* man—he who is running like a greyhound, or he who is stuck inextricably in the mud?

LABOR and Invention are brothers, Necessity being the mother of both. So, if you are a child of Labor, Necessity is your grandma.

A GREAT many political speeches are literally parricides. They kill their fathers.

WHEN the health of a city is good, the undertaker has "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

A SHORT time ago, $4,500 of the public money of Michigan was stolen while in the custody of the governor. A locofoco editor of that State, in an abusive article against certain Whigs, intimates that he knows who is the thief. He may know, but if so, we presume he is the very last person on earth that would be willing to *tell* his name. The $4,500 was certainly *bagged.**

THE "Globe" says, that the locofocos will "die in the *last* breach," and the "N. Y. Evening Post" says "that they will die in the *first* breach." So it seems that they expect to die in *a pair of breeches.* Some of them must make an important addition to their wardrobe first.

DR. ——— calls the editor of the "Cincinnati Republican" "a drunken loafer." The doctor, it seems, is actually lecturing on sobriety. We once heard of a big, red-nosed fellow standing to his ears in a puncheon of whisky and preaching temperance through the bung-hole.

THERE has been a great flood in all this section of country, which has obstructed, in some instances, the progress of the mails.—*Trenton Emporium.*

We have just received some mails from that section, but their ancient appearance leaves no doubt that they commenced their journey *before the flood.*

* The editor's name was Bagg.

OUR devil, notwithstanding all our attempts to reform him, still gets tipsy occasionally.—*Democrat.*

And you, yourself, we suppose, get as tipsy as "the devil."

THE editor of the "——— Courier" says that he knows his own mind. He may, and yet know next to nothing.

SOME of our Van Buren friends complain of the administration on the ground of its endeavoring by its measures to deprive them of a livelihood, and at the same time requiring them to believe the most monstrous political absurdities.—*Charlottesville Advocate.*

That is to say, it gives them too little to eat, and too much to swallow.

WE have received a new locofoco paper from Alabama, published by a Mr. "H. A. Ditto." We do not undertake to say, that Mr. Ditto is a knave, but very many of his party are knaves, and he is—Ditto.

DOES not the editor of the "Louisville Journal" eat on tick and drink on tick?—*Democrat.*

No, but we do sometimes sleep on tick.

THE governor of Tennessee says that he shall not appoint a day of Thanksgiving. That being the case, we think the people will, by common consent, take for that purpose the day of his retirement from office.

THE "Vermont Statesman" calls the office-holders "leaden headed." 'Tis a pity some of the lead in their heads were not transferred to the ends of their fingers. If their heads are too heavy, their fingers are too light.

WE have been disabled for some weeks past by an accident. Whilst using an axe on the 3d. ult., the weapon slipped and struck our right foot, splitting it nearly in two.—*Democrat.*

So your foot is cloven—is it? Well, you can now play the devil better than ever.

THE editor of the "——— Argus" says that he would "disdain to injure an ass's colt." Another proof that even the stupidest of animals have an instinctive attachment to their offspring.

THE Whigs would not hesitate for a moment to trample on the banner of their country.—*Flag of the Union.*

We would not for the world trample on the star-spangled banner, but, if we had our overshoes on and a scraper at hand, we should not hesitate to tread on the "*Flag of the Union.*"

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" asks if we can tell him "anything about the Kentucky hemp-market." If he will make our State a visit, we have no doubt that hemp will be *tight.*

MR. A. H. HORN, of the "Southern Argus," makes some unintelligible threats against us. His language sounds belligerent. Is he a powder-Horn?

IT is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give their opinions. The lawyers must be excepted; they sell theirs.

A NOTORIOUS political editor boasts that every number of his paper "tells." Unquestionably it does, but not *the truth.*

MR. FLAG, of Albany, has received his commission as P. M. at that place. The Whig papers of Albany are lashing him unmercifully. We never saw a flag with so many stripes upon it before.

SHALL we not make hay while the sun shines?—*Globe.*

Certainly. It is said that "all flesh is grass;" so cut your throat and make hay of yourself.

MR. J. P. ROSE, an assistant postmaster in Vermont, stole money from letters a few months ago and ran away. Last week he was arrested in Flushing, New York. The administration might say of its pet-Rose, in the words of the Coronach:

"The autumn winds rushing,
Take the leaves that are serest,
But *our flower was in flushing,*
When blighting was nearest."

THE sun is a very bright body, but the gentle moon, when she steps in between him and the earth, *takes the shine out of him.*

SWINGING is said by the doctors to be a good exercise for the health; but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

AS a man drinks he generally grows reckless; in his case, the more drams the fewer scruples.

ABOUT the only person that we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

THE Americans are followers of us in everything.—*London Age.*

We must confess, that our soldiers followed yours in the last war.

THE "New Hampshire Patriot" says that "the light of day is upon the political prospects of the Democracy." The light of "Day and Martin," we suppose.

THE editor of the "Louisville Journal," not long since, threatened to annihilate the whole Democratic party, but instead of that we find him expending his strength upon two or three individuals of the party.—*Southern Argus.*

Ah, but our intention is to annihilate the whole party piecemeal. We go upon the plan of the Yankee, who bet that he could swallow an Irishman. Laying the Irishman down upon the table, he commenced vigorous operations upon his big toe. "Oh the d—l," roared Paddy, "you are biting my toe off!" "Why you darned great fool," retorted Jonathan, "*did you think I was going to swallow you whole?*

SHALL *Harrison* be President? [Answered by spelling the name backwards.] *No sirrah.—Buffalo Republican.*

If the locofocos mean to beat old Tippecanoe, they will have to take the back-track in more things than their spelling.

THE editor of the "Truth Teller" says that he is "a candidate for *nothing.*" We think he will be *elected.*

THE "Richmond Inquirer" says, that Mr. Clay is "sometimes brilliant, but very unequal." He is certainly unequalled.

A WRITER in one of our medical journals, inquires why it is that women are more liable to take cold than men. Indeed we don't know, but Dr. Hall says that the only way to avoid taking cold under certain circumstances is *to keep the mouth shut.*

THE Troy "Mail" says that all the Democratic crows and ravens are cawing at General Harrison. The old hero needn't mind them, their caws will not injure his cause.

THE editor of the "——— Argus," whose acts of theft we exposed the other day, is a member of the church. We never think of his character without being reminded of a mercantile firm in this city—PRAY & STEEL.

WE have received from Vermont a new locofoco paper, the "Reformer," edited by D. C. French. If Mr. *French* cannot write better *English*, his patrons should make him "walk *Spanish.*"

THE Ohio "Republican" thinks it probable that Virginia has been "seduced by the administration." If she has, God grant her in due time a happy *deliverance!*

THE Cuba bloodhounds do not know the English language. How will they be able to understand the orders of the commanding officers.—*Fred. Citizen.*

The commanding officers must give them their orders in "dog-latin."

MR. M. said, in the Kentucky House of Representatives, that he would "rather be Mr. Cilley in his grave than Mr. Graves in Congress." We are very glad that he has sense enough to know that he is more fit to be dead than alive.

LET the Democrats march shoulder to shoulder, says a locofoco paper; "if we must be beaten, let us at least meet our fate in the full discharge of our duty." "Hug up to me, Peg," said Jonathan to his wife in a dreadful thunderstorm; "let's die like men."

THE Whigs of Jefferson have prepared thirty barrels of hard cider for the great barbecue at the mouth of Harrod's Creek. So the affair will not be "all talk and no cider."

PRAY in what respect is hard cider an emblem of Gen. Harrison? —*Globe.*

All we know is that it *runs* well.

A FATHER and son, Anthony and Thomas Screw, escaped on the 25th ult., from the Wetumpka jail. There are two screws loose.

A MAN was arrested in this city on Saturday for uttering altered notes.—*St. Louis Organ.*

We are sorry, for our neighbor's sake, that this is considered a crime. Since the Ohio elections, he has been uttering the most strangely *altered notes* we ever heard in our lives.

BEFORE the late election, the editor of the "Indiana Sentinel" felt *victory in his bones.* He and his party have since been awfully thrashed, and now they feel *that* in their bones.

A. K. says that "most people are pleased with a rattle." Amos needn't flatter himself. "Most people" are not pleased either with his rattle or his bite.

OUR neighbor of the "Whig" has at length got his small craft fairly afloat, but he seems anxious to keep out of the reach of our long gun. Let us get one fair shot at him, and the gentleman will be sunk in five minutes.—*Argus.*

We certainly do not know of any living editor that can *sink the gentleman* more readily than the editor of the "Argus."

IT seems no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out.

IT seems to be strange that church edifices not unfrequently give way; they generally contain more *sleepers* than any other sort of building.

MR. J. W. ANTHONY, of the "Southern Recorder," threatens to bring his "good editorial rifle" to bear on us. Sorry are we to be exposed to *St. Anthony's fire.*

A LADY in Montreal, on the 1st, recovered $2,000 of a Maj. Breckford for hugging and kissing her rather roughly. She ought to set a high value on the money—she got it *by a tight squeeze.*

THE editor of the "Charleston Courier" is particularly happy and excoriating upon Col. B.'s egotism. He kills him as hunters kill alligators—by hitting him in the "I."

THE "N. C. Sentinel" states a case in which a lady obstinately refused to see her lover for several days, and at length set a big dog on him. That lady and that gentleman were certainly congenial souls—the one was *obstinate,* and the other *dogged.*

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" says that the reading of the "Globe" is as good as a dinner to him. A fellow who reads the "Globe" for his dinner ought to be put in the stocks for his *desert*.

THE "New Era" says, that the New York locofocos will soon "show their hands." We hope they will wash them first.

OUR neighbor of the "Advertiser" boasts that somebody yesterday gave him a big beet. On the same morning, a friend made us a present of a handsome riding-whip. This is a capital arrangement—we sport switches, and our neighbor *gets beet*.

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" abuses the notes of one of the Mississippi banks, because they have "a red exterior." 'Tis not the first time a red rag has thrown a cock-turkey into a rage.

MR. CLAY is, no doubt, a great man, but he is too ambitious.—*Eastern Mercury*.

"*Ambitious*." True, he is ambitious—but of what? Ambitious of the discharge of his sublime duties—ambitious of rendering his country the most glorious on earth—ambitious of making human freedom co-extensive with the human race—ambitious of placing his own great name, by his lofty deeds of moral daring, the first among the sons of light. Talk of ambition—what is it?—

> "In God 'tis glory—and when men aspire,
> 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire."

ONE of our divines asks why Cain, who seems to have offered his sacrifice in good faith, didn't obtain divine approbation. Probably because he wasn't Abel.

THE editor of the "Pa. Democrat," by way of retorting a hit of ours, quotes on us a paragraph from the "Boston Post." 'Tis by no means the first time he has caught at a "post" to keep himself from falling.

THE "Newtown Advocate" says that "the editor of the 'Globe' has much the appearance of a ghost." Look at him with his long spoon in the treasury pap-bowl, and you'll say he's a *gobbl'in'*.

A WHIG editor in Indiana thinks that our neighbor has not improved much under our tuition. It may be so, but we are not yet discouraged; we trust to be able to make something of him yet. We say to him as the Frenchman said to his pet pig—"Ah! mine little piggy, I vill make a man of you if you don't make a —— hog of yourself!"

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" is making an attack upon an old file of the "Louisville Journal." He'll find it a little the hardest "*file*" that ever a viper undertook to masticate.

IN Indiana, a few days ago, a loafer grossly insulted, by vulgar words, three women whom he encountered in a field. They instantly caught him, put him into a deep brook, and held him there till he was half drowned. They wouldn't brook the insult, preferring to brook the insulter.

PUNCH says, if you wish to see the teeth of a beautiful young lady, praise her rival before her face. We think the object may often be effected as well by a pretty compliment to herself. And her teeth appear to the best advantage when we are not afraid of them.

A WESTERN rhymer says that he writes only when an angel troubles the fountain of his soul. We don't know that the fact of his soul's being troubled gives him the right to trouble the souls of other people.

IT is a common impression that most ladies prefer tall lovers to short ones. So we cannot be charged with a want of gallantry in saying that a lady generally likes to *draw a long beau.*

A WELL-KNOWN editor makes his boast that there is no other like him in the country. If there were many, the devil would be to pay—but then there would be an abundance to pay him with.

WE have received a copy of a pretended literary paper from Illinois, entitled "The Sublime." We have not read it, but we think, from its title, that there is just "one step" between it and its editor.

WE find in an exchange paper a list of twenty Land Receivers detected in stealing. There is an old adage that "the receiver is as bad as the thief;" but, in these days, almost every "Receiver" *is* a thief.

THE "New York Era" says that Mr. Flagg, who has just been appointed postmaster, fought in the last war. Flagg saw but one battle, and then he ran at the first fire. His commander might have looked after him and exclaimed in a tone of exultation—*Our flag is flying.*

THE editor of the "Globe" says, that he is "a son of Virginia." We suppose he is right to tell of it. *She* never will.

IN one of the towns of Connecticut, where a special election is about to take place, Henry Day, S. S. Day, and Joel Johnson, the latter a furious locofoco, are the candidates. We know nothing of the two Days, but we know Johnson, and have no doubt of *his* making a great run. We remember him of old, and can testify that he always *runs best between a couple of Days.*

AT the last dates from Shelbyville, Tenn., the editor of the "Star," whom our friend of the "Murfreesborough Telegraph" shot in the jaw for slandering a lady, was again at his post. He will be particular hereafter to wag his jaw with some little care. Perhaps he will occasionally venture to give people "a piece of his jaw," but a piece is all he ever will have to give.

THE "Globe" ridicules the cloud-compelling, storm-raising Mr. Espy. If that ingenious enthusiast has discovered any new mode of "raising the wind," we advise the administration, instead of laughing at him, to engage his services as speedily as possible.

WE predicted before the election in New York that the Democrats would carry it. We take some credit to ourselves for our sagacity.—*Eastern Democrat.*

You have been constantly predicting for the last five years, that the locofocos would carry every election; and now you claim credit for sagacity, because, after having been wrong ten times, you happen to be right once. "Sammy," said a doting mother to her pet, "tell the gentleman how much twice six makes." "Seven." "No." "Eight." "No." "Nine." "No." "Ten." "No." "Eleven." "No." "Twelve." "Ah, *yes*—that's right, Sammy—you're a bright boy." Don't you think, my dear sir, that this youth, if he lives and has his health, will cut a very extraordinary figure?

THE "National Gazette" says that "the administration delights to show off its friends." No, it appoints them leg-treasurers, and puts the public money into their hands, and then they show themselves "*off*."

THE editor of the "——— Argus" says he expects soon to hear the Whigs call black white. Well, what if they do? His practice shows that he doesn't know the difference.

WHY should not the government use bloodhounds against the Indian murderers?—*Baltimore Post.*

Sure enough. It uses dogs to fight its political battles—and why not to fight its military ones?

THE Federalists profess to have "lopped off the arms" of the Democracy of this State, but they will find it a Briareus of a hundred arms.—*N. Y. Democrat.*

And not only a hundred arms but a hundred legs—the arms all busy in stealing, and the legs in running away with the plunder.

RETURN a kiss for a blow.—*Sunday School Union.*

Always provided the giver of the blow be a pretty girl.

WE like steamboat officers, and hate rascals; but will always thank both alike to give us "*a wide berth.*"

AN Indiana paper wants to know whether the editor of the "——— Advertiser" was sober when he said that the Democracy would elect the whole Congressional delegation from this State. No, "not by a jug-full."

THE editor of the "——— Times" says he sometimes blushes that he is a man. His friends blush daily that he *isn't.*

MR. J. W. SHOP is a Democratic candidate for the Legislature in Vermont. No doubt the locofocos expect to lift him into office; a good many of them are great at Shop-lifting.

A MR. E. A. GLASS talks of establishing a new locofoco paper in Alabama. From a notice we have seen of Mr. Glass, we presume that he is one of those Glasses generally called *tumblers.*

A NEW YORK paper asks "what ought to be done with a man who cuts off a large piece of a loafer's ear." We suppose he should be bound *to keep the piece.*

THE Ohio River is getting lower and lower every day. It has almost ceased to run. All who look at it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little speed, but *a great deal of bottom.*

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" threatens "to touch off the dark shadows of our character." Let him beware, lest while he is busying himself upon our shadows, we poke him in his lights.

ONE of the editors in the south of Kentucky tells of the immense crops of corn and hemp raised by a farmer in his neighborhood. We can believe his corn story, but we can't swallow the hemp.---*Democrat.*

Pray, do not try to "swallow the hemp." You are in especial danger of getting *choked* some time or other by that article.

THE "New Era" gives an amusing account of a Democrat getting the advantage of a couple of Whig brokers by certain *operations on Time.—Pa. Journal.*

He *stole their watches*, we suppose.

MANY of our theatres advertise "promenade tickets at low prices." At Washington, such tickets are sometimes distributed gratis. There they are better known as *walking tickets.*

A WORTHY young editor, who has just gone into business in the West, boasts that his paper "at *present augers well.*" We hope and believe he doesn't mean that it is a great *bore.*

A WRITER, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes "note even of a straw." Especially, perhaps, if there's a julep at one end of it.

AN acquaintance boasts that his virtues are in everybody's mouth. He is decidedly mistaken. His vices are in other people's mouths, and his virtues in his eye.

AN Illinois editor asks how to kill humbugs. Let him swallow a little prussic acid, and he will dispatch one.

AN uncourteous editor says, that, if he wanted a fit opponent for us, he "would send to the penitentiary." He is far less likely to *send* than *go.*

ALMOST every week a number of newspapers are discontinued in different parts of the country. We fear the reason is, that the proprietors, like a cat chasing her tail, cannot quite make the two ends meet.

PEOPLE have a great deal to say about ugly faces. We know an unfortunate fellow, who is afraid to travel, for when he does he gets whipped a dozen times a day by persons who erroneously fancy that he is making mouths at them.

DOCTOR —— proposes to "measure Old Tip and ascertain his intellectual dimensions." We much doubt whether the doctor can measure Tip, though every bar-keeper knows that he can tip a measure as quick as any other man.

A WRITER in the "Baltimore Post" says that "the Democratic cause never appeared in more celestial colors than at present. Probably the fellow means that it looks *blue*.

THE "Globe" says "there is not a solitary evidence of Gen. Harrison's fitness for the Presidency." True, the evidences of the old general's fitness are not solitary; they go in crowds.

THE "Balt. Republican" talks about Whig house-breakers." There's very little doubt, that the Whigs will break into the White House and all the other public buildings on the 4th of March.*

THERE is a "Whig" in this city who has lately drank such enormous quantities of "hard cider" that crab-apples have grown from the end of his ears and his nose.—*Spirit of the Times.*

And do you not remember the time, when, in an ecstasy of locofocoism, you shouted for "old Hickory" until the marks of a pretty sizable hickory were visible all over your back and shoulders?

* General Harrison took possession 4th March, 1841.

THE "Globe" says that "a Whig is always careful to keep one hand on his pocket." It is a shame, that the light-fingered habits of certain locofocos render such precaution necessary.

MR. VAN BUREN and General Harrison have both been "followers in the footsteps." Mr. Van Buren has followed the footsteps of his predecessor in office, and old Tippecanoe followed the footsteps of Proctor and his myrmidons in the day of his country's peril.

"LET us take an honest view of parties," says the "Globe." "Let's see," said the blind man.

MR. CAIN, of the "—— Democrat," threatens to exterminate the hydra of corruption from the land. So we may look out for another exhibition of the drama of "Cain killing his brother."

SOME of the Whigs of Ohio, a few days ago, burned a barrel of whisky. Col. ——, on hearing of it, was in a terrible rage. "The rascally British Whigs have *burned me in effigy!*" he exclaimed.

WE should not, in our attempts to elevate ourselves, lose sight of safety. He who stands upon a tall man's shoulders, can look over the heads of those around him, but his footing is much less secure than theirs.

IT is dangerous for such chaps as the editors of a Grand Gulf paper to try to imitate us. Did they never hear of the monkey that cut his weasand in an attempt to imitate a barber?

ANOTHER attempt has been made in Mississippi to burn down a court-house. It is in vain for miscreants to try to escape, by such means, the penalties due to their crimes. If justice be driven from her temple, she can officiate under the humblest roof, or even under the broad blue sky, with her scales suspended in the open air and her sword flashing in the sun.

THE "Quincy Argus" died on the 5th inst. A young jackass, however, was born within the town-limits on the same day. So the town gained as much intelligence as it lost.

THERE never were more than two ideas in Mr. P.'s skull, but they generally manage to make as much noise as two peas in a dried bladder.

THE "Globe" says that "such patriotism as Mr. Clay's will not answer." True enough, *for it can't be questioned.*

THE locofocos, as we understand, talk of establishing another paper in Kentucky. They certainly need a fifth paper as much as the Irishman needed a fifth candle. "Bring me another, you spalpeen, that I may see how these four burn."

A WRITER in the New York "True Sun" is advising the editor of the "Globe" to *know himself.* That's advising him to form a very low acquaintance.

SOMEBODY broke into the barn of a farmer in Madison county, and stole ten bushels of wheat. Probably it was one of Mr. Van Buren's leg-treasurers. Most of them are *thieves in grain.*

WE can count no less than 1,000 political falsehoods uttered within the last month.—*Globe.*

Most of the falsehoods, that you can *count*, have been nailed to the *counter.*

THE locofocos at Knoxville held their orgies at the foot of "Gallows Hill." They deserved to occupy *higher ground.*

FELLOW citizens, hear an honest man.—*Globe.*

How can they, when *you* keep up such a gabble?

THE Washington correspondent of the "Emporium" says of Col. A. L. D., that every feature of his face is "democratic." This is hardly true. The Colonel, we understand, has a regal nose—it has *assumed the purple.*

IT appears that the locofoco pole at Jeffersontown was very badly put up. One of the speakers had *to keep an arm around it the whole time he was speaking.*

A MR. BARRY has recently distinguished himself as a vocalist in New Orleans. Probably his voice is a fine Barry-tone.

THERE'S a great difference between honor and honesty; the former, it is said, "exists among thieves," the latter certainly does not.

THE Trenton "Emporium" thinks that although Harrison is elected, the Democrats are entitled to at least *a fourth* of the offices? A *fourth!* Isn't that *calling for quarter?*

COURAGE, like cowardice, is undoubtedly contagious, but some persons are not liable to catch it.

"HAVE I changed?" exclaims Gov. P. We don't know. That depends on whether you ever were an honest man.

HAS our neighbor, since the loss of the "twine" contract gone into the *silk* business? He was *reeling* all day Sunday.

NOBODY can make a newspaper to suit those whose tastes and opinions are always changing. A milliner might as well try to make a petticoat to fit the moon.

HOW very anxious Mr. Van Buren must be for a *standing* army, now that his *lying* one has been so utterly put to rout!

THE "Louisville Advertiser" states that Dr. —— and Mr. ——, are about to visit Louisville for the purpose of settling some difficulties with the editor of the "Louisville Journal."—*Phil. Enquirer.*

We have no expectation of falling by the hands of either a forger or a thief. If the one were to visit Louisville, we should simply take precautions against the counterfeiting of our name, and, if the other were to come, we should merely lock up our spoons.

THERE may be some truth in the discovery made by the editors of the "Gazette," that the "Journal" is a "milk-sickness" paper: for it is known to have given many a rascal "the *trembles.*"

A CONTEMPORARY inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives. A much more important inquiry, is, whether they are fitted for husbands.

CALL a lady "a chicken," and ten to one she is angry. Tell her she is "no chicken," and twenty to one she is still angrier.

"YOU seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.' "Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

"HAVE you any powder?" said a sportsman to his companion. "Yes, *in a horn.*"

THE locofocos make banks whenever they get a chance, and quiet their consciences by denouncing all corporations. They are as ingenious as the Connecticut deacon, who used to hunt and fish on Sunday, always making his spiritual peace the while by whistling psalm-tunes.

A WRITER in the "Globe" says, he "laughs at the present condition of the Whigs." He is evidently, however, too economical to laugh with his whole mouth. He laughs only out of one side of it, and that the wrong one.

MR. TYLER, don't get restive at a *single* hiss. Go to the top of the White House, and, as your ears catch the gale, you will think us a *generation of vipers.*

BULWER says that "death often changes aversion into love." Certainly it does; we may have an antipathy to sheep and swine, and yet love mutton and pork.

NEVER was a man in this country execrated with more bitterness than Mr. Tyler. If all the breath, vented in curses on him, were concentrated into one whirlwind, it would be strong enough to scatter the White House over his head.

WE are not disposed to denounce the President; "hard words butter no parsnips."—*Cin. Gazette.*

And we too might be disposed to forego the use of hard words, if we had no nobler object in view than to butter our parsnips.

AS Claude R.'s wife sat quietly in the twilight, a fellow stole behind her and kissed her. "Is it Claude?" she asked hurriedly. "No, dear madam." A moment afterward he was heard to exclaim, "Oh yes, I am claw'd now, indeed I am."

"I AM certain, wife, that I am right and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to *such extreme lengths.*"

OUR modern cities, though bad enough, are certainly a great deal better than ancient Sodom; they have a thousand good *lots.*

AN old lover is ridiculous; you had better give up all thoughts of love-letters when you can no longer read them without spectacles.

THE editor of the "Madisonian" thinks it strange that he has lost his Whig subscribers. He says that he has pursued "the true old-fashioned course of policy." We do not deny that his course is old-fashioned. The fashion of truckling to power is as old as the world.

THERE is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

THE "Advertiser" charges that the Whig party is made up of "odds and ends." We admit that, in a contest between the Whig and locofoco parties, the "odds" are all on our side.

JAMES RAY and John Parr have started a locofoco paper in Maine, called the "Democrat." Parr, in all that pertains to decency, is below zero; and Ray is *below Parr.*

THE Louisville people burnt President Tyler in effigy when they got his veto message. This is a free country, thank God; and everybody who chooses can make himself an ass.—*N. O. Advertiser.*

You've tried the experiment often enough to know.

THE editor of the ——— still insists that the land distributing bill proposes to "bribe the States with their own money." The proceeds of the sales of the public lands *belong* to the States; but the editor thinks that when a creditor receives his just claims, he is necessarily "bribed with his own money." We can assure him that he left creditors in this State who would like nothing better than for him to "bribe them with their own money," as he calls it.

LAST night Gen. Quitman made a political speech at the Court House. Before he began, the audience shouted "Quitman! Quitman! Quitman!" Before he had spoken ten minutes, they were half disposed to shout—Quit, man! Quit, man! Quit, man!

"WHEN are we to have 'better times,' 'better wages,' and 'roast beef and turkey every day,' as promised by the Whigs before the election?"—*Nashville Union.*

Pshaw, Jerry! You are Mr. Tyler's official printer; and are you not ashamed, while your "fair round belly" is filled, almost to bursting, with government pudding, to wheeze out questions about the roast-beef and turkey?

THEY have got up a caricature of Mr. Tyler at Washington. His legs are represented by Mr. Wise and Mr. Profit. A curious-looking sort of a leg Profit must be—all *calf.*

A LOCOFOCO editor in Mississippi speaks lightly of our calibre. He calls us "a two-pounder." Now, although we are not ourself a two-pounder, the Mississippi rascal may chance to find, some day or other, that our two fists are *two pounders.*

ONE of the Rhode Island anarchists writes to Washington: "We are completely *done;* we shall go to the d——l unless we can get help." It is an old maxim, that what's *done* can't be *helped.*

AN editor, who tries always to be funny, and succeeds once in a while, calls us "a strange bird," and says he doesn't exactly know "what species" we belong to. We are quite as much at a loss in classifying *him.* He has the gait of a duck, the face of an owl, the voice of a guinea-hen, the odor of a buzzard, and the morals of a ch cken-hawk.

SOME people seem as if they can never have been children, and others seem as if they could never be anything else.

A PERSON recently started a magazine among us, under the name of "The Titan"—got out one number, took to hard drink, and disappeared. If the work shall ever be recommenced, let it be as "The Titan," edited by "The Tight 'un."

A YOUNG lady isn't apt to find out that she ever had a heart till she has unhappily lost it.

THE most smiling and placid countenance oftentimes masks the most dangerous temper. The most terrible thunderbolt we ever saw was shot from a cloud arched by a beautiful rainbow.

THE "——— Sentinel" speaks of a certain *Whig* as "a stern man." Has he ever administered a *stern rebuke* to the editor of that paper?

THE doctors ought surely to be able to escape calumny. It is held that no man *living* should speak ill of them, and the dead *can't*.

WE are often asked why it is that so many married women of genius are unhappy in their domestic relations. It can only be because they choose unwisely. What could be expected from the mating of the eagle with the barn-door fowl?

"WHEREVER I go," said a gentleman remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible and intelligent men from my own State." No wonder, for every man in that State who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can.

IT is a rule of the inhabitants of certain islands not to allow a young man to get married until he can cut a sponge at a depth of forty feet. A man isn't fit to get married till he can *cut a sponge*, no matter at what distance.

WHEN we see with what extraordinary facility political parties make platforms and abandon them, it occurs to us that they might very appropriately publish such a notice as we occasionally see upon the railroad cars "*Passengers are not allowed to stand upon the platform.*"

OUR fashionable ladies would seem to be growing smart, for it was never before so hard to *get round them.* They would seem, too, to be growing prudish, for they never before kept the gentlemen *at so great a distance.*

YOUNG men cannot too scrupulously avoid bad habits. It is sometimes nearly as difficult for a youth to change a habit, once formed, as it was for Hercules, after putting on the shirt of Nessus, to change his linen.

INSANITY seems catching. An extraordinary number of persons, have recently, like the money market, gone deranged.

A DISTINGUISHED writer says that "nothing is best achieved by indirection." The working of a cork screw would seem to be a refutation of that plausible theory.

A DISTINGUISHED English novelist has recorded that, in travelling through the United States, he found but one hotel where he was supplied with water enough to wash himself. He must be a dirty fellow, if ever there was one.

A MODERN tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

MEN can seldom decide in an instant whether they are in danger or not. We have frequently seen persons in railroad cars jerk their heads back in passing objects lest they might break their noses, though the noses could be in no danger unless four or five feet long.

A FRIEND has sent us a fine engraving, representing an eminent poet borne upward into the air by an eagle. We never before saw a poet upon the back of an eagle, though we are grieved to confess that we have seen many a one "*upon a lark.*"

"I HAVE no apprehension that the devil will ever come for me," said a youth of questionable morals. "He will not be silly enough to take the trouble," said a bystander, "for you are going straight to *him.*"

A MAN was shot the other day in New Orleans. One of the papers of that city thinks "he is not dangerous." Unquestionably, the man that shot him is a good deal more so.

WHAT we lack in natural abilities may usually be made up by industry. A dwarf may keep pace with a giant if he will but move his legs fast enough.

MEN will always be apt to think the money market tight if they are in the unfortunate habit of getting so themselves.

"I AND my brother are engaged in the temperance cause," said a loafer. "*He* gives public lectures upon the virtue of temperance, and *I* go about exhibiting illustrations of the effects of intemperance." Now, our neighbor-in law has a decided advantage of that pair of brothers. *He combines the functions of both.*

A. K., speaking of the size of his paper, says that he has "ample room and verge enough." He may as well complete the quotation:

——— "Ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace."

HE who joins the Republican standard will not be questioned about his former opinions.—*Madisonian.*

This is the style of the usual notifications to thieves—"Whoever will return said property shall have five dollars reward, and no questions asked!"

"JOHN TYLER is every inch a Roman," says the "Madisonian." We admit that he is a Roman so far as his nose is concerned, and his nose is an unconscionably long one. So, although he is not *every* inch, he is about two inches and a half a Roman.

THE administration paper complains that "the Whigs will grant no terms to the President." That's a fact. He has *one* term—let him make the most of it; but *terms* are out of the question.

THE "Nashville Union" says that the locofoco party is "the poor man's party." If a man has no better party, he must be poor indeed.

IF Mr. Tyler is to be believed, it is *unconstitutional* that he should hold the office of President. He says in his last veto message, that the Constitution never designed that *the Executive should be a cipher.*

THE editor of the "Free Trader" thinks that, in the manufacture of cotton bagging, the people of the South can compete with Kentucky hemp, "if properly protected." We assure the editor that he need have no hope that anything on earth can ever *protect him against "hemp."*

A HATTER in our town advertises that his hats sit so easily upon the head that the wearers scarcely feel them. Unquestionably the best hats are not *felt.*

SOME of the southern papers say that "Cotton is king." A Kentucky paper says that "Tobacco is king." It certainly reigns in a great many mouths. We must say, however, that it seems to have rather foul kingdoms.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Albany Evening Journal" says that "such a political monstrosity as John Tyler is *unprecedented.*" We rather think that, in 1844, such a political monstrosity will be *un-Presidented.*

AN abusive contemporary tells us that we shall never escape him—that he will ever be with us as our shadow. We can't keep such a shadow as that. We have read, in a wild German story, that a man sold his shadow to the devil, who at once rolled it up and put it in his pocket. We have no objections to disposing of ours in the same way. What will you give, Beelzebub?

"HAVE you any loose change this morning?" "No indeed—money is *tight*."

WE suppose there are some virtues that may exist in the worst hearts, even as there are some kinds of fire that will burn under water.

REJECTED courtesy becomes enmity. If the extended hand is refused, the mere closing of the fingers changes it to a *fist*.

IF our people would have change in their pockets, they must first have some in their habits of life. In that case, "change will follow change."

WORDS are sometimes signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them.

AN ex-officeholder, who performed his functions badly, boasts in a publication that he "at least understood the four ground rules of arithmetic." No doubt of it. He multiplied his speculations, subtracted from the public money till nothing remained, divided the whole between himself and an accomplice—and, unquestionably, proved himself, in various ways, the greatest *adder* in the land.

A POET, who has earned considerable reputation, writes:

> "Why sit I silent in this lonely world
> To hear the raven's cry?"

We presume that he hears the raven for his *caws* and is silent that he may hear.

THE general opinion is that the vainest of all birds is the peacock. We think the goose is. A goose, when entering a barn through the doorway, invariably bobs her head to avoid hitting the top. Evidently every goose thinks herself at least fifteen feet high.

THE moon has been rising for some nights with a face red like a toper's.—*Middlebury Watchman.*

Make no imputations against Cynthia's sobriety. She "fills *her* horn" only once a month.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "Wayfarer," professes to understand us to say that we will go for no national bank unless it be just such a one as Mr. Biddle's. The "Wayfarer" mistakes us strangely. We must make our future remarks so plain, that "the *wayfaring* man, *though a fool*, may not err."

SOME of the leading locofocos intimate that they are in possession of Mr. Tyler's secrets, and hint, that, unless he adheres to his opposition to a bank, they will expose him. His Accidency, we fear, is in a bad fix. "Sir," said an old woman to a loafing neighbor, "if you don't send home my husband's breeches, I'll expose you." "Madam," replied the loafer, "if I do I shall *expose myself*."

OF the brood of banks created by the locofocos in this State, all but a single bank in Natchez are hopelessly insolvent.—*Miss. Paper.*

The spirit of locofocoism might address that bank as Falstaff addressed his solitary companion: "Here stand I, in thy presence, like a big sow that has overwhelmed all her litter but one."

THE new editor of the Madisonian daily discharges his pocket-pistol at Mr. Clay. His intentions are very chivalrous, but the results are, for the most part, very unfortunate. He—

> "Cocks trigger as a brave man should,
> But shoots (God bless 'em) his own toes."

WE hate to see editors eternally begging and supplicating a reluctant public to come to their rescue and keep their good-for-nothing noses above water. All such had better take their hats in their hands, and station themselves, like other beggars, at the corners of the streets. If an editor fails to please the public, are there not other employments for him? Are there no rails to be mauled? no ditches to be dug? no streets to be cleaned? no hods to be carried? no stone to be cracked upon the highway? And, in default of all these, is not ratsbane or the halter preferable to begging?

A MISSISSIPPI paper calls Dr. H. "a fire-eater." We do not think that the doctor eats fire, though he swallows oceans of "*fire-water*."

YOU may often see a couple cooing like turtle-doves when 'tis all nothing but mock-turtle.

WE have nothing further in regard to the Santa Fé expedition. The general belief is that the entire expedition fell into the hands of the Mexicans without firing a gun. But why did they not fight as long as there was a drop of blood in their veins, rather than be set to work in the Mexican mines a thousand feet below the surface of the earth? Is it not better to be six feet under ground than a thousand?

A LOCOFOCO paper in New York professes to have "cornered" Col. Stone of the "New York Commercial." We suppose the colonel has no objection to being considered a "corner-Stone."

THE editor of the —— —— speaks of his "lying curled up in bed these cold mornings." This verifies what we said of him some time ago—"*he lies like a dog.*"

THE editor of the —— —— speaks of a story which he does not credit. We judge, from the number of stolen paragraphs in his paper, that he *credits* nothing.

IT has often been said that all the freemen of this country are kings. Perhaps there is no better reason for this assumption than that every American freeman's head has a *crown* to it.

MR. AKER, of the Indiana Senate, is seeking to immortalize himself by cutting off the newspapers of that State from the little income they derive from the publication of sheriff's sales. He is a *wise-Aker.*

"I SAID, my fathers, where are they? Echo answered *where?*" This passage from Ossian has been much admired, but the echo, though certainly not so bad as the Irishman's, seems to have been a very absurd one. What hindered it from finishing the question?

"OH, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married I shall always have a *Will* of my own."

FOUR fast young men, the sons of gentlemen of wealth, were brought before court in New Orleans as common rowdies. The judges inquired what their bad course of life could be ascribed to. Most probably to their *four fathers.*

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

"MY boots are getting very tight," said a fellow, after his fifth glass. "If they were not, they wouldn't *fit you* at all."

WE have generally observed that a man is not apt to abuse his native State unless he is a fugitive from her justice.

IT has been too much the habit of the agents sent by our government to the Indian tribes to treat them before treating *with* them.

A WRITER in the "True Whig" justly represents Mr. Tyler as standing with "a foot on one boat and a foot on the other." The writer forgets to add, that the boats are getting farther and farther apart. Although his Accidency's legs are none of the shortest, his straddle is becoming inconveniently wide. He will soon be as badly split up as his party is.

IVY will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

WE have received a double sheet of a paper called the "Plain Dealer." We suppose we may, without offence consider it a double-Dealer.

WHY are people so unwilling to buy venison or other game "out of season?" Can't they *season* it?

ONE of the editors at Little Rock, who is a classical scholar, says that he has "a great antipathy to *long sentences*." We suspect that he has not as great an antipathy to them as his townsman, Trowbridge, who has just got a sentence to the penitentiary for twenty-three years.

WE perceive that some of Mr. Coffee's constituents have required him to present a petition to the legislature against the destruction of the school system. They may call him to account for his war against knowledge. They will appoint a day of settlement. Their Coffee, like all coffee, will have to *settle*, and get "*a sweetening*," too, perhaps.

THEY tell us that "truth never dies." But if her home is, as we are informed, "at the bottom of a well," it seems a little strange that she never "kicks the bucket." Yet, from her dark home in the still depths, she ofttimes follows up the feeding rill to its source upon the mountain-top, and rises from the fountain like Venus from the foam of the sea—as beautiful as the fabled goddess, and infinitely more worthy of the admiration of earth and heaven.

THERE is a good deal of high living among very low-lived people.

A BROTHER editor, not at all noted for personal comeliness, complains that a figure of himself, set up in a public edifice, has been "rudely cut with an axe or hatchet." The fellow, who cut it, cut a sorry figure.

A WRITER in a Louisiana paper describes a garden vegetable, which, he says, has a fibre strong enough to make cloth. Oh, well, suits of clothes are often made from *cabbage*, as many a tailor could testify if he would.

A MAN not unfrequently takes his own vain estimate of himself for fame. The poor, sickly glimmer that his own weak eyes make around his lamp, he mistakes for a halo of glory.

THE editorial corps of New York city seems utterly destitute of harmony. Its *quills* all point in different directions, like those of an angry porcupine.

A LOW-LIVED editor threatens to give us "*a tanning.*" We hardly think he will. Hides are tanned with bark, but not the bark of a dog.

"I AM not afraid of a barrel of cider, sir." "I presume not; I guess the barrel of cider would run at your approach."

THE locofoco organ in Columbus has an appropriate cut over the returns of the Virginia elections—a rooster with his mouth wide open. The poor locofoco bird is evidently dying of the gapes.

GEN. H., finding himself unable to pay his debts, has taken to drink. We suppose he calls that going into *liquidation.*

WE learn from the Tennessee papers that there was a shower of sulphur in some parts of that State on Wednesday of last week. Our Tennessee neighbors ought to be duly thankful that they got no fire with their brimstone.

A PENNY paper in New York says that a strong-fisted servant girl in that city was recently assaulted by a couple of scoundrels, named John and Elam Mile, and that she flogged them both. We have heard that a miss was as good as a mile, but here was a case in which a miss was as good as two Miles, and a little better.

WE perceive from the papers that a lady was lately kicked in a neighboring city by a horse. That city seems very strangely made up. Her horses have no more manners than her men.

A WRITER in one of our medical journals insists that finger-rings should not be worn too small. We insist that they should not be too large. Wedding-rings in particular should not be worn *loosely.*

THE Rochester "Democrat" says John Jones, of the "Madisonian," is a sort of Achilles. An important difference between the two heroes is, that the Greek had a soft spot in his heel, while the young Achilles has such a spot in his *head.*

WE are told that, at the height of three miles from the earth, the temperature is always the same. That's being above the weather. A great many people understand in these times what it is to be *under* it.

WE mentioned the other day that a Mr. Knowles had thrown salt in the eyes of the editor of the "Richmond Star." According to Mr. Knowles' own statement, he first *salted* him and then *licked* him.

MR. J. C. KNOWER, of Iowa, a candidate for a humble office, confesses that he has travelled "around at least one-third of the entire political circle." We suppose that the portion of the circle he has travelled around may properly be styled *Knower's Arc.*

A RATHER notorious editor in the Northwest tells what he will do, and adds very emphatically, that he is always as good as his word. Unquestionably he is; but the misfortune with him is, that his word is good for nothing.

A WESTERN editor, speaking dolefully of the hard times, expresses a fear that the whole world will suspend. We must distress him with the painful information that the whole earth is already suspended—in space.

A PROMINENT member of Congress warns the banks that they "may find a whirlwind raised about their ears." They will be glad to hear it. Some of them have been not a little puzzled to know how the wind was to be raised.

WE find in an English paper an account of two murderers who escaped from the custody of the sheriff, and hid themselves in the big gun at Dover. They should, when found, have been discharged at once.

JOHN NEAL talks about "the brave old earth." She is not so brave but that she sometimes quakes awfully.

A VERY plain gentleman of our acquaintance, against whom a suit at law has been brought, declares that he means to appear personally in his own favor. We must assure him, in all kindness, that his personal appearance is never in his favor.

A KENTUCKY farmer advertises that he has had two counterpanes and three sheets stolen from his yard. Why didn't he keep the sheets in his house? Why keep "three sheets in the wind?"

A CONTEMPORARY of ours, who fancies himself beset by enemies, says that he is "determined to sell his life as dearly as possible." If he gets sixpence for it, he will die a swindler.

COMPLIMENTS, carried to an extravagant extent, become rude offences. There is a material difference between prettily asking for a lock of hair, and taking the whole scalp.

"WOULD you not love to gaze on Niagara forever?" said a romantic girl to her less romantic companion. "Oh, no, I shouldn't like to have a cataract always in my eye."

IT is stated in the papers that a couple of Mormon apostles set out upon a tour with a Jew upon the plains some weeks ago, and that the Jew was afterward found murdered, with a bloody axe at his side. We understand that the weapon was recognized as the axe of the Apostles.

IN fishing we have occasionally seen a big pike watching a bait, and evidently weighing the chances between getting a good dinner and *being* a good dinner. He should have been able to weigh very accurately—he had so many scales.

THE times at present are very hard, but the country is generally healthy. The only complaint extensively prevalent is a *stricture of the chest.*

THE British soldiers found in Delhi an idol with large diamond eyes. That idol was unlike the ghost of Hamlet's father; it had speculation in its eyes.

WE would as soon see a lady making herself a wasp in temper as in the shape of her person.

THE "Southern Mercury" records that Mr. H. S. Waters "received a fatal blow from his father for crossing him in his matrimonial purposes." Unquestionably it is dangerous to cross the "Father of Waters."

A WRITER in the "Portland Argus" says Mr. Polk is "one of the very first men of the age. *Clay can't hold a candle to him!*" This very extraordinary personage was *literally invisible* to nearly the whole country until the Baltimore convention "*held a candle to him.*"

A MEDICAL correspondent sends us a communication upon the sensation of a man who is hanged. We can see no good reason for publishing it. If our readers are honest, they have no occasion to know how a man feels when he is hung, and, if they are not, they are likely to find out without being told.

A BRAVE man bears his certificate of courage in his eye and in his whole deportment, but the poltroon carries it in his pocket.

THE "Boston Courier" says that General Cass has "bought a ticket in the Presidential lottery." He will find after the lottery is drawn, that, like a poor fellow who has had a tooth drawn, he is paying for a *blank.*

THE "Madisonian" announces that John Tyler will play no subordinate part, but "will be either Cæsar or nothing." He has always been Cæsar or nothing. But he has never been Cæsar.

A LOCOFOCO paper in Alabama, says that even the negroes in that quarter are in favor of the annexation of Texas. If the negroes come out upon the subject, we presume they will do it *flat-footed.*

THE mortification of the locofocos, on finding that James K. Polk was their candidate instead of Martin Van Buren, was as great as a boy would feel, who should get up in the morning and find a *poke* in his *martin-box.*

THE "Richmond Enquirer" says, that in the present contest, the locofocos "fight not to destroy but to save." We candidly confess that we fight to kill.

THE "New York American" thinks that the locofocos can have "no excuse for glossing over their principles with falsehoods." Possibly they may have some little excuse. We have heard of a Catholic lady, who at confession, accused herself of using rouge. "I know it is sinful," said she, "but I do it to make myself handsomer." "Well," replied the confessor, after giving his penitent's face a pretty thorough examination, "you may use just as much as you please, for your face is ugly enough in spite of it."

THE editor of the —— says that the Whigs always have an assortment of titles on hand. If that editor had the word "forger" branded in his palm, he would always have his appropriate title *on hand.*

LIES, like chickens, come home to roost.—*Globe.*

Your phraseology is correct. It is proper for Whig editors to say that lies *go* home to roost. It is proper for locofoco editors to say that they *come* home to roost.

OUR neighbor of the "Democrat" talks about an "*inundation* of the Democracy." The Democracy, in the progress of its inundation, has certainly caused *a caving in of its own Banks.*

THE Whigs seem determined to steal everything from us but our principles.—*Louisville Democrat.*

You mean, in other words, that they mean to steal from you everything that is worth stealing.

AN Eastern paper says "there is a bank in the West with a capital stock of coon skins." There is a bank at the East with a capital stock of codfish. It is the bank of Newfoundland.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT expressed the opinion, in his book of American Travels, that a British army of thirty thousand men could walk from one end of the Union to the other. We guess they would frequently "break," like some trotting horses, into a *run*.

IT is considered very creditable to men to have hearts of oak, but not half so creditable to have wooden heads.

BY the use of eye-glasses, you may see as much as is to be seen; but by the use of another kind of glass you may see twice as much.

ONE of our writers says that the American ladies, if their services were needed, "would make brave soldiers." If they have to take the field, let them by all means wear their fashionable dresses. The dress worn by day would serve the wearer as a tent at night.

WHY can't the captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port?

THE Whigs have derived no advantage from the bankrupt act.—*N. Y. Globe.*

We are aware that it was such fellows as you who generally *took the benefit of it.*

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether we do not feel for the poor locofocos when we are skinning them. Oh, certainly. Skinning these chaps is like skinning onions—it makes us shed tears to do it, but the operation must be performed.

THE taste of the readers of locofoco papers is very extraordinary. Like the spectators at a juggler's exhibition, they think that they never get their money's worth except when they are grossly cheated.

THE "Democrat" says that Mr. P., in his speech on Saturday evening, "drew a contrast between the character of the man and the beast." We suspect that, while talking about the *contrast*, he exhibited the resemblance.

THE "Washington Globe" predicts that the locofocos will get New Jersey. There's no fear of that. The locos may get the *blues*, but not the "Jersey *Blues*."

A RESPECTABLE gentleman, whom we used to know in the East as a remarkably modest and even timid youth, has set up pretensions in the South as a regular duellist. We never suspected that he had the slightest taste for saltpetre—unless in the beef-barrel.

"MY speech is undergoing publication," said a member of our legislature the other day. We wonder if anybody is likely to undergo its perusal.

THE Governor of Arkansas has a good deal to say, in his late message, about the "honor of Arkansas." If it will be any gratification to him and his locofoco friends in that State, we will admit that Arkansas is the Republic's very "seat of honor."

THE editor of the "——— Enquirer" says that "truth is stranger than fiction." Truth in his columns is certainly a thousand times stranger than fiction.

THE editor of the ———, like a cur, vents his spleen by snarling and snapping at those who pass him. Should his ambitious attempt to bite our heel prove successful, some modern Goldsmith may aptly sing:

"The man recovered of the bite,
The *dog* it was that died."

—*Little Rock Banner.*

We suspect you do yourself injustice, friend. Do you really think that biting your heel would be enough to *poison a dog?*

IT is said that the Hon. C. J. Ingersoll stakes his whole political and personal reputation upon the issue of his controversy with Mr. Adams. Like the menagerie man, who puts his head in the lion's mouth, he is *investing his capital in a hazardous speculation.*

OUR friend of the "Lexington Inquirer," like several other editors not our friends, takes us to task for praising the music of Ole Bull. It is strange how Ole's performances afflict these editors. They groan as if the great violinist were scraping *their* in'ards instead of those of a cat.

MISS FROST, of Massachusetts, sued a Mr. Fry for a breach of promise of marriage, and recovered $365 damages. He courted her a year and had to pay a dollar a day!—*Baltimore Sun.*

We should say that Miss Frost was pretty thoroughly *fried*, and Mr. Fry pretty thoroughly *frosted.*

A WASHINGTON correspondent says that A. B., in his last speech in Congress, "poured out the vials of his wrath on the Whigs." A. B.'s wrath is not kept in "vials." He keeps it in quart bottles, demijohns and puncheons.

A LETTER from Washington represents Governor Marcy, the late Secretary of War, as "in the habit of walking down Pennsylvania Avenue with a long stride." This ought on no account to be allowed. If his breeches, as in former days, are to be repaired at the public expense, he should by all means be prohibited from stretching them unnecessarily.

AN exchange paper thinks that the very poorest business that can be conceived of is office-seeking. We do not think it much poorer than office-holding.

WE are not surprised that Arkansas bachelors find no favor with the ladies. They are too wise to trust men in *new bonds* who repudiate their *old* ones.

THE "New York Plebeian" says there is no need of Whigs in office, as there are "Democrats enough in the country to fill all vacancies." The worst of it is that the "vacancies" which they take most pains to fill after getting in office are those in their own pockets.

OUR Cincinnati astronomers, by the use of their big glass, have settled conclusively that what have been supposed to be lunar volcanoes are nothing but big fires in the moon for trying out hog's fat, and, that what have been taken for seas and lakes are neither more nor less than capacious reservoirs of lard oil.

WE *do* think our neighbor can *out*-believe any man in Christendom.—*Democrat.*

Pshaw! neighbor. Like a vast majority of the community, we are incapable not only of *out*-believing you but even of *believing* you.

THE editor of the "New Orleans Republican" says that he "rarely takes the air." The fellow seems very sparing in the use of the elements—taking the air seldom and water never.

A NEW ORLEANS paper speaks of a mulatto woman, who was lately delivered of three children at a birth, one of them as red as red chalk, the second as yellow as beeswax, and the third as black as tar. She must be a locofoco, and have been dreaming of her multi-colored party.

A LOCOFOCO editor at Brooklyn has quit the business and turned dentist. The poor starveling is unable to find employment for his own teeth except by pulling out those of the public.

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether our neighbor of the ——— is "at the head of the Locofoco Church in Kentucky." He ought to be at the top of the church steeple. That's the place for weathercocks.

WE don't think Whiggery is worth anything except to be laughed at.—*Democrat.*

It has lost much of its value in that respect since you left it.

A DUEL was fought in Mississippi last week by Mr. T. Knott and Mr. A. W. Shott. The result was, that Knott was shot, and Shott was not.

A CONTEMPORARY thinks that "the banks of the country are in a very *promising* condition." We seriously apprehend that some of them will never be in any other.

A BRITISH paper says that the American government is devouring our people's substance piecemeal. The British government will never devour the substance of its subjects in that way. "Won't that boa-constrictor bite me?" said a small boy to a showman. "Oh no, boy, he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

A PHILADELPHIA paper boasts of seeing a *green pear* in the Philadelphia market. We suspect that the two editors of the "Louisville ———" are quite as *green a pair* as Philadelphia can show. We do not know, however, as we have a right to speak of our *green pair* as in market.

THE "Ohio ———" puffs a newly invented lock. When such fellows as M. and B. puff a particular lock, the public may be sure that they have discovered the secret of picking it.

THE Dorrites of Rhode Island are still assailing the penitentiary system in that State.—*Albany Journal.*

Ah! yes; the way they *walk into the penitentiary* is a caution.

A LETTER from Milan, of the 21st ult., states that the Pope, a few days previously, had called together a congregation or meeting for secular purposes in Rome, at which it was determined *not* to allow railways within the Papal States.—*Pittsburg Age.*

Of course the locomotives need not think of running in those States. They have run over a good many cows in this country, but they can hardly run over the Pope's bull.

AN American writer says of the present generation, that "the young men seem to be going one way, and the young women the opposite way." That's right—they will meet all the sooner.

A COUPLE of agricultural editors are discussing the relative value of different grains. Unquestionably grains of sense are the most valuable.

A NEW ORLEANS poet calls the Mississippi the most eloquent of rivers. It ought to be eloquent; it has a dozen mouths.

THE stream of taxation is perpetual, and it is a stream against which the community can't be protected by a *levee*.

A FLORIDA paper speaks of the stranding of a whale or some other big fish upon the beach, and says that the citizens had to use a ladder some twenty feet in length to get on his back. We should think such a fish difficult to *scale*.

"WHAT would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?" "Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

IT seems to us that locofocoism in some of the States has about the same idea of regulating banks that the Irishman had of trimming apple-trees. Pat went out in the morning to trim a large number of trees, and, returning at noon, was asked if he had finished his work. "No," said he, "*but I have cut them all down, and am going to trim them this afternoon.*"

ALL the locofoco papers in Alabama threaten the people of the State with terrible things if Terry, the regular locofoco nominee for the office of governor, should be beaten. The result shows that the people were not to be *Terry*-fied.

A WHIG editor in Ohio predicts that B—— will one day find himself on the wrong side of the penitentiary walls. The scamp is on the wrong side now, but the probability is that the error of his position will soon be rectified.

A MR. HORN writes to the "Richmond Enquirer" that the Whigs will, no doubt, let the next Presidential election go by default. Mr. *Horn's* Christian name must be *Green.*

JOHN BULL has become a great advocate of temperance.—*New York Evening Post.*

And yet Mr. Bull, under certain circumstances, may insist on Jonathan's *taking a horn.*

THE ladies of Indiana continue to mob the liquor establishments, breaking all the bottles, decanters, and demijohns they can find. It is questionable, perhaps, whether this is the right way to make brandy *smashes.*

AN editor of a small paper in New York, in computing the strength of his party, appears to include in it the whole Whig party. It is as great a mistake as was made by the clerk of an old Scotch merchant in computing the profits of his house during the preceding year. The old Scotchman, not a little surprised at the amount, cast his eye over the figures, and exclaimed, "*Why, ye dom scoundrel, ye've added up the year of our Laird among the poonds.*"

SEVERAL of the Eastern newspapers notice the fact that the bees refuse to swarm this fall. We suppose the respectable little insects are disgusted at the swarming of the office-seekers.

OUR neighbor of the "Democrat" thinks that some of his contemporaries, whenever they mean a paragraph as a jest, should write under it—"This is a joke." We know of no one who has more occasion for such an expedient than himself. What a pity he has not a tail, that he might wag it whenever he wished to be thought waggish.

THE man who lives only for this world is a fool here, and there is danger that he will be (we say it not profanely) a d——d fool hereafter.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Washington Union" compares that paper to a formidable war-chariot. It is nothing but a hack—"a party-hack" at that.

THE "Mississippi Reformer" says that Governor ——— is "the *butt* of his own party." If that's the case, we wish somebody would do the party the justice to *kick* him.

THE editor of the ——— asks if he shall write our life. Exactly as he pleases. Perhaps he would be quite as well employed in writing such a life as ours, as in living such a one as his own.

A SET of scamps in New York train their dogs to pull watches from gentlemen's pockets, and run off with them. Such a dog is the most pestilent kind of *watch-dog* we ever heard of.

A FELLOW who signs himself "E. J. Law," writes to us to say that he means to give us a thrashing. Let him be in a hurry. We have a mortal antipathy to "the Law's delay."

THE Locofoco editor of the "Galena Jeffersonian" calls Mr. Clay "Uncle Harry." All a mistake, sir. Your dear uncle is another Old Harry altogether.

A LOCOFOCO paper in Illinois, calls the governor of that State "a temperate man." We believe his locofoco excellency did belong to the temperance society a few days, a year or two ago. He made a brief attempt at sobriety—merely made a *stagger* at it.

WE see that a paper advises the editor of the "Sentinel" to "run for sheriff." We think it would be no more than fair. The sheriff has frequently *run for him.*

AT Dubuque, a beautiful young lady fell from a skiff in crossing the Mississippi, and instantly floated under the ice. A brave young gentleman broke through the ice, rescued her, and married her three days afterward. We have known many young gentlemen who failed to get wives because they were afraid to break the ice.

MR. Z. ROUND, an old and valued friend of ours, was recently elected magistrate in Wisconsin. That, we suppose, is what our Wisconsin friends consider *squiring a circle.*

IT is a serious question whether every fisherman, however honest he may think himself, ought not to be indicted for *hooking fish.*

A LADY bathing in the sea, may not be in a distressing predicament, though she is unquestionably in a *great pickle.*

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN correspondent of the "New York Post," who writes himself "Henry E. Land," describes Oregon as the most delightful country in the world. Our citizens, if they choose, can go out there, and see "*how the Land lies.*"

YOUNG ladies! if gentlemen propose to *ring* your forefingers, be careful they are not fellows who will wring your hearts.

PHILOSOPHERS teach that "there is nothing without a cause." We are afraid that certain lawyers of our acquaintance are an exception.

IN one of our large cities, a ruffian, without the slightest provocation, fired a pistol, with apparently deadly intent, at a fashionably dressed lady. His bullet passed through the huge crinoline, but didn't touch the lady within. He might as well shoot at random into the top of a big tree, in the expectation of hitting a small squirrel, hidden away somewhere among the branches.

ONE of the daily papers gives an account of the vicious pranks of an infuriated bull in one of the streets of New York city. We should think that since the late financial troubles in New York, enraged "bulls" must be too common a sight there to attract much attention.

A NOTORIOUS individual in the West recently tied a rope around his neck with the avowed intent of hanging himself. He is now said to be a candidate for office. We beg him to elect himself by all means to the office of *recorder.*

"HOW do my customers like the milk I sell them." "Oh, they say it's of the 'first water.'"

"I KNOW I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a fine young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

THOSE governments which do not curb evils are chargeable with causing them. A prosperous villain is a disgrace to our laws.

THERE are a hundred political questions, which, we presume, will be settled just about as soon as the long standing dispute between the katy-dids and the katy-didn'ts.

IN Indiana, recently the functionaries of the land office beat off a dozen ruffianly assailants. That was doing "*a land-office business.*"

TO make a pretty girl's cheeks red, pay her a sweet compliment. To redden those of an impudent man, slap them.

IT is said that a bachelor grows old faster than a married man, but that the latter's hair very often comes out soonest. What is the philosophy of this?

PEOPLE of genius, though they usually suffer more keenly than others, should never regret their heavenly gifts. Should the butterfly wish to lose his shining wings and become a poor grub to escape the rushing storms of the atmosphere?

A GOOD many Democrats are threatening to read each other out of the Democratic party. Quite a number of them will have to go to school before they can do that.

LIGHTNING rods take the mischief out of the clouds—enlightening rods take it out of bad boys.

ORSON HYDE, one of the Mormon apostles, boasts that, if he lives ten years and thrives as he has been thriving, he will "have sons enough to make a regiment by themselves." We have all heard of the "daughter of the regiment," but the father of a regiment will be something quite new in our land.

LONGFELLOW, in one of his beautiful effusions, likens the formation of a poem from a thousand thoughts and images to the floating together of sea-weed from all the seas and gulfs and bays of the earth. We are afraid that, in this comparison, he has hit the *matter* of most poetry quite as correctly as the mode of its production.

IT is the received opinion that men find straightforwardness the best for success. And yet men, like fish, oftentimes get bravely ahead by a very crooked process of self-propulsion.

A WOMAN complains in one of the eastern papers that without any fault she has lost her good name. In our section, ladies very often lose their names, but, in doing so, they generally manage to find new ones.

MRS. CHARITY PERKINS, of New Orleans, came near dying of poison a few days ago. A *sister of Charity* was suspected of having administered the dose.

ONE of our writers asks what sort of animals are the laziest. We think it likely that oysters are, for they never get out of their beds till they are pulled out.

AN editor, with whom we exchange, puffs the casks of an advertising patron as being the strongest that he ever saw. We doubt whether they are strong enough to hold liquor when he is about.

A FEW nights ago a fellow broke into the house of the editor of a penny paper in Boston, but got nothing for his pains. That was a case of "flat burglary" and a flat burglar.

THE administration is suffering miserably in character by the feebleness and absurdity of its official organ. We think it high time for the administration, nullifier-like, to begin to "calculate the value of *the Union*." *

A SCURRILOUS locofoco paper in Illinois boasts that he was once a shoemaker. He says he has made many a boot. We doubt not that he has footed a good many boots and been footed by a good many more.

A. K. says that he expects to be able in a short time to pay everything that he owes in the world. Ah, but there's a heavy debt that he has got to settle in the other world. *There'll be the devil to pay.*

THE locofocos are not much in the habit of dodging offices but it is said that nearly all the offices in Iowa have been *Dodged.*

* A former official organ of the Democracy at Washington.

A LOUISVILLE correspondent of the "Frankfort Yeoman" says that the statements of our postmaster will go as far as any man's. Certainly they will; they'll stop at nothing.

CAPT. R. says that he "scorns to listen to a Whig orator." We believe he listened to the pillory once. At any rate, it *had his ear.*

OUR neighbor's objection to the Sub-treasury is, that its vaults are to be *locked.—Louisville Democrat.*

And that the keys are to be kept by a set of rascals with legs astonishingly elongated and pockets as big as saddle-bags.

THE editor of the "Enquirer" complains of the "Commercial" because it neglects to credit him for an article that he stole. Credit for stealing is about the only credit he will ever get.

A LOCOFOCO editor in Illinois was kicked the other day by Mr. Henry Webb. The fellow escaped by jumping into the Mississippi. We suppose that, finding himself *web-footed*, he thought the river his natural element.

WE cannot think of reading the whole of the locofoco part of the Oregon debate in Congress, but we have read the speeches of long John Wentworth and little Mr. Douglas, so that we presume we have got "the long and the short of it."

A WASHINGTON letter-writer says that Mr. McConnell was once a schoolmaster. If he taught his pupils to imitate his own drunken habits, it must have been *a high school.*

SOME members of Congress would best promote the their country's peace by holding their own.

A LADY, who writes in the "Winchester Virginian," under the signature of "An Old Maid," says that she "cannot bear the men." We wonder if she can bear children.

THERE is a law in Newark against "the opening of rum-holes." If such a law were enforced in Congress, several members would have to keep their mouths shut.

A CASE is pending in Mississippi in which an attempt is to be made to enforce the law of that State which requires that a man shall pay the debts of the individual whom he kills in a duel. As duellists are a set of chaps who rarely or never pay their own debts, they ought certainly to be compelled to pay each others.'

OUR friends have sent us so many fine fruits that we can hardly make particular mention of them all. We hope, however, to succeed in making out a "*digest*" of them.

THE disciples of one of our modern schools of authorship are, in one respect, like the ancient sibyl. They utter mysteries unintelligible to themselves, leaving the world to find out the meaning if it can.

MR. ——— has published his valedictory address in the "New York Globe." He has been kicked very unceremoniously from the concern. We always thought that the rascal deserved to be kicked from the globe.

WE know a great many persons that are "kind to a fault," but a "fault" is about the only thing that some of them are "kind to."

THE "London News" says that the United States has been stationary during the last twenty-five years. We think every man acquainted with our history must admit that we have *gained ground* in that time.

THE editors of the "Journal" talk about empty noddles. That's a subject they understand.—*Louisville* ———.

Then, the difference between us and you is, that we understand an empty noddle, and you stand under one.

A. W. FIELD, editor of the "Law Gazette," suggests that the Whigs run the devil for the next presidency. We rather guess that the devil will "take the Field" without any agency on the part of the Whigs.

IT snowed yesterday afternoon, after a dark and gloomy forenoon. The "Louisville Journal" was just sixteen years old the day before.—*Democrat.*

We apprehend that the birth-day of your "Democrat" will be a day of neither snow, nor rain, nor hail, nor sunshine, but a dull, foggy, soggy, hazy, lazy, drizzly, mizzly, fizzly, good-for-nothing day—the wind chopping, every hour, around all the thirty-two points of the compass.

WE wonder if the Illinois ladies, who presented Gov. F. with a petticoat, accompanied the present with a bustle. We presume so, for his excellency seems to have been in a great bustle ever since.

WE are the warm friends of temperance; but, when it becomes political, we consider it a very intemperate kind of temperance.

A LOCOFOCO editor in Indiana, taunts us for not taking an active part in the Mexican war. May be he had better set us the example, as his readers can much better spare him than ours can us. If we have headed no military columns in the fight against the Mexicans, we have done what is quite as patriotic—headed the columns of the "Louisville Journal" in the fight against locofocoism.

THE "Democrat" says that our paper is "in its dotage." The "Journal," certainly dotes on all that is good, and is doted on by all good men.

SOME writers collect their disjointed ideas from all authors within their reach, just as the paper they write on is made from the tattered rags of all the stuff on earth.

THE greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a keyhole.

"I DON'T think, husband, that you are very smart." "No, indeed, wife; but everybody knows that I am awfully *shrewed*."

A MEMBER of Congress from Philadelphia, says that he is "disposed to give the Whigs no credit." Unless he has changed mightily since he lived out this way, he hasn't any to give.

CHRISTMASVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1846.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal.

GENTLEMEN: Inclosed please find one dollar for the "Weekly Journal," which please forward to my address, Christmasville, Tenn. You appear to be quite sensitive upon the subject of subscription, and it is from no good feeling I have toward you personally, that I send for your paper, but the great respect and regard I have for the *Whig cause.* So, as far as you are personally concerned you may go to *h—l*, but send me the "Journal."

Respectfully, P. S. PARISH.

We have sent Mr. Parish's letter, with its inclosure, back to him. His politics and his money appear to be very good, but his Whig politics are no apology for his locofoco manners; and we shall not, for the sake of pocketing his dollar, pocket his insults. We must be poor indeed before we shall come upon *such* a parish. As for our being "sensitive upon the subject of subscription," we have only to say that we are honest enough to publish our terms and honest enough to adhere to them after they are published. If Mr. Parish has any ambition to insult us, we invite him to do it face to face, rather than at the cowardly distance of some hundreds of miles. As he is too far off for us to kick him, we employ our paper to do it for us. The "Journal," with legs more numerous than a millipede's, and longer than a leg-treasurer's, kicks all manner of blackguards at all manner of distances.

MESSRS. BELL & TOPP, of the "N. C. Gazette," say that "Prentices are made to serve masters." Well, Bells were made to be hung, and Topps to be whipped.

THE editor of the "Democrat" says that our face "looks thin and gaunt." If that's the case, we have the mortification of resembling him in one respect at least. If we are thin-faced, he is double-faced, so that each of us has *a spare face.*

THE "Columbus Statesman" asks us what is our "idea of the poetry of motion?" Well, sir, when on the 4th of March, '49, we shall stand, as we expect to do, on the summit of the capitol at Washington, and behold the locofoco ex-office-holders scampering in all directions, like thousands of scared rats, the scene will come fully up to our most sublimated idea of the "poetry of motion."

THE old man of the "Washington Union" professes to be very angry with the young men of Auburn, because they are going to present Mr. Clay with a beautiful chair. But the truth is, the old gentleman is not, in reality, half so angry that Mr. Clay is to be presented with a fine chair, as he is that Mr. Polk is to be ousted from a still finer one.

WE perceive that Lester, formerly a locofoco editor in Mississippi, whose chief business was to abuse the "Louisville Journal," is now in the penitentiary. We must take some early opportunity of paying him a visit in his new home. We are curious to see whether he is as good at pecking stone as he is at writing scurrilous paragraphs. During our visit, he may look up at us, but he must not speak to us, nor must he stop pecking stone. Like the carrier-pigeon in the song, he must—

"Turn up his bright eye—and *peck*."

THE editor of the "——— Pennsylvanian" says that he "cannot wade through Mr. Webster's speech." A speech that he *can* wade through, must be *a very shallow one.*

P. CHAPMAN of the "Sentinel" seems very proud of his "goatee." We do not think that Chapman's owner has much reason to be proud of *his.*

THE editor of the "Democrat" advises the Whigs to "steal some common sense." He feels perfectly safe in thus advising them, as he knows that they will not, in search of any such commodity, make a burglarious entrance into *his* premises.

MR. Polk adheres to his opinions in regard to the Ohio and Mississippi snags. If the people adhere to their opinions, the snags will not adhere to their places, nor Mr. Polk to his.

THE "Washington Union" says that "the manufacturers are sufficiently encouraged." That's a fact. The results of the late elections afford them the most substantial "encouragement."

THE editor of the "Globe" complains of the long Whig speeches in Congress upon the Mexican war. The fact is, the locofocos persist in making speeches about the war, and the Whigs are too civil to give them *short answers.*

MR. TREAT is the principal editor of the "St. Louis Union," although he does not venture to avow himself as such. The reason is that he is unpopular with the St. Louis locofocos, because he has been temperate in his locofocoism. We do not think that their own political intemperance is any good reason why they shouldn't *stana Treat.*

THE "Washington Union" says that "the measures of the government at this time are matters of great interest." This is especially true of the prominent measure of the government, the national debt—it will *create a very great interest indeed.*

THE editor of the ——— says that it gives him "a retching of the stomach to open some of the Whig papers." Few things could be more creditable to the organs of a party than that they make a wretch retch.

THE administration is already begging for the dollars.—*Norwich Courier.*

It is now begging for dollars, and we apprehend, that, ere long, it will be begging for *quarters.*

MESSRS. POLK & CO. have got their Sub-treasury, and now they feel its *metallic claws* in their political vitals.

IN Lafayette, on Saturday night, a man named Cadwallader, who had been killing himself for years with a slow poison called whisky, finished the job with a quick poison called arsenic.

THE "New York Herald" says that "we have got Mexico by the hair of the head." Late news from the South created a strong apprehension for a time that Mexico had got hold of our *Wool.*

BY a law of Congress, the public printing of that body must be given to the lowest bidder. Hitherto the locofocos, instead of giving it to the lowest *bidder*, have generally given it to the lowest *fellow.*

THE editor of the "Pennsylvania Democrat" makes a foolish attempt to ridicule the Whigs because some of them recently presented a pitcher to Mr. Clay. We think that the locofocos had better send the editor of that paper to Mr. Polk. The President would then have a utensil combining all the qualities of a *pitcher* and a *tumbler.*

THE editor of the —— calls upon all who are ambitious of honor to go to the war. When he got kicked for his lampoon upon an officer of the army, *the seat of hostilities was certainly the seat of honor.*

THE editor of the "Washington Union" is speculating upon the amount of the public land of the United States which would be required to give a bounty of one hundred and sixty acres to each of the soldiers of the army. The Government editor should remember a large portion of the poor fellows will require but six feet each—and this they can have in Mexico.

WE had supposed that the Whig party would profit a little by experience—but it seems *the fools are not all dead yet.—New York Globe.*

If they *are* all dead, the inditing of your paragraph proves, in regard to at least one of them, that, "although dead, he yet speaketh."

THE Washington correspondent of the "Pennsylvanian" says: "I care nothing for the Whig indignation that seems continually suspended over my head." In what form does it appear to him? In the shape of a *rope?*

THE "Pennsylvanian" says that the "President and his ministers are all sound and substantial men." They certainly ought to have some substance about them, as they are fast eating out the people's.

THERE is a time and a place for everybody.—*Union.*

Certainly. Your "place" is the penitentiary, and your "time" not far distant.

THE "Louisville Democrat" announces the melancholy fact that Gen. Cass has been slain "by the jaw-bone of an ass." Does our sly neighbor mean to insinuate that the general has talked himself to death?

ONE of the high officers of the government took a portion of the last loan advertised by the administration. As a general rule, the government officers will wait until the amount of the loan is paid into the treasury, and "*take*" it *then.*

OUR neighbor says that he has caught us napping. Well, we are smarter asleep than he is awake.

A DISTINGUISHED artist in New York has sent Santa Anna an elegant cork leg! This is aid and comfort to the enemy.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Old Rough and Ready ought by good right to have made Santa Anna a present of a leg after the battle of Buena Vista. Having whipped him, he should have furnished him the means to run away.

WE think it likely that the people of the United States will in 1848 do what the Mexicans have vainly attempted to do—*run Gen. Taylor.*

NONE of the regular locofoco papers have as yet run up Gen. Taylor's flag for the Presidency. We see, however, that, although they don't run it up, they dare not *run it down.*

WE deny the fact.—*Democrat.*

If you have a talent for anything in the world, it is undoubtedly for *denying facts.*

THE letter-writers state that Gen. Taylor "finds it difficult to obtain food for his horses." If such is the fact, it seems almost a pity, that Brough, the fat editor, was not sent out there;

If flesh is grass, as people say,
Then Johnny Brough's a load of hay.

THE editor of the "Washington Union" says that he "is careful not to confound men and principles." We are aware, that so far as his influence extends, he keeps men and principles as far apart as possible.

WE think Polk's administration is in a fair way to make the interesting discovery, that, if Presidents can make wars, wars can make Presidents.

IT is said that Santa Anna foamed with rage (at Cerro Gordo) when he found that the day was lost.—*Charleston Courier.*

It is no wonder that Mr. Polk's cork-legged friend *foamed* a little. He lost his leg; he was *uncorked.*

MR. POLK'S Mexican accomplice has shown himself pretty good at fighting, but a good deal better at running away. So far as he is concerned, the war has emphatically been what he himself calls it in his late address to his countrymen—"*a war of races.*"

THE Washington correspondent of the "New York Express" says he is "determined to unmask locofocoism, however difficult the task may be." If there is any difficulty in getting its mask off, perhaps the shortest cut would be to take its head off.

OLD Rough and Ready has proved himself a first-rate *Taylor*. He always gives his Mexican customers *fits*.

YESTERDAY we saw a man making up a large package of copies of the "——— Democrat" to be sent to Ireland. It might seem heartless to congratulate the starving Irish upon this consignment of "small potatoes."

THE editor of the "Democrat" says that we are playing our last card. He is mistaken. We wouldn't speak lightly of serious things, but we guess that when we play our last trump he will be ready for Gabriel's.

WE have seen a letter from Buena Vista which states that Colonel Clay, even when mortally wounded and half-stretched upon the earth, was seen to kill at least two Mexicans with his sword:

———"He thought through whom
His life-blood tracked its parent lake,
And then struck home."

THE editor of a paper not a hundred miles off keeps two or three paragraphs from the "Louisville Journal" at the top of his paper and fills up the rest of his sheet with stuff of his own. He is like some dealers in butter, who are careful to put a splendid article at the head of the firkin but fill all below with lard and soap-grease.

THE editor of the "Vermont Democrat" describes Democracy as having "one foot on the Alleghanies and the other on the Rocky Mountains." This beats Santa Anna himself, who, just at present, has one foot in New Orleans and the other somewhere near the city of Mexico.

THE "Washington Union" wishes to know how General Scott will take his rejection as a candidate for the Presidency. We rather think he will "take it easy"—just as he did Vera Cruz.

FOR what warlike exploit was Mr. Marcy appointed Secretary of War?—*Albany Journal.*

Some think that it was for his unprecedented *charge upon the State of New York.*

DR. J. X. CHOBERT, of New York, the fire-king, who used to sit in hot ovens with legs of mutton till the latter were roasted, has just received from the French Emperor the St. Helena Medal for having served twenty-six years in Napoleon's Grand Army. No doubt it was in that service he learned to *stand fire.*

"YOU would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you *don't fill them.*"

TRUTH is stranger than fiction.—*Union.*

You don't let your readers judge for themselves. You give them a world of "fiction," but never let them see the "truth."

AN affair between the editors of the "Vicksburg Whig" and the "Vicksburg Sentinel," which was generally expected to result in bloodshed, has been amicably settled. Thus has it turned out, contrary to all indications, to be a real "affair of honor."

A NEIGHBORING editor says he lately met with one of his jokes thirty years old. We suspect he has met with a good many of them much older than himself.

THE "Nashville Union" says that the Democrats are very prompt in going to the war. To be sure a good many Democrats go there, but very few come back. They generally turn Whigs in their country's service.

THE "Democrat" complains that the Whigs are "placing General Taylor in a false position." They will undertake to place him in a right one at the next Presidential election.

EVERY man who sustains the honor of his country must be courting locofocoism.—*Louisville Democrat.*

If so, there's not the slightest chance that his suit will be successful.

WE are entirely uncommitted.——*Sentinel.*

If all the principal acts of your life were "entirely *uncommitted*," you might be a decent man.

THE editor of the "——— Democrat" has not the courage to say whom he is in favor of, for the Presidency, but he DARES *us* to say whom *we* are in favor of. So, if not courageous, he is certainly *daring.*

A BILL is pending in one of our western legislatures to empower women to make contracts. They should by all means be authorized to contract—they have been expanding too much.

THE studio of a first-rate portrait painter must be a perfect bedlam, it is so full of *striking likenesses.*

THOSE periodicals are most likely to explode which haven't a spark of fire in or about them.

A LADY may give her husband a piece of her mind if she chooses, but she shouldn't break the peace.

"YOU always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation. "True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything valuable I had about me."

THE earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet, at one season, he always harrows her bosom, and at another plucks her ears.

IF your watch is snatched from you in the street, the best thing you can do is to raise the cry of "watch! watch!"

A WESTERN politician, who was in the Blackhawk war and is now a candidate for office, gives notice that he is "a peaceable man." Indeed he is; we watched his career through the whole war, and never in our lives did we know a more peaceable man.

A FELLOW in Tennessee, arrested for stealing a bank-bill, was searched, and the bill was not found. A person who had observed him closely, insisted that an emetic should be given him. The thief was convicted *out of his own mouth.*

THE man who has no conscience of his own to keep, is generally the most anxious to be the keeper of other people's.

THE slanderer is like the chameleon—he destroys his prey by a dart of his tongue.

THE editor of the ——— says that Mr. Kelly, the mesmerizer, passed us off upon one of his mesmerized subjects as a lady. We defy all the mesmerism in the world to pass him off as a lady—or a gentleman.

A SKEPTIC thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

A POPULAR author exclaims: "What a pity some quadrupeds can't talk!" We are rather disposed to say, what a pity some bipeds *can!*

"I AM told, miss, that your lover plays and drinks." "Oh, yes, sir, he plays the flute divinely, and drinks at the spring of Helicon."

WILD rye and wild wheat grow in some regions spontaneously. We believe that wild oats are always sown.

"I DON'T know what to do!" exclaimed a perplexed husband; "my wife, if denied anything, is sure to have a fit." "Well, you can offset her fit with one of your own—in such a case, *counter-fitting* is entirely justifiable."

A LOUISIANA editor speaks lightly of kissing. His object evidently is to promote the interest of his own State. Sugar is her staple, and he knows that kissing greatly reduces the demand for it.

WHEN a man goes toward his object in a tortuous course, you had better set him down as *a serpent.*

"LET the Democracy be united to a man."—*Louisville Democrat.*

Our neighbor takes Democracy for an old woman, and is exhorting her to get married. We are afraid that the old hag is so ugly that she can't find any one to take her. She will have to live on in single cursedness.

ACCORDING to the New York "Express," nine thousand ladies of that city shook hands with Mr. Clay, and kissed him or were kissed by him, in the brief space of two hours. This was just seventy-five kisses to the minute, or considerably more than one to the second. We are not altogether sure that Mr. Clay, instead of kissing nine thousand girls in two hours, would not have preferred to select the prettiest one of the whole number and kiss *her* two hours.

AN editor in the West boasts that his enemies will find him "a young David." Very few read his paper without feeling disposed to exclaim—*Go-liar!*

THOSE people who turn up their noses at the world, might do well to reflect that it is as good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are likely ever to get into again.

WE know a paper that has an invaluable local editor. If he cannot find rows enough to make his department interesting, he kicks them up himself.

A POPULAR writer says that a woman "should be won by degrees." Certainly—win first her ears and eyes, then her heart, then her lips, and then her hand.

A CERTAIN editor, who has had a controversy with us, suggests that he and we look each other in the face. But he would have the advantage of us; he would have much the better prospect.

"WHY, my dear sir, are you always gazing at the sunsets?" "Just because they are the only golden prospects I ever have."

IT is undoubtedly true that some people mistake sycophancy for good nature, but it is equally true that many more mistake impertinence for sincerity.

A WELL-KNOWN writer says that a fine coat covers a multitude of sins. It is still truer that such coats cover a multitude of sinners.

MANY a sweetly-fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

MEN are deserted in adversity. When the sun sets, and all is dark, our very shadows refuse to follow us.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to expose the "Model Artists." The "Model Artists" expose themselves.

THE Ohio "State Journal" calls the case of the Wooster bank "a downright failure." But was it an *upright* failure?

THE newspapers are publishing a very long piece of the late John Quincy Adams's poetry, entitled "The Wants of Man." Man has many "wants," but we do not think that Mr. Adams's poetry is one of them.

IF men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth, and health, and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters. Yet, with scarcely less eagerness do they now rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age, and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

MANY a writer seems to think that he is never profound except when he can't understand his own meaning.

WE don't know when we have heard of a more appropriate marriage than a recent one in Ohio, of *Miss Kirk* to *Mr. Buskirk.*

WE recently saw two men quarrelling. One of them was excessively violent at first, but became perfectly calm the moment the other got violent. He was cured as doctors sometimes cure maladies—by *counter-irritation.*

THERE is no objection to *broils* in a house, so they be confined to the *kitchen.*

WOUNDS healed when the body is in health, sometimes break out afresh in sickness; but evil passions and propensities, that seem cured in sickness, often break out afresh in health.

"PLEASE take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, then, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

EMERSON tells us that "the tongue should be a faithful teacher." Certainly the eye ought to be—it always has a pupil.

THE heart of every true lover of nature is a harp of Memnon; its music swells to heaven in the beams of the morning sun.

DR. MAGINN says that no cigar-smoker ever committed suicide; but we guess that many a one's wife has wished he would.

"I DON'T think, madam, that your inland manners would suit me." "Probably they wouldn't, sir; yours are very outlandish."

HOW may a man always become *four-handed?* By *doubling his two fists.*

MANY writers profess great exactness in punctuation, who yet never make a point.

AN Illinois editor, old but not venerable, assails us with a sarcasm borrowed from a dead writer. When an old fellow has lost his own teeth, he is, perhaps, excusable for using dead people's to bite with.

WE see that considerable quantities of maple sugar are made in California. So there are *sappers* as well as *miners* in that State.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Richmond Enquirer" seems in great doubt which of two candidates his party ought to run for the Presidency. "Stranger, which of these two roads is the best?" said a traveller to a chap by the wayside. "There isn't much difference—take which you will, and, before you have got half-way, you'll wish you had taken t'other."

A NEW YORK paper says that suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent in that city. We fear there are few cities where it could prevail with greater advantage to the world at large.

WE are satisfied that the reason why girls are in the habit of pouting out their lips is because they are always willing that theirs should meet ours half-way.

FLOWERS fling their wealth upon the vacant air, and rich men often fling theirs upon the vacant *heir*.

THE "Union" says that Gen. Cass is "proverbially equable in his feelings." Those who are aware with what uniform fury he rages for war upon all occasions, must acknowledge that his feelings are very *equable*. "My wife," said an unfortunate husband, "is the most even-tempered person I ever saw; she's always mad."

MARTIN LUTHER says that "the birds of the air preach faith to us." We suppose that only the male birds are preachers. The females belong to the *lay* class.

A FELLOW stole a pair of Nankin pantaloons from a tailor's shop in Louisville the other day, and ran. The tailor pursued him and recovered the pantaloons. The knight of the goose and shears did what the British didn't in the Chinese war—he captured Nankin.

THE editor of a political paper says, sarcastically, that at any rate, he doesn't devote more than half his time to telling falsehoods. We presume he devotes the other half to denying truths.

THE more liquor a man drinks the thirstier he grows. Like a craft left by the tide upon the beach, he gets *high* and *dry*.

"LANDLORD, you do me too much honor; you let me sleep among the Big Bugs last night." "Oh, don't be too modest, my dear lodger, I doubt not they have your own blood in their veins."

"HUSBAND, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers." "Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them." "Oh, no, sir; you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

"COME, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young roysterers to two gentlemen; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We should have to blow our brains out to do that."

SEVERAL graceless fellows have written their names upon the tomb at Mt. Vernon. Ah, ye miscreants, the world would rather see your names upon your own tombs than upon Washington's.

AN Indiana paper says that a scientific farmer in that State has succeeded in obtaining a grain, seeming to partake equally of the nature of wheat and barley. He must have used a cross-grained process.

"YOU'LL kill yourself, smoking so much, husband." "Indeed, wife, I must use the weed." "Oh, very well, I guess I shall have occasion for weeds myself, pretty soon."

"HAVE you ever seen a *mermaid*, commodore?" "I've seen a good many *fish-women*, madam."

MEN could afford, like grasshoppers, to spend the whole summer in singing, if, like grasshoppers, they needed no food in winter.

"WHY don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you?" "I *have* asked her." "What did she say?" "Oh, I've the *refusal* of her."

FEROCITY is sometimes *assumed*, as well as gentleness. There are as many sheep in wolves' clothing as there are wolves in sheep's.

ONE of the very best of all earthly possessions is self-possession.

ONE swallow, to be sure, doesn't make a summer; but too many swallows make *a fall.*

TIMIDITY in a young man is better than cool impudence. 'Tis a pity the ladies won't think so.

THE Whig leaders hereabouts had better look out. We shall wake the rascals up in a few days.—*Locofoco paper.*

You wake up a great rascal every morning.

THE "Washington Union" says that Gen. Cass's letter to the Chicago Convention "is, to be sure, very short." At all events, it is so long that we doubt whether he and his friends *will ever see the end of it.*

WHATEVER may have been the facts in the Louisville case, no explanation can alter the opinion of thoughtful and unprejudiced men; and this will be, that associations to put down foreigners can only result in tumult and bloodshed.—*Boston Atlas.*

If foreigners will shoot and murder because they are voted *against*, it is a miserable reason why they should be voted *for.*

GEN. CASS and Gen. Taylor have both been for many years in the public service. During all that time, Taylor has been distinguished for extra *service*, and Cass for extra *pay.*

WEEP and be comforted. The gloom of the skies dissolves in rain, and that of the heart in tears.

A LOCOFOCO editor in Indiana offers to loan us a copy of the Bible. We have good reason to think that he loaned his only copy when he was very young, and has never got it back.

THE "Pennsylvania Democrat" acknowledges that Mr. M. R. Sute, a Democrat, will vote for Taylor. A good many other Democrats will *follow Sute.*

THE "Washington Union" undertakes to say what Gen. Cass would "allow" and what he would "not allow" if he were President. It is hard to say what he wouldn't "allow." If he is remarkable for anything, it is for "extra allowances."

TAKE one letter from Taylor and you have Tyler.—*Ohio Statesman.*

Take one letter from Cass, and what sort of an animal have you?

STILL another life of Gen. Cass has just been published. This makes the seventh. Give him two more. A locofoco candidate ought not to be behind a cat.

IN Belmont and Harrison there will not be more than half a crop of Whigs this fall.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

If locofocoism fails to produce a good crop next year, it will not be for the want of deep planting. We shall put it six feet under ground in November.

AN Indiana paper calls the editor of the —— —— "the funniest dog alive." We do not know whether he is a funny dog, but he certainly is a very great one.

THE "North American" says that "Mr. ———, the actor, has exhibited a great deal of bad feeling." It might be said that he has exhibited a great deal of bad *acting.*

TWO men, strangers to each other, got into a dispute upon the highway. "I will let you know, sir, that I am Mr. Hodge!" exclaimed one of them, threateningly. "Oh, well, I am equal to several of you; I am Mr. *Hodges.*"

SINCE Taylor became President, the "Louisville Journal" has revolved completely around on some points.—*Southern Mercury.*

No wonder you think, from the execution the Journal is doing, that it is a "revolver."

THE editor of the "Sentinel" says that nothing has recently turned up in his neighborhood. We should think that noses would turn up wherever he goes.

"HOW do you do?" exclaimed a gentleman, seizing a lady's hand and squeezing it rather rudely. "Oh, I am suffering from the *pressure*, sir."

"WILL you stand my second?" said a gentleman, who proposed to fight a duel. "No, indeed—for you wouldn't stand a second yourself."

IF lightning rods do not actually take the lightning from the clouds, they at least take the fear of it from timid hearts.

FOWLS seem exceedingly grateful for the gift of cold water. They never swallow a drop of it without turning up their eyes to heaven.

"SO I see, Will, that you have got a moustache." "Oh, yes, Jack; I have got to be a Will-o'-the-*wisp*."

ALL our Arctic explorers have enjoyed one important advantage: in their deadliest perils they always keep cool.

A FRIEND that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him—no matter how little that may be.

THE editor of the ———, since we have known him, has striven successively to ingratiate himself with three different parties. He is anxious to be important in some party, but doesn't care at all what one. "Molly, are you happy?" said a deacon to a rather weak sister. "Yes, deacon, I feel as though I should like to be in Beelzebub's bosom." "Not in Beelzebub's, sister?" "Well, some one of the old patriarchs', I don't care which."

THE "Richmond Enquirer," speaking of Mr. Polk's political history, says that he was nearly, or quite, perfect. No doubt Mr. Polk was very perfect in his way. "Whatever God has made is perfect," said a western preacher to his hearers. "What do you think of me?" said a hunchback, rising and exhibiting his own deformity. "Why, that you are as perfect a hunchback as I ever saw."

A SOUTHERN paper says that "the only way to a northern man's sensibilities is through his pocket." We well remember, that, after the great Pittsburg fire, three times as much money was contributed for the sufferers by the city of Boston alone as by the whole State of South Carolina. Such facts show, that, if there is a way to the sensibilities of northern men through their pockets, there is also a way to their pockets through their sensibilities.

A QUILL has been defined by somebody as an instrument taken from the pinion of one goose to spread the opinions of another. We may add that the gabble of the first goose is very often more tolerable than that of the second.

THE editor of the "Union" tells what sort of epitaph he would have inscribed on his tombstone. The public care very little what epitaph is written over him, so it be done soon.

THE editor of the Point Coupee paper says, that, while he was lately sitting in his bachelor's hall with his devil, a large rattlesnake fell upon the floor near his feet. His bachelor's hall is no doubt destined to remain a bachelor's hall. No sensible woman would think of going in with a locofoco editor, a devil, and a snake.

A WESTERN hunter recently shot three times at a wolf a hundred yards off, while the wolf sat and howled at him. He complains that he didn't have an even chance; he fired off-hand, while the wolf took a rest—on his tail.

SELFISHNESS sometimes works well. If Eve had only eaten the whole apple, instead of sharing it with Adam, human nature would have been evil only on the mother's side.

IT costs men a great deal of trouble to exhibit constant ill-nature, and they don't make anything by it. Why should they be such fools as to work for nothing?

"HUSBAND, I must have some change to-day." "Well, stay at home and take care of the children—that will be change enough."

"I HAVEN'T another word to say, wife—I never dispute with fools." "No, husband, you are very sure to agree with them."

AN American writer says that asses are the most vilified of all animals. We believe that foxes are the most run down.

POSITION is something, but not everything. The eyes are in the rear of the nose, but can see much further than it can smell.

IF "all the world's a stage," many a chap of our acquaintance would like mightily to be the stage-driver.

MANY a man keeps on drinking till he hasn't a coat to either his back or his stomach.

"HOW does real estate sell in your town?" "Oh, it's as cheap as dirt."

A LOCOFOCO postmaster in New Hampshire named Day has been charged with malfeasance in office. He has called upon his locofoco clerks as witnesses. Of course they are expected to lie for him. That is no doubt *the order of the Day.*

WE do not know whether the editor of the ——— gets adequately paid in this world for his lying, but he will be pretty sure to get his fuel for it in the next.

THE "Albany Evening Journal" says that the locofoco party, notwithstanding its coalition with the negroes, is destined to speedy dissolution. If that party expires in the loving embrace of the blacks, the verdict of the coroner's jury must be—*died in the wool.*

IN these hard times "many a good tall fellow" is always "*short.*"

THE editor of the ——— has undertaken to laugh at us for placing ourselves, when indisposed, under the care of a Thompsonian doctor. Just now he himself goes for the homœopathic practice. He has, at various times, tried all sorts of medical treatment except one, and we advise him to try *that.* "Doctor," said a very slovenly-looking patient, "I have tried everything I could think of for this rheumatism, and without the least effect." The doctor, surveying him for a moment, asked *if he had ever tried a clean shirt.*

ONE of the locofoco letter-writers sneers at General Taylor's wife. He speaks of her as "well enough for the wife of an old farmer." Perhaps it is not strange that these treasury-rats have an antipathy to the wife of the patriotic old farmer-President. Probably said rats have in mind the fate of the three blind mice—

———"The farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving-knife."

THE "Advertiser" contains a long valedictory from its late editor Shadrack Penn. Shadrack, after a residence of twenty-three years as an editor in this city, goes to spend the rest of his life and lay his bones in St. Louis. Well, he has our best wishes for his prosperity; all the ill-will we ever felt for him passed out long ago through our thumb and fore-finger. His lot hitherto has been a most ungentle one; but we trust his life may prove akin to the plant that begins to blossom at the advanced age of half a century. May all be well with him here and hereafter; for we should be sorry if a poor fellow, whom we have been torturing eleven years in this world, were to be handed over to the d—l in the next.

THE editor of the —— —— says that "cowhiding involves a serious responsibility." It is a responsibility which has rested frequently and heavily upon his shoulders.

THE Whigs are trying to break down Mr. Tyler that they may build up the fame of Mr. Clay on the ruins.—*Madisonian.*

You might as well charge them with thinking to build up a temple on the ruins of a chicken-coop.

GEN. WORTH is a New Yorker, and no New York paper expresses a doubt of his Whiggism. There may be a good deal of *merit* among the Democratic officers and soldiers of the army, but there is no *Worth* among them—no *general* Worth, and, so far as we know, no *private* Worth.

IT seems to be the expectation of many of the locofoco leaders to take Gen. Cass as the locofoco candidate for the Presidency. It is amusing to think of a contest between Gen. Cass and Gen. Taylor. The only military feat of the one was to break his own sword in impotent wrath, while the other has broken the sword and cloven the shield of Mexico.

THE "Washington Union" says that "democracy and liberty are children of the same parent." If these children have the same father, their mothers must be about as much alike as the mother of pearl and the mother of vinegar.

A VERMONT editor says that he is aware that his language is strong. We have observed that he never makes his word so strong but that he can break it without the least difficulty.

THE people of the United States are sure to go the way he (the editor of the Journal) doesn't.—*Democrat.*

There's no doubt that the editor of the Democrat always tries to go the way we don't. We can at any time make him go in whatever direction we please simply by inducing him to think that we are going, or that we wish him to go in the opposite direction. We should merely have to adopt the tactics of the Irish pig-driver, who, with the greatest facility drove his pig to Cork by pretending to the little brute that he wished to drive him to Kilkenny.

THE editor of the "Washington Union" promises to "put to rest all the stories discreditable to our generals in Mexico." We have seen very few such stories, and those few can no doubt be easily "put to rest," as they have a Pillow to repose on.

THE song of the poet, like that of his companion, the nightingale, bursts sweetest from the bosom of the wilderness.

SOME old women and men grow bitter with age. The more their teeth drop out the more biting they get.

THE editor of a New York paper apologizes to his readers on account of "absence of nearly a week from sickness." We should like to be absent from sickness forever, and wouldn't think of apologizing to anybody.

WE know a beautiful girl, who would prove a capital speculation for a fortune-hunter of the right sort. Her voice is of silver, her hair of gold, her teeth of pearl, her cheeks of rubies, and her eyes of diamonds.

YOU had better name your children after the famous dead than the famous living. Till a man ceases to act, you can't tell what sort of name he will leave behind him.

HE is a first-rate collector, who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

MISERS, who never use what they have, may justly be compared to toads that have numberless "stools" and never sit on them.

ONE of our finest writers says that "the nightly dews come down upon us like blessings." How very differently the *daily* dues come down upon us in these hard times.

"I WOULD do anything to gratify you; I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, sir, go there and *stay*, and I shall be pleased."

"BONIFACE!" exclaimed a hungry traveller to his landlord, after several vain attempts to masticate a piece of a rooster, "do you suppose that I can eat *the old scratcher himself?*"

A NEW HAVEN editor speaks of a storm which "roared so loud that you couldn't hear a dog bark." We suppose that the bark of the dogs, like an occasional bark off the coast of Connecticut, was lost in the *Sound.*

WHEN a young man complains that a young lady has no heart, it is a pretty certain sign that she at least has *his.*

IT was suggested some time ago that Mr. Polk was determined to drive the Mexicans into the Pacific. From his evident anxiety for peace, it is pretty clear that either the Mexicans or the Americans have driven HIM *into the pacific.*

"I GIVE my enemies no quarter," said a cross old fellow, the other day. And that's just the way in which he treats poor people who ask *charity* of him.

MRS. JENNIE R., a danseuse in one of our western theatres, is advertised to whirl around fifteen times on one foot without stopping. She is a spinning-jenny.

A GEORGIA paper gives the names of five judges in that State, worth half a million of dollars each. Georgia has an *independent judiciary.*

A WRITER in the "New York True Sun" is advising the editor of the "Globe" to *know himself.* That's advising him to form a very low acquaintance.

THE poor man, who travels with a pack on his back, is generally far better than the black-leg who travels with a pack in his pocket.

AN Indiana editor boasts that there is *an* understanding between him and his neighbor. We think it very certain that they haven't got more than one between them.

A GOVERNMENT that expends its principal means upon a navy, must expect to have a heavy *floating debt*

THE common opinion is that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to *let them slide.*

A SCIENTIFIC writer asks, "Why is there so much more Indian summer in the West than in the East?" Does not the learned dunce know that there are a hundred times as many Indians in the West as in the East?

MANY people go through the world, hearing nothing and seeing nothing. For all valuable purposes, their ears are as deaf as an ear of corn and their eyes as blind as the eyes of a potato.

THERE is nothing that we hate more than hypocritical weepers. We have stood and looked at such when we half expected every tear, as it touched the earth, to crawl off, a pert young crocodile.

"PLEASE turn your head a little," said a beautiful nurse to her male patient. "You have turned it already dear madam."

WHEN a man's heart ossifies, or turns to bone, he dies at once; but if it petrifies, or turns to stone, he invariably lives too long for any useful purpose.

WE hear that the editor of the "Enquirer" intends applying to Mr. Polk for a high office. But there is the Senate in the way. He should remember, that, if nominated for office, he will, like most of his own stories, *requires confirmation.*

WE earnestly hope that the human race is not physically degenerating. And yet there are, we apprehend, very few *full-chested* people now-a-days.

WHILST we, the American people, rely upon our institutions to save us, we should be careful to remember that they must rely on us to save them.

OLD friends often fall away from us as we grow old. Even our teeth and hair are oftentimes no better than other old friends in this respect.

THE "Philadelphia Ledger" says that Clay, Calhoun, and Webster are behind the age. Then the age must be tail foremost.

A LITTLE locofoco editor in Kentucky, who came here about the time the people were calling a convention, ascribes the calling of it entirely to his own influence. Mrs. Partington, being rather late at church, entered as the congregation were rising for prayers. "La!" said she, "how very polite you are to rise on my account."

A WRITER, under the signature of Heroic Age, in the "Washington Union," says he would as soon steal a sheep as hold office under General Taylor. We have no doubt that he would do either if he had a chance; but, as he has no chance for an office, we expect to hear of him in the mutton line.

MR. F. has published another "card." This, we believe, is the fifth or sixth that he has published in the last two months. He can beat any man in Congress at cards.

THE "New York Globe" says that "Mr. Benton, in the hall of the Senate, *rushed on Foote.*" Would anybody expect the Missouri senator, in such a place, to *rush on horseback?*

THE editor of the "Mississippian" is advocating a plank-road, but says that it cannot be made without the money. Undoubtedly the money must be "planked" before the road is.

YESTERDAY the junior editor of the "Democrat" called upon the senior editor of the "Journal" to welcome him back to Kentucky. The senior aforesaid gave the junior before-mentioned a chair—full-grown, minus two legs—to sit in. To sit in! To tumble out of! which he did without an effort. No bones broken, and matters compromised.—*Louisville Democrat.*

Well, you and the chair had four legs between you, which certainly should have been enough to stand upon. If you insist that we gave you the fall, you must at least admit, in justice to our magnanimity, that we didn't hit you after you were down.

IF Professor Webster is hung, let others take the responsibility. We wash our hands of it.—*Globe.*

Those to whom the responsibility of hanging Webster belongs are no doubt perfectly willing to bear it. However, your washing your hands is an operation that will do you no manner of harm. Please think of your face at the same time.

THE "Lexington Statesman" says that Mr. M., at a late political meeting in that city, took a pitcher left on the stand by the Whig candidate, smelt at it, and, finding it to be whisky, made a wry mouth at it. The "Statesman" doesn't spell the word "wry" correctly in this case. Mr. M. makes a *rye* mouth whenever he gets within smell of "old rye."

ALL our troubles are attributable to our rule of telling the truth. —*Madison Courier.*

Yes, that's always the case with you Democratic editors. Now 'tis no trouble at all for us to tell the truth.

IT may be very pleasant to slip a halter from a horse's neck and to steal the animal, but if by so doing you slip your own precious neck into a halter, quite another feeling comes over you.—*Louisville Journal.*

How d'ye know?—*Exchange.*

We know it from the fact, that, whenever we have put our hand upon your cravat and given it a smart twist, you looked in the face as if a throttled man's sensations must be awfully uncomfortable. Of course we couldn't know anything from your tongue's hanging out of your mouth, for *that* never tells the truth.

A LOUISVILLE editor thinks he couldn't get along without us in Louisville. We are sure he couldn't; what would those little creatures that devote all their energies to barking at the moon do if the moon were to pass to another sky?

JOHN V. B., in his last letter upon the fugitive slave law, says—"If I should be seized under this law, I should resist it with all the means I could command." We hope that any southerner, who may consider John as his property, will bear this in mind whenever he shall make an effort to recover his chattel.

IF it were the interest of Whiggery, the mutuals would all swear that the man in the moon was the second Washington, and that Prentice was to be his successor.—*Democrat.*

From the manner in which the Democrats bark at us, we suspect they take us for the man in the moon already.

THE proprietors of the "Louisville Journal" have been so well, and we may say deservedly, patronized, as to enable them to not only enlarge their sheet, but to furnish themselves with type of unsurpassed beauty, and, withal, to bestow upon it such labor as to make it compare favorably in appearance with any other paper in the West or in the Union; while as regards matter it is not excelled by any paper East or West.—*Belleville (Ill.) Republican.*

We scarcely know, dear sir, how to thank you sufficiently. We wish you were the son of the President of the United States, and we were your father.

WE have put a couple of questions repeatedly to our neighbor, and he declines to *respond.* His readers are beginning seriously to fear that he is not *responsible.*

THE editor of the —— gives a satisfactory reason for declining to answer our questions as to his opinions in regard to secession. He says "a fool can ask a question, but it takes a wise man to answer." If fools could only answer as well as ask, he would no doubt respond without hesitation. He says that we ourselves decline answering the very questions we have put to *him.* Most certainly we do. Those questions are in regard to *his belief*, and we do not think that even a wise man can tell what a fool believes.

THE New York "Evening Post" says that a man "cannot be active and quiescent at the same time." There may be some doubt of that. Some fellows bustle about terribly *and yet lie still.*

THE editor of the "North Carolina Whig" says that he is sick in bed and cannot write. We know how to sympathize with him. Our neighbor of ——— is a living evidence of the fact that we cannot *write lying down.*

WILL the editor of the "Louisville Journal" take up our glove? —*Argus.*

Oh yes. Give us a pair of tongs.

OUR neighbor says that he holds the right of a State to secede, but "denies the right of a State to make a cursed fool of herself." He admits that South Carolina, in seceding, would be making a cursed fool of herself; and hence he appears to be very inconsistent in contending for her right to secede, and yet denying her right to make a cursed fool of herself. In taking such a position, he certainly seems to be *assuming a right for himself that he denies to South Carolina.*

THE "Richmond Enquirer" calls Mr. Webster a candidate for the Presidency, and says that the most magnificent dinners were given him wherever he went in his late tour. We apprehend, that, if Gen. Cass were to make the same tour, he would be entertained far less magnificently —he would be treated to little else than *cold shoulder.*

WE understand the Hon. C. L. D. says we have abused him. Well, haven't we as good a right to abuse him, as he has to abuse the franking privilege?

TWO young ladies, living in the lower part of the city, appeared yesterday on the street in Turkish costume. The inspector was very remiss, as unfortunately one of the wearers had a prodigious hole in the heel of her stocking, which displayed a foot by no means *à la chinoise*—*Democrat.*

A correspondent incloses this to us and asks if we can tell why the lady in question was like a lady without any stockings at all. We cannot, unless it is because, as the Yankees say, she *hadn't a darned stocking to her foot.*

THE editor of the "Northern Pilot" undertakes to advise us what to do in case we are ever indicted for crime. We advise *him*, if he ever finds himself in such a predicament, to plead guilty. He is such a notorious liar that the court would be sure to discharge him as not guilty.

THE "Columbia (S. C.) Telescope," a fierce disunion paper, seems getting a little discouraged. One of the correspondents exclaims—"Where is the fire that recently burned throughout South Carolina?" We really don't know, but we presume the fire-eaters have eaten it up.

THE editor of "Journal" keeps a suspicious eye upon all he sees hewing wood or drawing water. It wakes up his anticipations of his future employment. It is thought he will *cut stick* and run on the fifth of August.—*Democrat.*

We rather think, that, when you see us cutting stick, you will run yourself.

ALL the wisdom and honesty we possess are required for the times.—*Washington Press.*

Is it possible, poor, dear sir, that *all* your wisdom and honesty are required for the times? What a tremendous demand for wisdom and honesty the times must have!

THE editor of the "Boston Courier" says that he saw "three Bloomers" in the streets of that city last week. We see scores of bloomers in the streets of Louisville every day—girls in the bright bloom of youth and beauty.

OUR neighbor charges us with having an astonishing amount of faith. We have not faith enough to believe one word he says

A WRITER in the "North Carolina Sentinel" expresses a wish that the devil had all the Disunion traitors. We can't see what the devil is to do with them. They are all such fire-eaters that they would *eat him out of house and home.*

THE Democracy always fight better under a pressure.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

When Milton's angels, in their fight with the devils, piled hills and mountains on them, the poor devils couldn't "fight under a pressure" at all.

JOHN Robinson, the editor of a Locofoco paper in Michigan, says that "it is very easy to tell who is the most knavish politician in the United States." We admit that it is just as easy to tell, as it is to say "*Jack Robinson.*"

THE editor of the ——— boasts that he "fights vermin with their own weapons." Of course he means, that, when vermin bite him, he bites them. One hardly know whether he or his vermin have the daintiest eating.

THE editor of the "—— Trader" says that he should be very reluctant to exchange characters with any Whig editor. This fellow, that thus talks of swapping characters, is as cool in his impudence as the fellow who, while trudging along on foot, hailed a gentleman on horseback to know how he would swap horses. "Why, sir, you have no horse," said the gentleman. "But *suppose* I had one, how would you swap?"

THE locofoco papers now call their party "the progressive Democracy." It may well be called "progressive," for it is *going fast.*

A PARTY of our friends, last week, chased a fox thirty-six hours. They actually "ran the thing into the ground."

THE "Pennsylvania Keystone," in abusing Mr. Clay's personal appearance, says that he has "a large and ugly mouth." That is a feature of Mr. C.'s face, which needs no defence. *It speaks for itself.*"

THE editor of the "Madisonian" says that he shall soon tell what he knows. It will not take him long.

THE New York "Plebeian" says that the Whigs are destined to be devoured bodily by the Democrats in less than six months. Well, if such is to be our destiny, we must submit to it. It is the fate of all mortals to be eaten by worms, sooner or later.

THE editor of the "New Hampshire Democrat," J. H. Role, asks whether "the silly Whigs will again put their big ball in motion." We rather think the smart ones will. The bawling of the Role will not prevent the rolling of the ball.

THE "Richmond Enquirer" says that Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren have very unequal degrees of strength. No doubt of it. Mr. Clay has strength enough to beat his enemies, and Mr. Van Buren just enough to beat his friends.

THE "Democratic Crisis," a locofoco paper at Carrollton, has just died of starvation. We may expect that a great many hungry locofoco papers, about these days, for the want of something better to bite, will "bite the dust."

THE "Globe" thinks that it is about time for John Tyler to make his "political will." Considering the amount of his political goods and chattels, we think he might make a will like that of Rabelais—"*I owe much, I possess nothing, I give the rest to the poor.*"

A PAPER charges us with running down our own State, good old Connecticut. We are not in the habit of running down Connecticut, and we never did run down any portion of her except her hills. We think we did use to run down some of them in our boyhood, and we feel as if we should like to do it again.

MR. BAGG, of the "Free Press, took strong ground at first in favor of the Texas treaty. This Bagg, like many other bags, is getting *mealy mouthed.*

IN Philadelphia, on the night of the 27th, a fellow named Suttle, passing along the street, tried to get a watch from a jeweler's window. The *watch* got *him.*

WHY is Gen. Taylor like fortune?—*N. Y. Globe.*

We can tell you why Cass's face is like misfortune. It "never comes single."

THE editor of the "Statesman" says that we charge him with habitual falsehood, but do not furnish the proof. That's all right. We make the charge and he furnishes the proof himself.

THE locofoco papers used to call Mr. Van Buren the "sage of Lindenwald." They are now beginning to think that their *sage* is nothing but *wormwood.*

WE see that a couple of fools in Virginia are talking "about a duel on horseback." If they must fight, they should be compelled to fight on foot. They have no right to endanger the lives of their betters.

OUR political friends are getting on swimmingly.—*Pennsylvanian.*

No doubt they will get on "swimmingly" after the 7th of November, for they will all be overboard.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "North American," says that old Mr. R., in his own opinion, "sustains the world upon his head." We have often heard that the world *stands upon nothing.*

IT is true that the Democrats go for more land.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The Democrats must be very much distressed to find, that, whilst going for more land, they are *losing ground every day.*

THE "Boston Post" thinks that Gen. Taylor has been "swamped in Georgia." He was "swamped" in Florida month after month in the Seminole war, but he fought as well in the swamps of the South as in the mountain gorges of Mexico.

TWENTY-SIX young ladies, who are on their way to the West, accompanied by Gov. Slade, of Vermont, to engage in teaching, arrived in Rochester on Monday of last week.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Generally speaking, the pretty Yankee girls, who come out to the West to engage in public teaching, do very little in that way. Instead of teaching other people's children, they soon get to teaching their own.

THE "Boston Post" says that "Pennsylvania appears to be a bad bank bill." At any rate it has been *redeemed.*

THE "Washington Union" boasts that "the money expended in the Mexican war is not lost." Oh, no, not lost at all. A worthy gentleman, whilst having a house built, observed large quantities of nails lying about, and said to the carpenter, "why don't you take care of these nails? they'll certainly be lost." "No, indeed," replied the carpenter, "*you'll find them all in the bill.*"

WE see it announced that Henry Stone, an influential Democrat of Berks County, Pa., has turned Whig. The Whigs must manage to turn the rest of the family. No Stone must be left unturned.

THE country is filled with thousands of leg treasurers whose breeches pockets are loaded with the spoils.—*Buffalo Journal.*

The leg-treasurers are like guns—when their breeches are loaded they generally go off.

THE "Washington Union" speaks of "the great difference between Gov. Manly of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina." The great difference between the two is that one is manly and the other isn't.

THE editor of the "Republican" thinks that there will be a very poor set of office-holders under the new administration. In that event, there may be a very tolerable chance for *him.* We suppose he remembers the letter written by a young fellow in the West to his father at the East: "Dear Dad, almighty mean men get office here; you had better come out immediately."

THE editor of the "Washington Union" assures the Whigs that they need not be afraid of him and his paper.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Whilst an old woman was walking through one of the streets of Paris at midnight, a patrol called out, "who goes there." "It is I, patrol, don't be afraid."

WE venture to say you would never consider President Taylor's pledges violated if he turned out fifty Democrats per day *for* their political opinions and *nothing else.*—*Sentinel.*

There's nothing on earth except the truth that you would *not* "venture to say."

DULL writers should be careful not to steal brilliant passages, lest the brilliancy betray them by the contrast. A fellow stole a fish in the market-place and slipped it under his vest. A gentleman, meeting him, as he passed out, and seeing several inches of the tail below his vest, advised him either to wear a longer jacket or to steal a shorter fish.

A DANDY with a huge beard offered himself to a young lady, who refused him, on the ground that she would never marry such a *bear*-faced creature. The dandy at once had his physiognomy clean shaved, and renewed his application; but the girl again refused him, on the ground that he was now more *bare*-faced than before.

A WRITER in a Missouri paper under the signature "Y. Y.," recommends a government tax on the "Louisville Journal." The two Y Y's, who isn't *too wise* (although his proposition would undoubtedly raise a large revenue), doesn't say whether he would have the paper taxed as a luxury or as a necessity—perhaps both.

"A RUFFIAN shot at me last night," said a penurious gentleman, "and my life was saved by the ball striking a silver dollar in my pocket." "Whoever takes true aim at your heart is very certain to hit a dollar," said one who knew him.

"HOW do you like my new turn-out?" said an ex-office holder, calling attention to his fine equipage. "Better no doubt than you liked the one the government lately gave you," replied an acquaintance.

IN the swamps of Louisiana, a few days ago, a catamount leaped from a tree and attacked Mr. William Kenny. The animal didn't prove a Kill-kenny cat.

ALL the cases that come before a certain New York judge are actually decided by lot; he is an able and impartial judge and his name—is Lott.

IF women were jurors, as some of them claim that they ought to be, what chance would you ugly old fellows stand when indicted?

WE think that our neighbor gives strong indications of deserting the filibuster cause. He doesn't stick to anything. He is like the new post-office stamps—even licking him will not make him stick.

OUR neighbor suggests that we have never noticed his evening paper. We feel deeply penitent for our neglect. His little sheet appears to be very deserving. It looks exactly like himself, *bating* his ugliness; but an Irishman would say that his ugliness is *hard to bate.*

WE have generally observed that a man bitten by a dog, no matter whether the animal is mad or not, is apt to get mad himself.

WE see that our Democratic friend Taylor, who is sometimes an actor and sometimes an editor, appeared some time ago upon the Cincinnati boards in the character of Tecumseh in the drama of that name, and it is said he settled clearly and forever in favor of himself the old and oft-heard question, "*Who killed Tecumseh?*"

THE "North American" says that "it does not lie in the mouths of locofoco demagogues to talk about Whig extravagance." We believe that everything lies in the mouths of locofoco demagogues.

IF the editor of the ——— isn't a rogue, he ought certainly to bring an action for slander against his own face.

ALTHOUGH God deprived Adam of one of his ribs to make Eve, every man has still one more rib than his wife, for he has *her* in addition to his others.

IT is a suspicious circumstance, that, if a lady has a long nose, it is almost invariably crooked. It has to be bent slightly aside to admit of her being kissed; and so it grows awry.

THERE are many who say *more* than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences by saying *less* on others.

A STRAP is sometimes a very good thing to sharpen razors and dull boys.

MUCH smoking kills live men and cures dead swine.

GEN. SCOTT whipped Santa Anna when he had but one leg. Gen. Houston whipped him when he had two legs.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

Exactly so, Gen. Scott whipped him when it was only half as easy for the rascal to run away as it was when Houston whipped him.

THREE years ago a man in Mississippi cheated us out of twenty dollars, and now his son has cheated us out of about the same sum. The young man's propensity to cheat is probably *the only thing he ever came honestly by.*

WHEN any one wants a really silly thing to be said, he should apply hereafter to the "New York Courier and Enquirer."—*Washington Union.*

When *you* want a really silly thing said, you can do the work yourself. You *can't do anything else.*

THE editor of the opposition organ at Washington seems to have adopted Mr. ——— as his pet. It is well enough, we suppose, that every organ-grinder should have his pet-monkey.

THE "New York Sun" announces that "all the vessels of the Cuban expedition have sailed, and without doubt are at this moment hovering on the coast of Cuba."—*Tribune.*

They had better be satisfied with "hovering." They will find it a great deal less perilous than alighting.

THE editor of the "Windsor Journal"—an obstinate sort of a bachelor—learns that professors of dancing in New York have recently introduced a new style of cotillon called the "Kiss Cotillon," the peculiar beauty of which is that you kiss the lady as you swing the corners.—*Commonwealth.*

We have been expecting this or something like it for some time past. The great wonder now is (a wonder not unmixed with apprehension) what *next?*

THE editor of the "Democrat" boasts of having received a sack-coat as a present. We suppose the donor thought the fellow had done what he should repent of in sackcloth.

THE news from almost every part of Mississippi is good. Her governor's treasonable proclamation finds no sympathetic response in the hearts of the masses. Mississippi, it is true, repudiated the bonds of the Union Bank, but she will not repudiate *the bonds of the Union itself.*

SOME of the locofocos of New York have been boasting that Gen. Wool would be their candidate for Governor. Gen. Wool, however, tells them that he will not be a candidate under any circumstances. So this is a case of "great cry and *no Wool.*"

THE editor of a locofoco paper, speaking of Gen. Taylor's horse, old Whitey, says: "Alas, poor beast!" If old Whitey had the gift of speech, he might with propriety retort with the same words.

UPON a door in one of the departments at Washington is written, "no office-seekers admitted here." A man might as well put a notice over his bed in mosquito time, "Stick no bills here."

NOTWITHSTANDING Gen. P.'s radicalism in politics, we must do him the justice to say, that a more orderly, peaceable citizen cannot be found *in times of war.*

HIT a man upon whatever part of his body you will, the blow is sure to *go against his stomach.*

ILL-NATURED old maids seldom or never use sugar at the tea-table. The reason probably is that scandal is a sufficient sweetener of the dish.

IT is said that a Chinaman, no matter where he finds himself, is never perplexed. He always has his *cue.*

WE don't know exactly what "the height of ambition" is, but we have seen many fussy little specimens of it not much more than five feet.

MANY a man, *worth* a million of dollars, is utterly *worthless.*

A HANDSOME young fellow in New York, in great distress for want of money, married last week a rich old woman of seventy. He was no doubt miserable for the want of money, and she for the want of a husband; and "misery makes strange bedfellows."

A MERCHANT of New York, largely in the shoe trade, estimates the value of shoes annually sent to the South from New York alone at $5,000,000. If the nonintercourse system be adopted, this trade will be cut off, and the people of the South will have to *go upon their own footing.*

THE spirits of some men seem proof against bad fortune. If they are afflicted with jaundice so badly that everything looks yellow to them, they are happy in having always before them *a golden prospect.*

THE Democrats of Clarion county, Pennsylvania, were thrashing buckwheat on the day of the election instead of voting, as they should have done.—*Louisville Democrat.*

Smart fellows to be thrashing wheat whilst the Whigs were thrashing *them.*

THE "Boston Post" calls the editor of the "Washington Union" a "Dem-editor." Unquestionably he is a *dem poor editor.*

A FEW days ago, the operators in a western foundry, not being able to obtain an increase of compensation, knocked their employer down. That was an unequivocal "strike for higher wages."

A GREAT many persons keep their delicate hands covered with the skins of young goats. Moreover, a great many have their whole bodies covered with the skins of goats of *just their own age.*

"DON'T you think," said a vain fellow, "that I am fit to be President of the United States or King of Great Britain?" "No, but you might make a Doge of Venice if the title were only curtailed by a letter."

A CARPENTER struck his creditor with the handle of his broad axe for civilly requesting the payment of an old debt. "Sir," said the creditor, "your acts are as narrow as your axe is broad."

AN editor in a neighboring city is charged with grossly misrepresenting the condition of its streets. One would think that an editor had better do almost anything else than lie about the streets.

PALEY says, "it is the aim that makes the man." If a ruffian gets a good aim at him with a pistol, it is the aim that *unmakes* him.

"ARE you still boarding, my friend?" "No, I'm keeping house, I'm *above board.*"

A MISSISSIPPI paper says that Louisiana has a perfect right to secede from the Union and establish an independent government, but that she would have no right to shut up the mouth of the Mississippi. Now if Louisiana were an independent power, the mouth of the Mississippi would belong to her; and wouldn't she have a right to *shut her own mouth?*

THE fire-eater of the Washington "Southern Press" says that we seem to measure our respect for him by the number of those who agree with him. We believe that nobody agrees with him, and we doubt if he ever agreed with anybody. If a cannibal or an anaconda were to swallow him, we doubt if he would agree with the man or the snake.

THE "Albany Atlas" is terribly indignant because somebody has said that Pierce was once "a wild colt." We suppose Frank never was a colt, though we have certainly heard of his *descent from a horse.**

* Referring to General Pierce's falling from a horse during the Mexican War.

HAD the Whigs established the two-thirds rule they never would have made a nomination at all.—*Ohio Statesman.*

Perhaps so. The Democrats established the two-thirds rule, and made next to no nomination at all.

THE Democratic papers boast, that, when Mr. Polk signed General Pierce's commission as an officer in the army, he said: "*I am now commissioning a man who will be President one day.*" Well, if there were any way of making a compromise with our Democratic friends, we don't know but we would consent to General Frank's being President "*one day*," upon the condition of General Scott's being allowed to fill the chair for the rest of the four years. Such a partition would be about in proportion to the comparative merits of the two candidates.

THE editor of the "Democrat" says that our chief employment is "to ridicule the sufferings of General Pierce upon the battle-field." Well, neighbor, we suppose we ought not to do it. Some men do suffer dreadfully upon battle-fields, and they can't be punished for it under our laws, as it is *strictly constitutional.*

A WRITER in the New York "Express" thinks that "John Bull will bleed freely to defeat Scott and elect Pierce." John bled very freely in the war of 1812 to defeat Scott, but *couldn't do it.* His blood ran freely, and then he ran himself.

BUTLER, in his history of Kentucky, speaking of the Indian mode of warfare, says "they often make *feints* to draw out the garrison." Perhaps the Democratic candidate for the Presidency wished to introduce this Indian practice into Mexico.

NEARLY the whole population of the country seem now to be upon the Whig platform. The Whigs are *standing* on it, and the Democrats are *lying* on it.

SOME old Irishwoman abuses us in one of the city papers under the signature of "Anti Humbug." She is not good at spelling. She should have written her name Aunty Humbug. But we have no time to bestow upon old Aunty.

A YOUNG lady sends us some verses, and says she knows the metre is correct, as she has "counted the feet in every line." But a *genuine* poetess need never *count-her-feet.*

A WRITER on ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest. We don't know; but unquestionably golden eagles generally fly fastest.

"HAVEN'T you finished scaling that fish yet, Sam?" "No, master, 'tis a very large one." "Oh, well, you have had time to scale a mountain."

THE rhyming of silly boys and girls, and the whistling of the wind through a hollow tree, are equally signal instances of "music caused by emptiness."

SOME men give as little light in the world as a tallow farthing candle, and, when they expire, leave as bad an odor behind them.

MR. T., of Georgia, says that he doesn't carry his principles in his pocket. Perhaps he is afraid of pick-pockets, and so carries them in a belt round his waist.

A MAD bull broke loose last week in the streets of Cincinnati, and rushed furiously through a crowd of men and boys. It was an instance of the knocking down of a score of persons by a *bull-rush.*

THE editor of the ——— says that we try hard to tell the truth and fail. *He* never comes so near telling the truth as to let folks know he is trying.

THE editor of the "Washington Union" calls the battle of Churubusco "a sharp conflict." We suspect it must have been a little sharp, from the fact that Pierce fainted just as he got to the *edge* of it.

THE "Cincinnati Enquirer" calls the Whigs "the foul party." We think it must be the *fowl* party that elects Mr. Henn to Congress in Iowa, and adopts a rooster as its emblem.

IF Gen. Pierce was in the battle of Churubusco, he was ashamed of the fact and tried to conceal it when he gave his account of the affair. A general had certainly better have been out of a fight than be ashamed of having been in it.

A LOCOFOCO clergyman in New Hampshire testified that Frank Pierce is pious, but Frank's own organs in that State seem to admit that he isn't. The Scriptures command men to "pray and not to faint," but Frank faints and doesn't pray.

THE "New Hampshire Patriot" says that Gen. Pierce "is bold, frank, and manly." We don't think that he is either bold or manly, but we admit he is Frank.

IT (the "Louisville Journal") seems to have forgotten that Scott is afraid to speak.—*Yeoman.*

Gen. Scott afraid to *speak!* Why, bless your simple soul, he isn't afraid to *fight.*

WE feel that we can now go forward to our destination with nothing to obstruct our progress.—*Washington Union.*

We suppose you can. The New York papers say that "the obstructions at Hell-Gate have been all removed."

THE Whig party and Gen. Scott have been already compelled to face the music.—*Alleghany Record.*

Gen. Scott has faced all sorts of music. He has faced the martial music of his country's enemies, the shrill tones of the fife, the deep roll of the drum, the loud blast of the trumpet, the thunder of the artillery, the fierce shout of the onset, and the sharp, quick clash of steel.

THE editor of the "Kosciusko Sun" says that he "first sent out his little bark three years ago." These small canine editors are sending out their *little bark* every day of their lives.

SENATOR B. made a speech at Yazoo City on the 26th ult. The "Yazoo City Whig," edited by a spirited Whig lady, reviews his speech and his political course with great severity. We think poor B. may exclaim with Abimelech in the Scriptures—"It will be said of me by all people, that a woman slew me."

SOME time ago, Mr. Hawthorne wrote a story entitled "The Miraculous Pitcher." His life of Pierce should have been entitled *The Miraculous Tumbler.*

A CHAP who tells falsehoods so habitually as never to be able to deceive anybody, may think he has some excuse for the habit. "My boy," exclaimed a deacon, "you do very wrong to fish on Sunday." "It can't be no harm, deacon, I ain't catching nothing."

AN American writer, who has made quite a number of respectable translations, asks "what translation is the best that was ever made?" We think upon the whole that we should rather give the preference to that of Enoch.

A NEW paper called the "Bowie Knife" has been established in Texas. We know nothing as to the extent of its circulation, but we suppose the editor can boast with truth that nearly every man in his State carries a Bowie Knife in his pocket.

"ARE you near-sighted, miss?" "Yes, at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are a pig or a puppy."

"DO you think me guilty of a falsehood? asked Mr. Knott of a gentleman he was addressing. "Sir, I must render a verdict of Knott guilty."

MEN generally think it a great misfortune when their heads grow silvery, and their pockets not.

THE late comet was a good deal like the productions of some of our voluminous story-writers—a long tail from a small head.

"THAT'S very singular, sir," said a young lady when we kissed her. "Ah, well, we'll soon make it plural."

NEVER look to an exclusively political paper for good reading for your family. You might as well try to get wool by shearing a hydraulic ram.

OUR sprightly friend, Fanny Fern, says that the men of the present day are fast. We are afraid they *must* be so to catch the women.

THE President's appointment of the notorious D. as the chaplain of a penitentiary is spoken of with the contempt it deserves. In a penitentiary where D. is the parson, one of the cells should be the parsonage.

WHAT would you say if you were to see a drunken man lying in the open street exposed to the peltings of a violent storm.—*Temperance Journal.*

We should say the poor devil was *under the weather.*

THE "Richmond Whig" says that the locofoco editors "do not dare to say their souls are their own." This is only alleging against them that they do not dare to tell a lie.

A MUSICIAN by trade does not subsist quite so simply as a chamelion. The latter lives upon air, the former upon *airs.* And, by the way, a musician should enjoy good health, for he has a change of air whenever he wants it.

WHEN a malignant man strikes at the great benefactors of his race, he deserves, like the Indian who madly fired his arrow at the sun, to be smitten with the curse of blindness.

SURELY it is a blessed privilege to be kissed by the breeze, that has kissed all the pretty women in the world.

A DEPRAVED public man does well to go upon the stage. He had better exhibit other characters than his own.

A MAN'S boots and shoes get tight by imbibing water, but he doesn't.

WALK fast till you get upon the right ground, and then *stand* fast.

THE "Democrat" says that the slanders upon its candidate "must almost give him a poor opinion of his race." We guess that after the election, he will have "a poor opinion of his *race*."

A SCURRILLOUS locofoco editor in Arkansas says, that, although opposed to internal improvements, he is in favor of improving the mouth of the Mississippi. We wish he were in favor of improving his own.

WE are not surprised that the editors of the two Democratic papers, tried to get up a presentation of a mug to Mr. W. Each of the two is in the habit of presenting an "*ugly mug*" to everybody he meets.

ONE of the Hardin county jury, it is reported, has been bitten by a snake, since the late verdict. The snake died.—*Democrat.*

The editor of the "Democrat" has been biting the Hardin jury every day for the last three weeks and is alive yet. He must be harder to poison than a snake.

THE editor of the ——— boasts, that, though residing in Ohio, he has been more familiar with Kentucky than we have. In time past, the border chiefs of Scotland, boasted of their familiarity with England, and of the black mail they levied there. It is believed that those citizens of Ohio who have been most familiar with Kentucky *might also boast of the black males levied there.*

THE editor of the —— advises all his friends to go armed to the teeth. We suppose he himself is as full of dirks as a hog's neck is of bristles. But there is no danger in him—he *sticks at nothing.*

OUR neighbor calls our article of last Friday "a fizzle." His best friends are of opinion that such another "fizzle" on our part will cause a "*mizzle*" on his.

WE never belonged to a mutual admiration society.— *Courier.*

Of course not. You never admired anybody but yourself.

WE should suppose that whenever the editor of the —— passes a Kentucky forest or wood, or grove or tree, every limb and twig would make a motion toward him as if to come in contact with his shoulders.

THE editor of the ——— recently fancied himself "a live ox;" but, since our rough handling of him, he is beginning to conclude that he is only *jerked beef.*

THE editor of the "Herald" says that he declines a controversy with us. He is a great deal smarter in declining it, than he was in seeking it.

PLATO defined a man as "a two-legged animal without feathers." If the editor of the ——— were to be treated as other underground railroad men have been, he would soon be *unmanned*—he would find himself a two-legged animal *with* feathers.

IN marriages between whites and blacks, we are by no means certain that the blacks get the best of it. Those who think black folks as good as themselves are not mistaken.

WE see there is a proposition for the erection of a brass statue of Col. B. of Washington. Need the whole statue be brazen? Wouldn't the *face* be enough?

LITTLE do we know of the transformations that all objects undergo in the process of nature. We never see a tear upon the cheek of a coquette without fancying that it may previously have fallen from the eyes of dozens of crocodiles.

SOME malignant old men seem to grow humane as they grow childish. The softening of the brain is accompanied by a softening of the heart.

IF a man, as the Scriptures say, "cannot live by bread alone," is it not wise in him to take a help-*meat*.

IN seasons of war and pestilence, Death seems to exchange his scythe for a patent-mower.

A GOOD citizen is a peace-maker. A bull in a china-shop is a piece-maker too.

THE editor of the "New Hampshire Patriot" says that he expects to grow fat as long as he lives. Ah, yes; but, when he dies, will not the fat be all in the fire?

THE editor of the ——— says he almost scorns to deny our charges, "they are so utterly groundless." We believe he generally scorns to deny "groundless" charges. He prefers confining himself to the denial of true ones.

THE ex-parson of the ——— relates an anecdote to convey the idea that prayers in his opinion would do us no good. We are rather glad the ex-parson thinks so, for we don't want his prayers. If we were to hear of his praying for us an hour, we should, to guard against any evil results, beg him to make matters straight by cursing us the next hour.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us who is the father of the Sag Nichts organization. We don't even know who its mother is, and, if we did, we should probably be able to make only a vague guess at its father. It is like a loose woman's bastard, that may owe its unhonored life to the misconduct of any one of a dozen or a score of good-for-nothing rowdies.

THE editor of the "Southern Democrat" wants to know what makes us so smart. If we are smart, it must be for the same reason that he is so stupid—*can't help it.*

THE editor of the "Democrat" talks about the "fusion party." If his anti-American party isn't a fusion party, the reason must be that so many odds and ends are jumbled together in it as to entitle it rather to the name of the *confusion* party.

THE editor of the "Western Herald" complains that our remarks "oftentimes have two meanings." If his had *one*, it would be a decided improvement upon their present character.

THE editor of the "North West Bulletin" says that he is "gaining flesh." No doubt he steals it from the butcher or from some neighbor's meat-house.

THE author of Christianity was a foreigner.— *Democrat.*

Why, yes, he came from Heaven, and we are afraid that heaven will always be a foreign country to you.

THE editor of the "Democrat" asks whether he can believe his own eyes. Why yes, we suppose he can, unless he squints; but we presume he is not fool enough to believe his own tongue.

WHY is the progress of the editor of the "Journal" like a well-known air? Because it is the Rogue's March.—*Exchange.*

Why will the editor of the ——— be like a tune of Paganini's? Because he'll be executed on a single string.

COL. BENTON refused to give his daughter Jessie to Col. Fremont, and the bold adventurer ran away with her. Old Bullion, it is said, has now quarrelled with his son-in-law and means to assail him as a candidate for the Presidency. He intends to do what he wouldn't do formerly—give him Jessie.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is very immoral to whip men at the polls. How much less immoral is it to buy them before they get there?

A PHYSICIAN in Boston states that the usual accompaniments of the strawberry—sugar and cream—detract very essentially from its healthiness. He argues that, if nature had intended those substances as a part of the berry, she would have put them within the skin.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

We presume that nature feels herself under no obligation to mix for us what we can easily mix for ourselves. Is nature to be expected to mix our pork and beans for us, or our codfish and potatoes.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes us to publish a defence of Gen. Stringfellow, the border ruffian. Our opinion of him is, that, if he had his deserts, he would be a *strung-fellow.*

OUR neighbour is a great fellow at making assertions, and a very little one at proving them. Assertion is his *forte*, and proof his *piano.*

"I AM determined," says a rather hard customer, "to fight the devil all the rest of my life." He should by all means; "having played the devil one half of his life, he ought to fight him the other half.

"YOU will see my face no more," said a romantic young lady to her friends. We wondered whether she was going away from earth, or intending to take to *rouge*—going to *die* or *dye*?

THE editor of the "Democrat" gives us a long article under the head of "The Case Stated." The difficulty is that he never states cases fairly or truly. A statement of his is always one of those "circumstances" that "*alter cases.*"

MANY a beggar is proud of his ancestry. If he has no other coat in the world, he is vain of his coat-of-arms.

WE agree with the editor of the ———, that close watching wouldn't hurt us, but we are apprehensive that it might hurt him seriously. Some editors, conscious that they can't stand watching, seem anxious to avoid it by making themselves not worth watching.

A FRIEND sends us a letter of Gen. Pillow which he asks us to notice. We have more important matters on hand. When we have disposed of them, we may attend to the *Pillow-case.*

THE editor of the "Louisville Journal" undertakes to give an account of the mass meeting that was to be held here last week. The meeting came off, but the mass was omitted.—*Democrat.*

It is true that mass was not celebrated at the American meeting. Probably our opponents, taught by the disastrous failure of their late attempt to get up a gathering at Lexington, will undertake to increase the attractions of their meeting by advertising that grand mass will be celebrated. We may say, not irreverently, that it would be their only way of *raising a host.*

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES says that he has a vivid conception of the evils of Protestantism. That's an "immaculate conception," we suppose.

THE editor of the Boston "Liberator" calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. He needn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not *expel so old a friend from their bosoms.*

A SAG-NICHTS paper says that Texas is calling upon Sam Houston to resign his seat in the U. S. Senate. Texas can, if she chooses, demand of her ex-President to resign the office she gave him, for she need have no apprehension that he can call upon her to resign the independence he gave her.

THE editor of the "Washington Union" undertakes to discuss what he calls a "knotty question." Can such a fellow as he untie anything knotty? Echo answers *not he.*

THE "London Times," speaks of the Americans as "rather stupid." Some of the Times's countrymen have had reason to be convinced, that, in battle, we are not "smart enough to keep out of the fire."

A LOCOFOCO editor says if Judge D. is a drunkard and yet so great a man, what would he be if sober? We are afraid the world will never have a chance to know.

THE quarrel between those two prominent Democrats, Governor Wright and Senator Bright of Indiana, still continues. A locofoco paper, friendly to both, says "there is not much difference between them." There is some, though. Bright is sometimes *right*, but Wright is never *bright.*

THE editor of the —— says that a late sermon of his "went off like hot cakes." This may encourage him to turn regular parson again. Wonder if the apostate from God now contemplates being an apostate from the devil. Can he keep his faith to nothing in heaven or earth or hell?

THE editor of the ——, who has so much to say about dog-meat sausages, doesn't like our intimation that he lives on them. Probably his sausages are a mixture of dog-meat and pork. He has the habits of both animals; he barks at his betters and wallows in the mire.

WE find in a Southern Sag-Nichts paper a wood engraving, representing "Sam" as walking off with a brandy-bottle in his hand. The Sag-Nichts organs are very imprudent to represent him thus. They will have all their fellows running after him.

THE editor of the —— complains that he produces no excitement by his proofs of our abolitionism. He produces no excitement by his proofs, as he calls them, of anything. He knows nothing of any proof except "*fourth-proof*," and his use of that excites only himself.

A LOCOFOCO editor in the interior of Kentucky complains bitterly that a large proportion of his subscribers are in arrears. We always thought that locofocoism *wouldn't pay*.

THE "New York Express" says that unnaturalized foreigners "fill our prisons and poor-houses." Yes, and that is not the worst of it. They fill our ballot-boxes.

A WOMAN in Indiana has demanded a divorce from her husband because he has cold feet. We think she must be as hot-headed as he is cold-footed.

THE editor of the ——— says that he has no temptation to tell lies on us. But what is to be thought of a fellow that lies without temptation?

WE have received from our Arkansas friends the American eagle that they promised us. He is a noble and majestic bird. He is as tameless as when his broad wings beat the air in their native freedom, and when his wild scream of triumph was heard amid the roaring of his mountain-pines. We intend to give this grand bird, that appears at a little distance as bald as the bald Cæsar, a perch in front of our office, where he can gaze upon the blue sky and look his old friend the sun in the eye and be fanned by the breezes and rocked by the storms of heaven. We presume however, that the Anti-Americans will nearly desert the street that he overlooks. They will not be able to dare "the thunder of his beak and the lightning of his eye." The editor of the "Democrat" will have to take some other road home. If he come this way, our king of birds may show himself "right upon the goose."

A CRUEL MAN.—Prentice, of the "Louisville Journal," must be an unfeeling man, a downright cruel man, or he would "let up" the unlucky wight who edits the ——— of that city.—*Memphis Whig.*

We have no thought of letting him up. We keep him crushed down to the earth in fulfillment of the curse pronounced by God against the serpent, "upon thy belly thou shalt crawl." He has been so long accustomed to his position that he could no more stand upright now than a snake could walk upon his tail.

THE editor of the Southern ——— says that one-half of his subscribers complain that they do not get his paper. No doubt the other half complain that it's good for nothing when they do get it.

THE editor of the "Washinton Union" pretends not to know some things that he knows very well. A fellow really so ignorant shouldn't *affect* ignorance.

THE editor of the —— says our nature is so depraved that only falsehood suits us. He evidently thinks this of all his readers' and accommodates himself to what he supposes their taste to be.

THE editor of the ———, alluding to his pious days, says that, while he was going to church, we were going to coffee-houses. Ah, if this is true, how utterly both of us have changed since.

JULIUS CÆSAR'S letter, "I came, I saw, I conquered," has been admired nearly two thousand years for its terseness. We think it rather verbose. The words "I saw" are entirely superfluous. Indeed, we think "I came" wholly unnecessary. "I conquered," would tell the whole story. But Julius had no doubt a good deal of leisure when he wrote that letter, and his style suffered in consequence.

THE editor of the "Democratic Statesman" says that the "Louisville Journal" is apt to get out of order. Probably he thinks so because our paper does as clocks out of order sometimes do—keeps all the time *striking*.

A LETTER from Ireland speaks encouragingly of the prosperity of the farmers, and the decrease of crime.—*Nashville Union.*

There may well be a decrease of crime in Ireland! A decrease of crime follows a decrease of criminals. Ireland has emptied her penitentiaries, jails, work-houses, and houses of correction upon the United States. Whilst there has been a decrease of crime in *that* country, what has been the state of the case in this?

THE editor of the ——— says that "secrecy is ever a badge of guilt." Then why does he wear breeches?

I DO not belong to the Democratic party, thank God. I do not belong to the so called American party, and I thank God for that.

The above passage is from the late speech of Gov. Jones, of Tennessee. The "Nashville Union," in professing to copy it, leaves out the first thank God" and gives only the last "thank God." The editor is unwilling for his readers to know more than half the amount of the Governor's thankfulness to God.

A WASHINGTON paper says that many persons who were Know Nothings a year ago have abandoned the order. Generally speaking, they were not only Know Nothings, but fellows that hadn't the capacity to know anything.

HIS name is in our reach, and unless he shall speedily learn to be decent, we shall deliver to the public a free lecture upon the anatomy of skunks with practical demonstrations.—*Reporter.*

If the editor of the "Reporter" is going to deliver "a lecture upon skunks with practical demonstrations" of the habits of the animal, we hope his audience will understand the necessity of keeping on the windward side of him during his performance.

LUCY STONE recently made a speech insisting that the election of women, as well as men, to Congress would improve the character of that body. We suspect that the habit of "pairing off" would be even more common than it is.

A SAG-NICHTS organ in Pennsylvania says that "the Democrats consider themselves, in the present campaign, as doing not only a political, but a solemn religious duty." Oh yes, and we presume, that, at the close of the proceedings of all their meetings, they fervently exclaim in heart, "Let us *prey*."

A DEMOCRATIC paper asks us to tell why its party is generally up and ours down. No doubt for the same reason that the empty bucket is generally at the top of the well.

ONE of the northern papers calls Mr. Buchanan a dough-face. Who would expect such an old Buck to have a doe-face?

THE editor of the ——— says all the quiet citizens of his State are against dissolving the Union. Oh yes, but pray how many quiet citizens are there in that State?

A WRITER in the "American Agriculturist" insists that farmers ought to learn to make better fences. Why not establish a fencing school for their benefit?

THE Turkish men hold that women have no souls, and prove by their treatment of them that they have none themselves.

IT may seem strange that you cannot see your face in a pane of beautifully stained glass, when everybody admits that it is a *good looking-glass.*

SHAKSPEARE says "there is a divinity which shapes our ends," but unfortunately the sheriff has to be called in to shape some people's.

THE ladies sometimes call men Jack-o'-lanterns. Yes, ladies, that's exactly what we all are. If you run from us, we are certain to follow you; if you run after us, we are likely to retreat all the faster.

IN Illinois, Mr. Bush and Mr. Bird are rival candidates for office. In that case, the people will have to beat the Bush to get the Bird.

ONE of the pictorial papers contains what is called a cut of the President and his Cabinet. It is "the unkindest *cut* of all."

THE longest bridge in the world is considered *peerless*, for the reason that it has more *piers* than any other.

A PIN has as much head as a good many authors, and a good deal more point.

WE presume that women's preference of gentlemen with small hands and delicate fingers had its origin while the old English law was in force, allowing every man to beat his wife whenever he pleased with a stick not thicker than his thumb.

A DISTINGUISHED American writer, in writing against what he considers a prevailing inclination to credulity, says "that the present generation seem a race of gudgeons." He must certainly except the babies—they are only suckers.

"YOU think you are a great man," said an impertinent fellow to a gentleman whom he had offended. "Yes, I am a real *thumper*," replied the gentleman, fitting the action to the word.

AN inventor has made application at the patent office for what he calls an improved lever. He professes to be "able to raise anything with it." We wonder if it will answer for raising children and the wind.

A POLITICAL candidate in Alabama reminds his party leaders that he has "served them at a *pinch*." We suppose that he has passed around his snuff-box among them.

IT seems very strange that chameleons can live on air. It seems a great deal stranger that some writers manage to live by their wits.

AN Illinois editor says that his party is on the verge of a precipice, but calls loudly upon it to march steadily *ahead*. He is a bad leader.

A PAPER in Pennsylvania says that Mr. Buchanan is "Janus-faced." This is not exactly true. Janus had two faces to look in two directions at the same time. Nature was more economical in making Mr. Buchanan. By the aid of a rather ugly squint he can look in two directions with only one face.

THE "Washington Union" invokes every Democrat to "call himself to duty." This idea of a man's calling himself is quite new. But we have heard of a dog who could call himself by having a whistle on the end of his tail.

PUNCH says that reading makes a full man, but fashion makes a full woman. This is altogether witty but only half true. Fashion puts a great deal about a woman but nothing in her.

OUR Exchange papers say, that, although the last year was leap year, the number of marriages in the course of it was less than in ordinary years. This proves either that the women are not as good at courting as the men, or that the men are harder to court than the women.

ONE of our exchanges says that "a newspaper is an impersonality." We confess that we find nothing about the greater part of them but personalities.

SOME of the Democrats of Nashville have given their editor a fleet saddle-horse with saddle and bridle. It looks like a hint to him to be off as fast as possible.

THE "Washington Union" says that certain recent statements in relation to Mr. Marcy are "downright fabrications." We presume the organ means, that, like the famous patch upon Mr. Marcy's breeches, they are "made out of whole cloth."

THE "New York Herald" trusts that Mr. F. may be cured of his low and vicious propensities. We do not believe that he can be cured except as folks cure bacon—by hanging.

THE ——— is to be published hereafter on Sunday. Having broken all the rest of the Lord's commandments, it is now about to break the fourth.

THE "Louisville Democrat" and "Cincinnati Enquirer" have both lately come out in a new dress.—*Paris Flag.*

If, as this language implies, they have got but one dress between them, one of them will have to lie in bed whilst the other circulates.

IT is impossible to say where the American party ends, and the abolition party begins.—*Exchange.*

If the editor of the ——— were mourted on an ass, it would be impossible to say where the man ended and the ass began.

"PLEASE accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl. "Sir, you had better give me the whole wig." "Madame, you are very biting, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

MRS. LUCY HILL complains, in an Arkansas paper, that her nephew has trampled upon her rights and feelings. The graceless young rascal shouldn't be allowed to trample upon his *aunt-Hill.*

THE leaves of most books are inferior to those of the book of nature. They have the greenness without the freshness of the leaves of spring, and the dryness without the moral of those of Autumn.

WE know some men who are good-natured only when they are no longer sober. Like small beer, they get sour if not soon *drunk.*

A WRITER in the "Literary Messenger" speaks of a friend of his that has always been accustomed to the *pen.* Is the friend an author or a pig?

IF a man and his wife are kept apart through the obstruction of navigation by ice, is it proper to say that there is a coldness between them?

THOSE who are ever ready to give the lie are generally not too brave to take what they are not too civil to give.

AN impudent fellow accosted a young lady rudely, and she set a dog on him. She was *chaste* and he was *chased!*

THE charge of a judge is often hard to stand;—that of a battalion, harder still;—that of a money-lender hardest of all.

ONE tear of a woman is oftentimes more formidable than the "three tiers" of a ship of the line.

IF Pierce's Cabinet has "hung together" for four years, it has been owing to his imbecility rather than to its internal harmony. It has not been because the Cabinet was a "unit," but because the President was a cipher.

I LEARN that the inaugural of Mr. Buchanan is finished. It will be short.—*Washington Correspondent.*

It will be long enough before he finishes another.

THE editor of an Alabama paper advises that we and another individual, whom he names, "meet upon the field of honor and fight with squirt guns." If we must use "a squirt" in such an affair, we shall beg the use of the Alabama editor for the occasion.

IN Winchester Centre, Ct., there has not been a death in one and a half years, and but two or three deaths in three years. The village is surrounded by smoking coalpits, and besides there is no physician in the place.—*Albany Statesman.*

We do not see what need there could possibly be for doctors where there is so much smoke to cure folks.

A FELLOW in New York, calling himself "A Jew," says, in a communication against the Know Nothings, that he at least "can see some things." Of course he can. As Shylock says, "hath not a Jew eyes?"

THE Sag Nichts pretend that they attempted no resistance to the Know Nothings at the late election in this city. Therein they did a great deal better than they had ever done before. Usually they have turned out very short political crops, but in this case *they yielded handsomely.*

THE editor of the ——— talks of not putting up with the present officers of the city. They don't want him to "put up" with them. They are not tavern keepers. The jailor is the only one of them that keeps public accommodations.

WE do not by any means denounce all Democratic editors indiscriminately; but, if anybody will show us a Democratic editor who is truthful and patriotic, we will cheerfully and without the slightest hesitation admit that he deserves—not to have been a Democratic editor.

AN insolent correspondent says that he has been under the unpleasant necessity of curtailing his communication. Then the author and his article are well-matched—the one curtailed and the other cur-headed.

THE fruit dealers in our market must be a poor set of creatures if it is really true of men, that we "may know them by their fruits."

THINK of the mighty rivers, running up and down and across the country in every direction, and the controversies about their navigation—is there to be any way of settling them?—*Edward Everett.*

We have very serious doubts whether anything could be done with mighty rivers running *up* the country.

ONE of the New York papers says that a large number of drunken men were picked up in the streets on the night of the 4th. Not only drunken men but sober ones get "picked up" in New York every night and day.

IF you don't want to spoil your children, you may have to spoil a good many rods in raising them.

A PHILADELPIA editor thinks that nations now-a-days are so widely and intimately related that they will probably never decay. He doesn't inform us whether in his opinion individuals will ever be on such amicable terms with each other as to live forever.

IS there a great Northwest?—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Undoubtedly there is, and, if this fact is not speedily recognized by the Central Government, there will be a Great Northwester.

IN one of his "Discourses," Brigham Young expresses the opinion that he has a great deal more influence in Utah than Moses had among the children of Israel. Very likely. But not more than Moses might have had if the children had been his own instead of Israel's.

THE editor of the ——— boasts that there is no other editor in the country who can "propel public sentiment" like him. He richly deserves to be ducked—to be a submerged propeller.

THE "Herald" complains bitterly of the "price of living in New York." It certainly is a fair subject of complaint that living is so dear where life is so cheap.

THE editor of the "Boston Ledger" devotes a column of eulogy to the new postmaster of the city of notions, Mr. Capen. According to the Ledger, Mr. Capen is not only great, but good. The editor probably knows. His panegyric reads as if his belly were by "*good capon lined.*"

WE might answer a fool according to his folly.—*Pennsylvanian.*

No one has a clearer right or could do it better.

THAT comet is a gay deceiver! He promised to jostle the earth, but has only jilted her. The rogue has told a tale instead of showing one.

LAST week we were witness of a difficulty in the interior of the State between a good American and a bad foreigner. Both struck very promptly. The American struck the foreigner, and the latter struck his colors.

EVERY taste may be corrupted by habit. A man may get so accustomed to an offensive atmosphere, that he will stop his nose in passing a garden of jessamines and violets.

A POPULAR writer tells us that women often bear their personal deformities with a feeling akin to pride. They often bare their personal charms with very decided pride.

AN Eastern editor, speaking of a couple of individuals in a situation of great danger, says that "they luckily escaped with a whole skin." It would have been twice as lucky if they had escaped with two whole skins.

A MR. GARDNER fired a pistol at his sweetheart a few days ago, and she has since married him. Who ever dreamed that gunpowder was a love-powder?"

IT is a good sign to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.

YOUNG men who go to balls will do well to remember that a ball should never close with a *reel.*

THE "Edinburg Review" asks what European nation will first burst into a flame. We expect the Dutch will; they are always smoking.

A WOMAN with no friends can't be expected to sit down and enjoy a comfortable smoke, for she hasn't got any *to-back-her.*

IT is difficult to be good-natured in a hot day. Intense heat destroys even the temper of steel, and why not that of flesh and blood?

OUR barber tells us that, although young men are often irresolute, he finds that as they get along in life they generally come to the *scratch.*

A MR. ARCHER has been sent to the Ohio penitentiary for marrying three wives. "Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?"

IF you woo the company of the angels in your waking hours, they will be sure to come to you in your sleep.

WE live neighbor to the free States, and see some of their people every day, and they look and talk pretty much as we do.—*Exchange.*

Well, really, neighbor, if the people of the free States *look* pretty much as you do, we cannot wonder that a large portion of the South is in favor of dissolving all connection with the ugly race. We don't know but we shall have to go for dissolution ourselves.

IT is idle to attempt to scare the Democracy by talking of raising the devil. They are not afraid of the old sinner; they are used to beating him.—*Democrat.*

They are undoubtedly used to *beating him around* the *stump.* As for shaming him, they never do that by telling the truth, but only by outlying him.

JOHN MITCHEL, the Irish Patriot, said, some time ago, that if he were a fool, he should be happy: and, as if acting upon that conviction, he has been making one of of himself ever since. And it has not been with him a pursuit of happiness under difficulties.

A STUPID Sag-Nichts editor in Indiana complains that his sheet is too small to contain the expression of his thoughts. We think then that his thoughts may be considered as corresponding very well with the little girl's definition of chaos—"a great pile of nothing with no place to put it in."

THE editor of the "Somerset Democrat" apologizes to his readers for not giving them more than a half sheet, he says that he will not let it happen again. His readers no doubt will excuse him. "There," said a dutiful parent, after soundly thrashing his little son, "I'll give you the rest next time." "You needn't trouble yourself, daddy."

GEN. QUITMAN, the distinguished fire-eater, is said to be on a visit to the Hot Springs of Alabama. We congratulate him on finding something to wash his fire down with. The general, though an awful filibuster, is personally a capital fellow. We hope the waters will prove hot enough to agree with him.

THE experiment of domesticating camels in this country is reported to have succeeded beyond all rational expectation. We suppose the project will now go merrily forward to the tune of "The Camels are Coming."

CARDINAL RICHELIEU is represented as saying, "in the vocabulary of youth there is no such word as fail." If that is a fact, the vocabulary of youth about these times is very defective.

THE New Orleans papers complain of the want of milk in that city. The Louisiana milk always seems to us as defective in quality as deficient in quantity. Like most of the current jokes, it has no cream to it.

THE "New York Journal of Commerce," alluding to the early poverty of Curran, says:

When he *started in married life*, he writes "My wife *and children* were the only furniture of my apartments."

Under the circumstances, we think *this* was more than he was legitimately entitled to.

M'LLE RACHEL is said to have come back again from the brink of the grave. An improvement has taken place in her health. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

We believe coming back from the *brink* of the grave is generally esteemed a very wholesome trip.

BE gentle in old age. Peevishness is worse in second childhood than in the first.

AN editor in one of our western cities says that the people there have not discovered that the times are hard. Let them undertake to pay their debts, and perhaps they will make the important discovery.

IT is a maxim of many political economists that the country's truest wealth consists of its population. But what if three-fourths of the population can't pay their debts and have nothing to live on? Couldn't such wealth be dispensed with?

A MAN named J. S. Bill has set up a shaving shop in one of our Western cities. We know him of old. Whenever he takes off his beard, he shaves a bad Bill.

A LOCOFOCO editor says, that, if occasion arise, we shall find him good at biting and scratching. He is more accommodating than most vermin. They generally bite and let you scratch for yourself.

THE decision of Judge Goodloe disfranchises all the naturalized citizens of the United States, dead and living.—*Louisville Democrat.*

What an outrage it must be in the eyes of all good locofocos that the dead Irish and Germans should be disfranchised—that they should not be allowed their votes. Our people have manifested a pretty strong aversion to having America governed by live foreigners, and we may have an opportunity of seeing whether they will be more reconciled to her being governed by fleshless Irish and Dutch skeletons with five feet of earth over them.

A CITY paper undertakes to tell how "one may in the hottest of weather drink as much water as one likes" without experiencing any ill effects. We know a great many people who, without resorting to any ingenious expedient, can drink quite as much water as *they like* with perfect impunity.

A GREAT many Democratic expectants in the South are much dissatisfied with Mr. Buchanan, because he does not make place for them by dismissing all the old incumbents of office. They complain, that, although they had high expectations of him, he doesn't *turn out* well.

THE southern Democratic papers earnestly beg the South to submit quietly to the outrageous attacks of Buchanan & Co. in Kansas upon southern rights. These papers think that the thing may certainly be a little painful to the southern mind, but that it will be the making of the Democratic administration. Very likely. In the bull-fighting days, a blacksmith, who was rearing a bull-pup, induced his old father to go on all fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal roaring, exclaimed: "Hold him, Growler, hold him; bear it, feyther, bear it, *it'll be the making of the pup!*"

YOU (the editor of the "Somerset American") are old enough to be our father, and have been a "jack at all trades."—*Northern Herald.*

If your neighbor were a "jack," he would, whether "old enough" to be your father or not, be the very kind of animal that might be expected to sire such a colt.

THE "Philadelphia Evening Journal" wants to know how much further Louis Napoleon "will be allowed to go without a *check.*" Possibly until he finds a *halter.*

IT is some consolation to us of the present generation to find that our ancestors were not more guiltless than ourselves of those crimes and vices for which we are so constantly reproached.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

What fine children those must be who can console themselves in their villainy by the reflection that their fathers before them were as great villains as themselves.

THE "Niagara Falls Gazette" is quarrelling with Buffalo for her alleged attempt to take away from the town of Niagara all the advantages and blessings that Nature has given her. Perhaps the worst of it is that Nature herself is coöperating slowly but surely in this unfair work. We believe the great Cataract itself is travelling regularly up stream at the rate of some inches per year, so that in time, a pretty long time to be sure, it will be Buffalo's Cataract. It is to be hoped, however, that all jealousies between Buffalo and Niagara will be hushed before that time.

HENRY B. HIRST, of Philadelphia, has written a piece of poetry on Mr. Buchanan, in which he invokes him in settling the Kansas and other difficulties to—

> Arm! Go forth naked to the fight!"

Don't do it, old Buck! Don't violate all the laws of civilized warfare. Kill the enemy legitimately if you can, but don't *scare* them to death.

THE Democratic editor at Little Rock says that it puzzles him to tell when the banks do most harm, when they pay specie or when they don't. We presume he would be still more puzzled to tell whether the State of Arkansas would do most harm by paying her debts or not paying them, as she has never made an experiment of the former operation.

A VIRGINIA editor tells about a prodigious calf that he saw at "the Springs." The editor was probably drinking from one of the Springs when he discovered the prodigy.

IT is an old and true saying, that a man should not marry unless he can support a wife, and, from some examples that we have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

IT has been ill-naturedly said that the more prosperous the country the louder the clamors of the New England mills. It would seem that the panic is pretty effectually extinguishing their *clatter*.

A LADY in Holmes county, Mississippi, hung herself a short time since from mortification on account of her husband's having been caught playing cards with a negro. There appears to have been sensibility enough for two in that family, but unfortunately it was all concentrated in one.

KEITT of South Carolina, we notice, is soaring aloft before Palmetto audiences on the "Study of Nature." His constituents can't do better than *let him fly*.

THE "Philadelphia Bulletin" inquires at some length into the "true origin" of the Mormons. We think the public just at present is more particularly interested in their true destiny. Let us kill the snake before we count his rattles.

A GREAT many of our people are strongly in favor of the liquor law—all but the law.

ON the morning of the 2d, two policemen, Joseph Early and Washington Bright, were set upon by a group of ruffians in an obscure part of the city, though fortunately the scoundrels got the worst of it, barely escaping with their lives.—*London paper.*

We wonder if these fellows were not a little sorry that they waked up Bright and Early that morning.

THE "Memphis Eagle" wants to know how a man can "learn the philosophy of human wisdom and be otherwise than honest." The process is very simple. He has only to forget to put into practice the wisdom he has acquired.

A DEMOCRATIC editor in the State of ——— says that, in Kentucky, there are two hundred and twenty idiots under the public charge. That's not true; but one important difference between our State and his is, that in the former, the public have the charge of idiots, while in the latter, idiots have charge of the public.

A CANADIAN paper mentions the marriage of Mr. Joseph *Sterling* to Miss Anne *Stirling*. Love-strokes are not usually severe, but this one, it is plain, has knocked an *i* out.

THE editor of "Journal" said he had caught us, but he finds he has caught it.—*Exchange.*

Yes, we mistook your gender. We stand corrected.

SOMEBODY commends the moon as a pattern of temperance, because "the fuller she gets, the smaller her horns become. He forgets that she makes up for the smallness of her horns by taking them *straight.*

THE "Democrat" says that its political friends begin to show their teeth. Their under-lips hangs so low they can't help it.

A WOMAN always keeps secret what she does not know.—*Exchange.*

It is a pity that all men do not imitate her discretion.

THE "Boston Courier" referring to the financial crisis, says: "Our New York friends 'brag' too much." We are strongly of the opinion that they "hold fast" too much.

THE admirers of Mr. Banks, the Republican candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts, call him the "iron man." The result of the pending canvass will certainly show that he was made to be beaten.*

THE financial crisis is taken in Wall street with wonderful coolness. They *bear* it there without a particle of feeling.

THOMAS A. SARDINBURG, the cashier of the branch bank of Cape Fear, at Washington, N. C., committed suicide by shooting himself. No cause is assigned for the rash act.—*Telegraphic Dispatch.*

Perhaps the poor fellow preferred shooting to *suspending.*

A LOCOFOCO editor in Texas boasts that he has made something of his party in that quarter. He must be a near relative of the woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke.

* Mr. Banks was elected nevertheless.

THE Whisky Root is the name of a species of cactus found in Mexico, which when eaten is said to produce the same effect as alcoholic drinks. One has only to bite off and swallow a piece to experience all the effects of the most unquestionable intoxication. If this root should come into general use, the facility of taking "*nips*" would be greatly increased.

A WOMAN in Florida, named Cross, lately gave birth to an infant son which weighed only one pound. That Cross wasn't hard to bear.

AN exchange says that Mr. ——— has lost his heart to a beautiful girl. He may have lost his heart to an angel, but he has lost his soul to the devil.

TWO men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assailed in the suburbs of Baltimore, a few nights ago, by a gang of shoulder-hitters. Flint was knocked down, but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels hit Flint, *Sparks flew.*

AN impertinent editor in Alabama wants to know when we "intend to pay the 'debt of nature?'" We are inclined to think that when nature gets her dues from *him* it will be by an *execution.*

WE are in favor of toleration, but it is a very difficult thing to tolerate the intolerant and impossible to tolerate the intolerable.

MR. G. A. Banks, an editor in Arkansas, publishes a long article giving an account of an attempt of a neighbor to "gouge" him. "Gouge on Banking" was published several years ago, and now we have Banks on gouging.

THE editor of the ———— talks about people's being "afflicted with the epidemic of honesty." When such an epidemic is raging, he had better look out, for, even if, like the small-pox, it can attack the same system but once, we fear *he is still liable.*

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the "Boston Courier," says "these are musical times among certain politicians at the Capital." We understand that there have been a good many overtures among them—though none as yet for the public ear.

GEO. DEVLIN, a drunken fellow in Maine, has lodged a complaint against his wife for playing practical jokes on him when he is intoxicated. The lady had better quit her *Devlin.*

A SOUTHERN paper says that the administration is resolved "to lay the axe at the root of the credit system." It has begun by laying the axe at the root of its own credit.

A TAPE-WORM, said to be seventy feet long, was removed from Mr. J. Gear, of Hartford, last week. Mr. Gear had been ill for some time. Mr. Gear was out of gear because the worm wasn't.

THE newspapers give us an account of a child's dying from having a full-grown mouse in its stomach. How can the U. S. Government be expected to live four years with ten thousand overgrown rats in its abdomen?

THE Democrats say that the country has a very great treasure in Mr. Cobb, but she certainly has none in the Treasury he presides over.

AN occasional dealer in verses, who has taken the "Journal" a number of years without paying for it, asks if we have not something of his in our office. We ask in turn if he has not something of ours in his pocket.

A DEMOCRATIC gentleman in Arkansas has abandoned the editorship of a paper and gone to mule-raising. He would probably do a bigger business in raising horse-colts, for he was always remarkable for finding mare's nests.

THERE is a Sag-Nichts editor in Mississippi, very dirty in his personal habits, who never holds a political opinion twenty-four hours. He shifts oftener than he shirts.

THE "Richmond South" says that Mr. Douglas has shown the cloven foot. Every Buchanan senator, that has stood within the sweep of the Little Giant's broad-sword, has shown a cloven head.

FRED DOUGLASS, the negro orator, is publishing statements as to alleged occurrences in the South. Fred's statements, like himself, are *colored.*

A DEMOCRATIC lady, who has written to us from a distance, professes to have too much delicacy to read our paper. We suppose it is because she sees a naked truth in every paragraph.

THE "Southern Mercury" speaks of its party as "the heavy-handed Democracy." They may be heavy-handed, but when they have been within arm's length of the public spoils, they have shown themselves light-fingered.

A DYING man upon the gallows lately affirmed that the first step in his career of crime was that of not paying for a newspaper.—*Exchange.*

If it was a locofoco newspaper, the fellow's *first* step in the career of crime was taking it, and the *second* not paying for it.

AN exchange says that Gen. Santa Anna is in Havana, "hatching out a filibustering scheme against Mexico." We doubt if as yet the one-legged intriguer has thoroughly succeeded in *laying* his scheme.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says that Mr. J. B. C.'s manner of speaking is "*imposing.*" In one respect this is true. His manner excites hopes which his matter extinguishes.

HENRY CLAY PATE seems anxious to render himself as obnoxious as possible to the Free State men of Kansas. In the event of a future hostile collision between the two parties in that Territorry, the Lecomptonites will be very likely to get their Pate broken at the start.

A BUFFALO paper announces that Dr. Brandreth has introduced a *bill* into the Legislature. Is the editor sure that he minded his *p's* in his announcement?

LONGFELLOW says that "Art is long and time is fleeting." Time took wing before Art began, and, "fleeting" as it is, we have a notion that it will be on the wing, a tireless wing, when Art is ended.

THE editor of a small but sharp sheet in Pennsylvania says that his "paper has just been knocked into pi." It always was a little tart.

OUR Cincinnati friends were lately set all agog by a "golden wedding." It no doubt was a very splendid affair, but golden weddings are common with us. Indeed, the majority of our beaus and belles are decidedly opposed to any other sort.

A LADY correspondent, who professes to be horrified at the indelicacy of our paper, threatens for the future to set her foot on every copy she sees. She had better not. Our paper has *i's* in it.

A STUPID lawyer in Illinois got thrashed in a fist-fight the other day. The pettifogger made as bad a "fist" at his antagonist as he makes at the law.

LEVI J. NORTH, the great circus rider, is the Democratic candidate for alderman in the third ward of Chicago. We presume he was selected on account of his well-known skill in riding two horses at once.

AN English paper says that a superbly ornamented whip was one of the presents made to the Princess Royal of England on her late wedding day. We are not told whether the bridegroom, upon the making of that suspicious present to his royal bride, looked scared or not. The richest part of the whip was the butt—so we presume she will give her spouse the other end, if either.

GOV. WISE is said to object to the horse in Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington, recently placed upon a pedestal at Richmond. The Governor says "It is neither horse, mule, nor jackass."—*Exchange.*

If the Governor is right, Mr. Crawford's horse is among quadrupeds pretty much what the Governor himself is among politicians.

NICARAGUA and the United States are two very unfortunate countries. The former has had her President kidnapped and the latter hasn't. We don't know which is entitled to the more condolence.

WHY was Pharaoh's daughter like the Cincinnati brokers? Because she got a little *prophet* from the *rushes* on the *banks*. —*Exchange*.

We think she would have been decidedly more like them if she had got a big one.

A NEW YORK paper says, that in a certain section of that city, the people are *growling* a good deal. We suspect there must be a sausage market in their neighborhood.

IF a man publishes his biography, let him get as much as he can for it. He has a right to sell his life as dearly as possible.

A DEMOCRATIC paper of the North, which supports Buchanan and Lecompton, says that the Kansas difficulty "is, without exception, the most miserable exigency in which the Democratic party ever found itself." If this is so, Mr. Buchanan's friends may boast that he is exactly "*equal to the exigency*."

ACCORDING to one Washington correspondent, Grow struck Keitt twice in the face. First the *eyes* had it, and then the *nose*.

A MINNESOTA paper says that wolves are abundant in that territory. Broadcloth must be in demand there if their wolves, like a good many of ours, are in the habit of wearing sheep's clothing.

LET the wheels of a railroad train run over your dimes and quarters and halves, and there will be *an expanded currency;* let them pass over a ten-dollar gold piece, and you will have *a spread eagle.*

ALL the women of the villages on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving-belles.

IT may be a question not easy to decide whether an individual, entitled to no sort of respect, has a right to respect himself.

OUR neighbor of the "Democrat," having thrown off the fetters of party in regard to one subject, is evidently disposed to express himself freely on several others. He experiences something of the sweets of liberty confessed by the girl who had lost her beaus: "Sal, I am so glad I have no beaus now!" "Why?" "'Cause I can eat as many onions as I please."

MORE than twenty years ago we met a handsome young gentleman who was a zealous Whig. Last week we met him in Washington, an old wrinkled locofoco. We were not a little puzzled to decide whether Time had most injured his beauty or his politics.

WHAT is the chief end of an Alderman?—*New York Paper.*

It would probably be much more easy than polite to say what is the "chief end" of those well-fed functionaries.

A CINCINNATI paper says that "rogues find no quarter" there. Probably that's so. They might search half the pockets in the place and find "no quarter."

A CORRESPONDENT of the "New York Journal of Commerce," advocating the increase of the army, says that "we already have seen in this Republic the necessity of physical law." Yes, we have found the law of gravitation especially indispensable.

IN a recent criminal trial in Texas, a certain Gen. Rule took it in high dudgeon because he was challenged by the Commonwealth's attorney. The sensitive gentleman ought to have remembered that there are "*exceptions to all* Rules."

IN reading the trashy and sophistical speeches of the leading Lecomptonites in Congress, we are reminded of the old Quaker lady's quiet response to a palavering storekeeper: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy business."

THE editor of the "Washington Union" says that he always makes a point of doing his duty. We certainly never heard of his doing his duty when he *couldn't* make a point of it.

A FUNNY correspondent of a western paper says that he has tried fifty different avocations within the last year and expects to try twice as many next year. He is as bad as a postage-stamp. He can't stick to anything.

THE editor of an eastern paper, in an article intended to evince great profundity of speculation, wants to know "if a man falling from the clouds would expire before reaching the ground." Very likely he would, sir. If you were to undergo such a tumble, it is highly probable, notwithstanding your large experience in tumbling, that the devil would get your soul before the earth got your body.

THE editor who uses weak arguments and strong epithets makes as great a mistake as the landlady, who furnishes weak tea and strong butter.

HON. S. S. COX, Representative from Ohio, says that those who undertake to read out the western Democrats opposing Lecompton "*might as well try to read the hickories out of the western woods.*"—*Exchange.*

If the anti-Lecompton Democrats cannot be read out of the Democratic party, the office-holding portion of them can at least, in these days of guillotining, be *axed* out of office. And so the hickories can be axed out of the western woods.

A VALUED friend sends us a small club of subscribers from an intensely locofoco neighborhood in Illinois, with the assurance that he might possibly increase the list, if we think the effort worth while. Certainly we think it worth while. Intensely locofoco neighborhoods are the places above all others where we wish our paper to circulate largely. "Sambo," said a clergyman, distracted by the multiplicity of his "calls," to his old negro servant, "where shall I go?" "Massa, *go where de most debbil.*"

JOHN MITCHEL says, in his "Southern Citizen," that this country "needs a rattling war." She certainly does not need any more rattling Irishmen.

A DUBLIN editor says that "Buffaloes are peculiarly an American animal." Bulls are as peculiarly an Irish production.

THE two sections of the Democracy seem at present to devote their whole time to *reading*. Their reading, however, does not seem to take a very wide range. They are simply reading each other out of the Democratic party.

IT seems to be a subject of doubt among the *quid nunes* at Washington whether Mr. Buchanan will die or resign. We think he will do *neither*—which is decidedly worse than *either*.

IF there shall be any more fights in the Capitol, the United States will soon get to be talked of among all civilized nations as "keeping a disreputable house."

A LECOMPTON editor says that he would rather have oranges shot by Capt. Travis from a post or from a cabbage-head than his own. Probably the impartial public would have very little choice in the matter, and see very little difference in the cases.

AN English writer says that the American ladies of the present day feel or affect a spirit of independence. We certainly have seen, at fashionable parties, many a lady, who, we thought, might very appropriately recite Smollett's fine lines to Independence:

> "Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion heart and eagle-eye,
> Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare."

WE see that a couple of very terrible South Carolina editors went out to fight a duel; but Mr. A. backed half out, and Mr. C. t'other half. They may be great at eating fire, but they can't *stand* it.

MR. STONE, of the "Texas Ranger," writes a furious paragraph against a neighbor of his, charging him, among other things, with having the hydrophobia. If the neighbor really has the hydrophobia, this is a good opportunity to see whether the "*mad Stone*" will cure it.

WE have received several long communications upon the subject of the Ohio River. However interesting in themselves, they are upon a *dry subject.*

IF young fellows are a great deal readier to volunteer to go and fight men who have fifty wives apiece than those that have only one apiece, what are we to infer—that they are after the men or the women?

THE editor of the "Washington Union" says that he and his friends keep step to the music of the Union. They keep truer step to the jingle of Uncle Sam's pocket.

"YOU'LL have to bear the responsibility," said a mother to a bright-eyed daughter, who thought of marrying without the maternal approbation. "I expect to bear several, ma."

A NEW ORLEANS paper eulogizes the marble statue of a beautiful female as "neat, chaste, and classical." We suppose that all marble women are chaste.

A LATE biography of Mr. Buchanan says that he is but sixty-eight years of age. He is 74, though he isn't *a man of war.*

SENATOR GREEN, in his last speech, undertook to make "five points." They were about as respectable as the place of that name in New York.

A CINCINNATI paper says of Senator Pugh, that "the truth isn't in him." It is very sure the truth never gets into such a strange Pugh.

THE "Portland Advertiser" asks whether certain members of Congress must not feel a consciousness of crime when they have the government charged with the articles they take to furnish the boudoirs of their wives and sweethearts. We don't suppose they take time to consult their consciences about such matters. "Dick, ain't it wicked to rob dis chicken-roost?" "Dat's a great moral question, Gumbo, we ain't time to argue it now; hand down another pullet."

A MINNESOTA paper speaks of a lady in that State who has had twenty-one children. This augurs well for the population of the new State. But we think that, however good the health of the lady in question may be, her physician ought to advise a cessation of labor.

A BRITISH paper revives Cowper's boast that "slaves cannot breathe in England." It is quite as much as strong-lunged white men can do—in such a foggy and dismal atmosphere.

AN Alabama paper calls the Southern National Convention "a grave body." And yet thousands are laughing at it. However grave it may be, it upsets the gravity of others.

MR. FOLEY, who represents in Congress the literature of Indiana locofocoism, is slightly too sparing of his o's in the spelling of his name.

A BOSTON artist has made a handsome drawing of a cork-tree for one of the pictorial newspapers. Perhaps he is the first artist that has drawn an entire cork-tree, but we know many a one that has probably drawn more corks than an entire tree would make.

"I ALWAYS pick my company," said a suspicious character, turning from a company of gentlemen to whom he saw he was disagreeable. "And their pockets, too, when you get a chance," replied one of them.

A CITY paper says that Capt. Travis will give satisfaction to all who visit his pistol gallery. We don't hink many of them will demand it.

AN Ohio editor complains that he has got his hand "badly burnt." We suppose that his editorials may hereafter be considered as coming from a *raw hand.*

A VILLAIN generally plays the coward, as if he supposed that the blackness of his heart might be redeemed by the whiteness of his liver.

A MAN'S mouth is made to talk and eat, yet he often hurts himself dreadfully by talking, and kills himself by eating.

A DISTINGUISHED writer says that "nothing can be great which is not right." Will he tell us what he thinks of *a great wrong*?

A MORAL writer says that every puff of wind has its use. Some people's breath is an exception.

JOHN MITCHEL, the Irishman, is anxious that something should be done immediately to stop the free speech of the Hon. John Bell in the U. S. Senate. He is not the only political miscreant disposed to cry out with Macbeth, "stop that dreadful Bell."

NO doubt the most immoral of musicians is a fiddler; he is engaged in more *scrapes* than all the rest put together.

A GREAT many gentlemen, if they happen to see a widow *in weeds*, are disposed to *cultivate* her.

AN Alabama editor says, "we earnestly believe that the great Democratic party has all along been an instrument in God's hand for the preservation of human liberty." The instrument, whatever the Lord may have used it for, is certainly broken in two now, and we don't think he will take the trouble either to mend it or make another like it.

THE "Vicksburg Whig" says that a couple of gentlemen went over the river there to fight a duel, but, "not being able to agree, returned home." It is a very common thing for men to fight because they can't agree, but it seems a little queer that a couple of fellows should, for that reason, *refuse* to fight.

A LONDON correspondent of the "Evening Post" says that "the last Punch makes many suggestions to the ladies, some of them very good ones." When gentlemen take half a dozen punches, the last one generally makes a great many suggestions to them, but more bad ones than good.

MRS. SWISSHELM denounces kissing at social country parties. She never denounced it when she was young and her lips were attractive. How very proper these old ladies get to be! Why should not the recollections of their own youth teach them to have some sympathy with us young folk?

A CHICAGO paper, in view of the expected conflict with the Mormons, says somewhat poetically that "Old war is about to raise his horrid front in our land." But this Utah affair is not an "Old War." It is a *Young* war.

WE like the one hour rule in Congress. A sensible man can discuss any subject in an hour, and an hour is too much to listen to a fool.

IT is said to be an established fact that all sorts of brute animals attach themselves more readily to men than to women. We hardly know to which of the sexes this preference is a compliment.

YOUNG gentlemen of poetic temperament should remember that polkas, waltzes, and other similar institutions were not invented to give opportunity to hug the ladies, but as a means to display grace, agility, power of endurance, etc.—*Exchange.*

We don't believe one word of that. We have never doubted that polkas, waltzes, etc., were invented expressly to give opportunity to hug the ladies, and, that they will be superseded as soon as some new dance shall be got up affording a chance for closer hugging and more of it. We are entirely uninformed as to whether the ingenious inventors of polkas, waltzes, etc. etc., were gentlemen or ladies. We have our suspicions though.

THE editor of the "Memphis Avalanche," in reply to a paragraph of ours about the probable necessity of hanging a few southern fire-eaters, says he would inform the "Journal" that the lovers of southern soil, that is the fire-eaters, "intend to do some *hanging themselves.*" Well, let them do as much in the way of "hanging themselves" as they like. In that case, the last act of their lives will be the best.

THE course of Senator Green, of Missouri, is unquestionably disapproved by a large majority of the people of that State. He will disappear from the public service as soon as his constituents can get him out. Thenceforth he will be "*Invisible Green.*"

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Illinois, whom we will not name, received a new impulse the other day. He was shockingly *kicked.* He swears, however, that he will "still stand erect." We suppose he will stand up because it hurts him to sit down.

JUDAS ISCARIOT, after playing the traitor, went and hung himself. Unfortunately for the country, our modern traitors are satisfied to imitate one part of his example and stop short of the other.

THE English papers speak of the daughter of an old miser named Grubb, who lately married and is exciting quite a sensation in the fashionable world. Nothing is more natural than that in ceasing to be a Grubb she should become a butterfly.

THE editor of the "Western Argus" says that he never flatters public sentiment. We don't see why he should. Public sentiment was never at all flattering to him.

THE editor of the "Cincinnati Enquirer" complains that a dictionary has been stolen from his table. We hope it will do the thief more good than it ever did the honest man.

THE "Scientific American" says, in an article upon serpents, that a female adder has fifty young ones every year. It seems then that the adder is a great multiplier.

IT is said that "an honest man is believed without an oath, because his reputation swears for him." It may be added that a dishonest man is not believed with an oath, for his reputation swears at him.

ONE of the Louisville printing offices seems to be a poultry-pen. The editor says, "An egg was laid on our table yesterday."

WE saw an accomplished surgeon cutting a swell the other day. It must have weighed about a pound, and the operation was performed with complete success.

IT is said that Mr. Hackney, the late Democratic door-keeper of the House of Representatives, peculated during his brief term of office to the amount of thousands. This "Hackney" wasn't a "slow coach."

THE Democratic papers think that we can never succeed in Kentucky because we failed of success in the last election. The Disciples were no doubt capital fishermen, but they fished all one night, and it is recorded of them, "And that night they caught nothing."

A DEMOCRATIC editor of Indiana predicts that we shall support Mr. Buchanan in 1860. We expect to give him a very vigorous support for the ex-Presidency.

A LOUISVILLE correspondent of the "New Orleans Courier" says that a great many parties are given in this city. We wish somebody would give one to our neighbor of the "Democrat." He has been without a party for some months past.

MRS. A. PRATT of Philadelphia, aged seventy-five, has married a young man named Lamb. One would think that she is old enough to desire peace and quiet instead of having a bed-Lamb always about her.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, in one of his late sermons, gives a curious account of his travelling four hundred miles by stage in 1839, starting *with only* $13 50 in his pocket. He states that, at every point where he had expenses to pay, he found his pocket, on putting his hand into it, mysteriously and miraculously replenished. Is he quite sure that it was always his own pocket he got his hand into?

MEN and women who read a great many light and superficial works will have a mere mass of crude and worthless knowledge, unless they also read books filled with stern, strong, hard thought. The birds have to pick up pebble-stones to aid the digestion of the softer contents of their craws.

THE mug of a fool is known by there being nothing in it.—*Exchange.*

There are a good many fools whose mugs are frequently filled and as frequently emptied.

SOME persons, after becoming so bad that they can't expect to get to Heaven, seem to rest all their hopes upon making themselves so much worse that the devil won't take them.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES, in instituting against the editor of the "Albany Statesman," Mr. James B. Swain, a suit of libel, has put his damages enormously high. If the editor is able to pay them, he must have been like Norval's father, "a frugal Swain."

IN Newburyport, a few days ago, a man of but ordinary stature *knocked down an elephant.* He was an auctioneer.

AN old friend in Indiana writes us a letter in which he mentions two remarkable day's works, one in spinning and the other in weaving, performed by his daughter Patience. She is a smart girl. If any fine young fellow in that neighborhood wants a capital wife, we say to him, have Patience.

A FRIEND of ours says he would have always remained single, but he could not afford it. What it cost for gals and concert-tickets is more than he now pays to bring up a wife and eight children.—*Exchange.*

But wouldn't his expense be still less, if, instead of bringing up a wife, he were to marry one already brought up?

A DRUNKEN father undertook to chastise an undutiful son, nearly as large as himself, in the Second Ward, on the 4th of July, but fell suddenly down—prostrated by a *son-stroke.*

M. BELLY avows his détermination to have the United States held to a terrible responsibility. He hasn't a single bowel of compassion in him.

FROM the days of the poet Job down to Socrates and Xantippe, and so on down to Byron, and finally to Dickens, matrimonial unhappiness has ever attached to literary men.—*Exchange.*

We have never seen any evidence that Job was a poet. Indeed the evidence seems to us strongly the other way. Job is represented to have been the most patient of men, and we have never known poets of either gender at all remarkable for their patience.

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Kentucky charges that the American papers are getting less and less decent. The fact is they paint truly the features of the Sag-Nichts party, and that party is getting uglier and uglier. "A plague on this looking-glass!" exclaimed a forlorn old maid; "looking-glasses are a thousand times meaner now than they were twenty years ago!"

A LADY named Temple, who is well known in the fashionable regions in Belgravia, has discovered a remedy for stuttering. It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a louder tone.—*London Paper.*

We suppose talking in a whisper would do just as well, and it wouldn't be an unpleasant remedy if the patient found himself seated beside a lovely and romantic girl.

IT is said to be a fact that nearly every woman in the city has one or more "skeletons" in her closet.—*Boston Post.*

The skeletons of murdered husbands, we suppose. What a terrible set of females the Boston women must be—to murder their husbands and refuse them Christian burial!

A RHYMER writes to us that he incloses some of his pieces, and asks if we would "like to have a few such *lays.*" We would much rather have a hen's.

AN Auburn paper praises very highly a new lock said to have been got up in that city. Auburn locks have always been admired.

A SCURRILOUS correspondent of a New Orleans paper says that Gen. Scott has no heart. Perhaps that writer thinks that the old hero is all pluck.

THE Illinois Democrat boasts that an American, named Fitz Hubert, has joined the Democracy. We have no objection to giving them Fitz.

IT is said that M. Belly has not money enough to prosecute his designs. Poor Belly is *cramped.*

THE "Illinois Journal" asks if we can "throw any light on kissing. We don't care to; the thing is just as well in the dark.

A MR. J. BLACK, declares for the dissolution of the Union. Let him have a traitor's reward:

"Hung be the Heavens with *Black.*"

PHILANTHROPY and friendship seldom exist together in the same bosom. The heart that stretches from pole to pole is apt to spurn all intermediate ties. Its friendships, if it ever formed any, will, ten to one, be found dangling in mid-air, like telegraphic insulators over forsaken posts in the valleys.

A CORRESPONDENT discusses learnedly what he considers the great advantages of an exclusively vegetable diet. We don't believe in it. Nebuchadnezzar tried it when Heaven bade him "go to grass," and it didn't agree with him.

THE rich miser in Norwich, who dug up his wife's body and took from her mouth a gold plate and set of false teeth, has been put under bonds to take his trial. It seems a pity the spirit of his wife didn't come back and animate her dead jaws long enough to make them bite him when he had his pilfering fingers in her mouth.

GOOD JAM.—Crowd ten fashionably dressed ladies into one stage-coach.—*Exchange.*

That may be very good "jam," but we'll not be helped to any, we thank you.

LIKE other men, we are sometimes provoked to give "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.—*N. Y. Express.*

We should very decidedly prefer to *take* an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

A FIRE-EATING friend was recently presented with a new pair of boots, which, he says, are "admirably adapted to kicking." Another person we know, a few days before, received a fine pair of boots, perhaps not quite new, but equally adapted to the same use. The gentleman who presented the latter pair did not see fit to take them off during the interesting ceremony of presentation.

THE "Washington Union" says there is to be "no change in the Cabinet." There has been precious little if any in the Treasury for some time.

THOSE gentlemen who are in constant fear of their wives, undoubtedly give the very finest exhibitions of *sheep-husbandry.*

AN Albany paper says that five gallons of New York milk were recently placed in a patent churn in that city, and the product of the churning was two gallons of good whisky.—*Exchange.*

Only let the fact become generally known in New York, and the rush for the milk of the "stump-tail cows" will be greater than ever. However, one good result will follow: not a gill of the fluid will be left for the poor, innocent babies.

THE "Country Gentleman" says that eggs may be preserved by putting them in corn-meal or bran, small end down.—*New Albany Paper.*

We don't think that any one need undertake to preserve our neighbor in that way, for, in the first place, he is a "bad egg" already, and, in the second, if he were put "small end down," his blood would all run into his head, and he would die of apoplexy.

THE "Chattanooga Advertiser" announces, as if it were something remarkable, that, although the site of the proposed Southern University is nearer the centre of the Slave States than any other point, "*a more ruddy-looking population can nowhere be found!*"

OUR neighbor of the ——, attending to a certain matter, says that "from a regard for truth he will have to remain silent." He seems conscious that he best shows his regard for truth when he doesn't open his mouth.

THE editor of the "Allegan (Michigan) Record" keeps a distillery. His neighbors are at a loss to decide which is the more villainous compound, his politics or his whisky.

THE editor of the "—— Mercury" says "everything must have an end." He no doubt has two—one to be cuffed and the other kicked.

MR. CRITTENDEN is in no danger from the miserable little politicians that are assailing him. Cromwell came near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey, but the full-grown Cromwell could have defied "a wilderness of monkeys," and so can the full-grown Crittenden.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the "Hartford Times" says that the President sometimes sheds tears over the dissensions of the Democracy. He seems to be a *crying evil.*

THE editor of the "Inquirer" says he would "rather hold a controversy with statesmen than with blackguards." Of course, for he has more cause of difference with them.

A NEW YORK jury, upon clear proof that a man had deliberately shot a woman for resisting his base efforts to dishonor her, found him guilty of murder in the second degree. What sort of murder would that jury call "A No. 1?"

WHEN the tailor looked at the Falls of Niagara, with its thick cloud of spray, he exclaimed, "Gods! what a place to sponge a coat!" When a corrupt politician looks at a seat in Congress, with all its immense facilities for sacrificing the national interests to the highest bidder, he mentally exclaims, "Gods! what a splendid place to sponge the people!"

THE editor of the "Indiana Journal" says he is a believer in "total depravity." Since we became an attentive reader of the "Journal" we have ourselves been half converted to that doctrine.—*New Albany Ledger.*

And the other half, too, we guess; and we certainly shall not be so uncivil as to charge any inconsistency between your doctrine and your practice.

AN Indiana editor says very ill-naturedly that he's not disposed to give us credit for anything. He ought to credit us for the money he once borrowed of us as well as for the paragraphs he now steals from us.

THE "Southerner" speaks of a man who died, leaving all his property to his sons if they should be Democrats. That old fellow evidently took a hint from the Greek philosopher, who bequeathed a large fortune to his children if they should prove fools; for, said he, if they are wise men they will not need it.

A LITTLE Democratic editor in the interior professes to be holding his nose at the Know Nothing party. Let him hold it, and pinch it, and pull it, and twist it, as much as he pleases. He can save better men the trouble.

THE editor of the "Portland Democrat recently proposed to pay some of his small debts by sending his paper to his creditors. A neighbor of his thinks that it would be outrageous to pay a debt to the devil himself in such a depreciated currency. But we don't see why the devil shouldn't be paid in his own coin.

BE careful, neighbor Prentice, for, "if the *righteous* shall scarcely be saved," what the deuce will become of you?—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Why, of course, in that event, we shall "scarcely be saved."

WE hope the merchants of Cairo are doing a fine business. We know that, a short time ago, they were entirely out of *dry* goods.*

AN Arkansas editor complains that his town, for some time past, has been "filled with fishermen and loafers," and wonders "what they are after." After loaves and fishes no doubt.

* The town was inundated with water.

THE entrance door of the new Capitol at Washington, simply the *door*, constructed under the direction of the Buchanan administration, cost $23,000. We suppose that the Democracy will swallow unhesitatingly most of the administration's expenditures, but we guess that even they won't much like to *bolt that door.*

THE "London Times" exclaims "how shall Great Britain get rid of the war in Asia?" Why doesn't she carry it into Africa?

IT is rumored that one of the Sag-Nichts editors in this State intends going to California. He would have found it difficult to go there by sea before the passage across the isthmus was opened. He never could *pass around a horn.* Ah, we mistake, he could always *double a horn* without difficulty.

IF the Mrs. Blount whose name is just now in everybody's mouth, doesn't properly respect herself or her husband, it can't be denied that she shows every disposition to *Rivière* her daughter.

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Illinois cries out against "human nature." We don't think very much of human nature ourselves. Sometimes we are half disposed to think that it would have been as well if Eve had taken the sulks and refused to have Adam.

A REPUBLICAN paper complains that the Northern members of Congress who concede most to the South at Washington are the very ones who claim most for the North at home. Very likely. Fellows that "lick the dust" before their election may be expected to "eat dirt" afterward.

ONE of the subjects of Parisian gossip just now, is a rare case recently brought to light of a man 120 years old. Four years ago he married a wife who was his junior by just a hundred years, and by whom he has three children!—*Exchange.*

We don't believe they look like him.

IT is said that the health of Cairo is bad. We shall never believe in the water cure again.

THE editor of the "Portland Journal" says that his neighbor dreams continually of getting into a position where he could seize on the contents of the National Treasury. It must be a silly spirit that inspires such silly dreams. "Abel! Abel!" cried an old gentleman one night to his son, "Satan has been tempting me all night to go and drown myself in the horse-trough." "Well, he must be a great fool, daddy, for there hasn't been a drop of water in it these six weeks."

A WRITER in the "Minnesota Advocate" says, that, unable to get help, he has left his garden to be cultivated by his poultry. We hope, their *crops* are all in good condition.

THE editor of the "Portland Democrat," after talking extravagantly and ridiculously about the merits of the administration, says that he is "incompetent to describe them fully." Then we advise him to take a hint from the advice given by the Methodist minister, to a good brother who was groaning tremendously at a love feast. "Please, brother, groan a little more quietly." "Ah, sir, these are groanings that cannot be uttered." "Then, for conscience' sake don't try to utter them, for you make terrible work of it, and it can't be done."

A MEETING of foreigners, to protest against the Sunday law, was held in Newark, a few days ago. The Sabbath is a dreadful annoyance to a large portion of the foreigners in this country. It may seem a little strange that they have not utterly destroyed it, when we consider how continually they are breaking it.

THE getters-up of a bear-hunt in Minnesota invite the ladies to participate in the sport. But the ladies had better not do it, especially if they dress fashionably. Each of them might chance to be shot from appearing to be "*a little bare.*"

THE "Ohio Democrat" asks why it is much easier to turn an American into a Democrat, than to turn a Democrat into an American. If the fact is so, the reason must be akin to that for which it is very easy to convert a diamond into charcoal, but quite impossible to convert charcoal into diamonds.

A DIFFICULTY occurred the other day between two editors in Texas. One snapped his fingers in the other's face, and the other returned the compliment with the snap of a pistol. The pistol didn't go off any more than the fingers did. Both parties were decidedly snappish.

A DEMOCRATIC organ boasts that Mr. Buchanan's friends will never desert their colors. But they are everywhere turning pale with fear—their colors desert *them.*

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the "New York Express" calls the officers of the Government "Treasury buzzards." A pretty large proportion of them belong to a different species of birds. Many a one of them is a rob-in'.

A DEMOCRATIC organ in Wisconsin, in view of a late occurrence, insists that every man in office "should have a strong box and put into it every dollar as fast as received." But not a few of the office-holders have quite other uses for dollars than to lock them up. "Pat," said a Yankee to an Irishman, "you should buy a trunk to put your clothes in." "What, an' go naked this cowld weather?"

OUR old friend of the "Southern American" publishes that he was married last week. We congratulate him and his bride. May every blessing rest upon them, and may they every year have occasion to exclaim joyously, "Oh, *Gemini!*"

THE editor of the "Democrat" talks about the "sinking fund." Every fund that his party gets a chance at becomes a rapidly sinking one.

THE Democratic organs, instead of crying "peace, peace," have better reason to cry "piece, piece," for their party is all in pieces.

LOUIS NAPOLEON has been doing the sweet to Victoria, kissing her on both cheeks—leaving the British Queen nothing further to present him for salute.—*N. Y. Express.*

Why, where are her dear majesty's lips? When France's ex-loafer was kissing her first upon one cheek and then upon the other, hadn't he the courage and the good taste to pause for one all-blissful moment half-way between the two?

A CORRESPONDENT boasts of having raised seventy-five bushels of wheat to the acre. We set down a considerable portion of that grain to the account of "grains of allowance."

MARY ANN BUSWELL has been indicted for having three husbands. If her personal accomplishments are in keeping with her name, she can no doubt get as many husbands and lovers as she pleases.

A RAILROAD track-layer in Massachusetts has absconded with a considerable amount of funds. He preferred making tracks to laying them.

AN Ohio editor threatens to "pitch into the railroads." The Ohio river has its defects as well as the railroads. Why not pitch into that?

THERE is a coffee-house keeper in our city, who sets out handsome mint-juleps at his open window to attract customers. In all kindness we suggest to him that they are a little too convenient to the thirsty passers-by. He had better "haul in his horns."

A PORTLAND paper complains of Democratic "lethargy." He says the Democrats seem to be asleep, and he threatens to "pull them out of bed." We wonder if they wouldn't, in that case, like oysters, be pulled out of their bed by a rake.

MR. G. J. BOWER, of Newburn, whipped his wife and she left him. She was right. She was the *right* Bower and he the *left* one.

THE editor of the ——— says he has known "many a cat of nine lives." We guess the cats he has been brought acquainted with have had that number of "tails" if not of lives.

MESSRS. TURNER and Copeland, two rich neighbors in Texas, are quarreling about the ownership of some timber-land. When Turner sends his hands to work upon it, Copeland opens a fire upon them with rifle and shot-gun; and, when Copeland sends his hands, Turner opens upon them in the same fashion. The two gentlemen have certainly a disagreeable way of "playing into each other's hands."

A SOMEWHAT notorious Texan, who has been shot at six times, twice by Indians and four times by white folks, calls himself bullet-proof. We think he is in less danger from the contents of gun-barrels than from those of brandy-barrels; if bullet-proof, he is hardly proof against "fourth-proof."

WE don't know of an emptier sound than the rumbling of a hungry stomach.

THE "Rochester Democrat" says that the Erie Canal is the heart of the prosperity of New York. New York ought then to have an enlargement of the heart.

NO doubt the editor of the "Southern Mercury" is a "wag," but a dog's tail can make a hundred better ones any day.

A POOR lawyer hung himself in Milwaukee. Having had no *causes* he left no *effects*.

THE "Washington Union" says that "the banks are divorced from the Democracy." If they are, they had better not renew the matrimonial connection unless they are in a hurry to be widows.

IN love, there is one person who loves and and another who is loved.—*Exchange.*

But it is an unfortunate thing if there are not two that love and two that are loved.

THE editor of the "Texas Herald" wonders how we managed, in a late paragraph, to hit so exactly a neighbor of his, with whom he rightly supposes us to be personally unacquainted. The truth is, the fellow's language in his paper was enough to enable us, practiced as we are, to take a good aim at him. The case was much like that of the marksman, who, on a dark night, hit a dog right in the mouth at the distance of twenty steps, without anything to guide his aim except the animal's bark.

PERSONS who visit our sanctum will greatly oblige us by leaving everything just as they find it.—*Indiana paper.*

Wouldn't you like that they should give you a little valuable information and so leave you wiser than they find you?

AN editor in the interior thinks that we "eat bad corn." Probably he lives upon mean wheat—for he is bearded, chaffy, and smutty.

AN Illinois paper advises Mr. Douglas to "look around before attempting to reply to Mr. Trumbull's exposé of his course in relation to Kansas." But pray how can a poor fellow "look *round*" when he is "*cornered?*"

THE New York papers state that "a member of the celebrated Fox family has just joined the Catholic Church." A good many of the sly family have always burrowed and prowled and preyed in the church.

MR. BULWER has played the dickens in his household, and Mr. Dickens has played the devil in his.

A NEW Democratic paper comes to us with the name of "J. Daw" as editor. Is Jack too modest to publish his entire name?

WE see the question discussed in several eastern papers, "whether a schoolmaster can kiss his female pupils." We only know that we could when we were a schoolmaster.

AN American author says, "there is no wind so ill as not to blow good to somebody." What does he think of the breath of whisky-drinkers and tobacco-chewers?"

A LOCOFOCO editor in Kentucky advises us to call off our dogs. The difference between us and him is that we can call the dogs to us, whereas he and his paper bid fair to *go to them.*

A MR. HENRY OBIN argues in the "New Hampshire Gazette" in favor of the immediate destruction of all banks. The Christian name of *Obin* should have been *Jack.*

MR. J. FREEMAN of Michigan was recently murdered by two of his hired men. Could the coroner's jury have properly returned a verdict of killed *by his own hands?*

ONE of little Dug's organs announces that he is about to swallow Senator Trumbull. Alas, then, for Trumbull! His grave is *dug.*

WE shall have our day yet.—*Southern Democrat.*

If so, it will be a day not to be despised. We are told, "despise not the day of *small things.*"

TWO negro boys fought a duel the other day in Mississippi. One was badly wounded, the other killed—one laid up, the other out.

THE Treasury is in a bad way. It has "shelled out" till nothing is left but *Cobb.*

THE "Washington Union" calls Mr. Buchanan "the rock of Democracy." He may be considered such a rock as the Irish are supposed to be partial to—*sham*-rock.

J. A. OLIVER advertises in an Indiana paper that he wants a wife. Perhaps there is some Miss or Mrs. Roland for him.

MESSRS. E. & S. A. GILL, of the "New Hampshire Democrat," announce their abandonment of the Democratic party. There's no chance for the Democracy to escape, now that the Opposition have got hold of their Gills.

OUR Government is still making presents to the Indians. There is great danger, as things are now going, that it will soon have occasion to solicit presents from them.

HENRY the Fifth, we infer from Shakspeare, used to swear by St. Paul. Our Minnesota friends do the same thing.

"SO I see you are free, Sam," said a friend of ours to a slave just released from the watch-house. "To be sure, I'm not in jail, master, but please don't insult me by calling me a free nigger."

THE "Pennsylvania News" asks, "who shall bear the compass and the chain to fix the line between the North and the South with a view to separation?" Any honest man would scorn to join such a "*chain-gang*."

OH, if I only had a widower for a beau, how I would lead him around.—*Myrtle (of the Democrat).*

With a beau-string, we suppose.

WE have fairly caught our neighbor Clapp at last.—*Wisconsin Democrat.*

We presume you did it with Clap-trap.

FROM what we have seen, we judge that most of the *civil* laws of Utah are *criminal* ones.

MR. WEBSTER at one time, in rather an unguarded moment, when he was writhing under the defeat of his party by the Democracy, remarked in a speech that "all is not lost," quoting, the language put into the mouth of Satan by Milton, when he was ejected from the precincts of Heaven. Revenge and inveterate hate, said he, are still left.—*Memphis Appeal.*

That is a slander upon Mr. Webster. He did, in his speech, say in the language of Milton, "all is not lost," but he did *not* add that *revenge and inveterate* hate were still left. We feel bound to pull this arrow from the corpse of the dead statesman.

NEARLY all the papers regard it as a cheering omen that the first dispatch over the submarine wires was a "message of peace." Alas! alas! centuries ago there came over the waters a dove bearing the olive branch, but, since then, how have wars incarnadined their fair face!

MR. BROWN, editor of the "St. Louis Democrat," was married a few days ago to a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, Miss Mary Gunn. May their wedded life be happy, and many a little "son of a Gunn" rise up to bless them.

WE have kept our readers pretty well posted as to the crops, and we have now to announce that the wheat, rye, oat, and grass crops of the West, have all been cut entirely off. What was spared by the rust smut, etc., has been cut off by patent-reapers, sickles, scythes, and cradles.

THE editor of a Wisconsin paper speaks of a place where he says "brass coin passes as money." He had better emigrate there. There his face would always be "good for a drink."

DANIEL LOCHRANE, of Lancaster, Pa., getting tired of his wife, and not having the patience to wait for a divorce, tossed her out of the window—just threw her away.

ONE William Banks has established a new Sag-Nichts paper in Wisconsin. We hope that Wisconsin bank bills are better than her Bill Banks.

"PLEASE X," says a stupid little contemporary upon the margin of a copy of his paper sent to us. Let him send us "an X," and we will.

A BRUSSELS paper gives an account of monstrous persecutions practised under the authority of a Cardinal. No doubt such persecutions are practised under the authority of all the Cardinals. In their church, persecution is a cardinal virtue.

LETITIA HAMLIN, a girl of sixteen, residing in Belchertown, Massachusetts, while gathering berries a few days since in that vicinity, killed two black snakes measuring six feet in length each, besides catching two striped snakes, which she put in her bosom and carried home to her mother.—*Springfield (Mass.) Journal.*

Pshaw, Letitia! You may be a very pretty girl, but what young fellow will ever be able to pillow his head upon your bosom without dreaming all night of rattlesnakes, vipers, copperheads, moccasins, coach-whips, and anacondas? Who, with your young arms twined lovingly around him, would not fancy himself hugged by a boa-constrictor? And who, with your ringlets falling over his face, would not imagine every separate hair, like that of the Eumenides, a hissing and red-eyed serpent?

WE understand, that recently, in one of the schools of a western city, a mischievous urchin took an opportunity to deposit soft wax upon the benches of all the boys and the chairs of the teachers. It wasn't long before the school-room was as full of "waxed-ends" as a shoemaker's shop.

A DEMOCRATIC editor in Arkansas admits that a portion of the Democrats in that State are living in ignorance. Probably he ought to admit that the rest are dying in the same condition.

THE editor of a northern paper says that he is "tied constantly" to his paper. Then it ought for his sake to be a whipping-post.

THE "New York Evening Post" tells a large story of the freaks of lightning in France. A young girl was struck by lightning and changed to a boy. We don't believe it.—*Albany Statesman.*

We cannot say as to the changing, but we have observed that a girl, whenever she is in danger, is very apt to *turn* to a boy—if there's one about.

THE papers give an account of a young couple in France, who not being allowed to marry, resolved to die together —and did. There might have been some little sense in this if they had had any guaranty of a chance to marry in the other world.

MR. L. A. POE, a New Hampshire editor, has had one Dr. Rivers indicted for kicking him. He calls the Doctor "a savage." If the offender is really a savage, he probably belongs to the Kick-a-Poe tribe.

THE "Washington Union" talks boastingly of "the all-absorbing Democratic party. No doubt it is a sponging concern.

AN eastern preacher has accepted the challenge of Brownlow, Tennessee's celebrated fighting parson, to discuss the subject of Slavery with him. The Yankee preacher little knows what he is undertaking. We say to him, at the potter says to the lump of clay in his hands, *be-ware.*

WE are in favor of internal improvements, but the policy of some of the northern folks who apply to Congress to do everything they want done is contemptible. There are fellows in that section, who, if they had bad colds, would petition Congress to remove the obstructions in their noses.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, in Maine, has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Jefferson Davis, the Mississippi secessionist. The "Boston Bee" seems to think that the faculty intend to win Mississippi over to northern institutions *by degrees.*

MR. J. T. NAILOR, of the "Pennsylvania Times," says that "a true Know Nothing can hardly be an honest man." We have often heard of hitting the nail on the head, and we don't know but somebody ought to treat the Nailor in the same way.

THE announcement of the marriage, at Auburn, of Mr. Edward Straw to Miss Eva Smiley, suggests the probability that he tickled her with a proposal and she laughed a consent.

THE Bombay Geographical Society announce, in their proceedings, that they have received a specimen of the walking leaf from Java, with eggs and young; and what seems more curious still, a walking flower, described as a creature with a white body, pink spots, and crimson border.—*Exchange.*

We have, in our streets, a great many beautiful walking flowers. They grow on twin stems, bare their white bosoms to the light of heaven and the eyes of sinners, and expand tremendously.

A CONTEMPORARY advises all the people in our cities to make their escape to the Springs or some other cool place of resort. It is a matter of course that all our people, and especially the fat ones, will in this hot weather be fast *running away.*

THE locofoco papers may as well stop abusing Judge Wheat. Such Wheat can't be hurt by such smut.

THE editor of a Wisconsin paper says that he has "hitherto been the political associate of Mr. Wolf," but that now he distrusts him. An old injunction is, "if you have a wolf for a companion, carry a dog under your cloak," but this editor carries dog enough in his face and soul.

SAUL SMILING, of Portland, long an applicant for office, has got a place in the Custom House. So at last we have Saul among the profits.

THERE are no women now-a-days. Instead of women, we have towering edifices of silk, lace, and flowers.—*Punch.*

Ah, well, Mr. Punch, if you ransack one of those edifices thoroughly, we guess you will find a woman hidden away in it somewhere.

THE more our ladies practise walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those ladies acquire the best carriage who don't ride in one.

IT is supposed that angels do not wear dresses. Our fashionable ladies are getting more and more angelic every year.

THE "Cecil Whig" says that the administration "is laughing in its sleeve at the pretensions set up in its behalf." No doubt; but then it is so out at the elbows that the laugh in its sleeve is visible to everybody.

IT is announced that our minister to Spain is soon to have a successor. Some have supposed that the administration wouldn't care to send another minister to the Spanish Court. Certainly, the sending of the present one looked like resorting to "*the last Dodge.*"

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES presents horses to those who are his favorites. His master presents bulls to those who are his favorites and those who are not.

GARRISON, the abolitionist, who attacks all persons in turn, has just made a fierce attack upon the Democracy. We do not think that any honest jury could conscientiously punish him for it. The famous S. S. Prentiss once secured the acquittal of a client on trial for libel by making two points—*first*, that the plaintiff's character was so bad that it couldn't be injured, and *secondly*, that the defendant was so notorious a liar that nobody would believe one word he said.

GENERAL CASS is said to be worth five million dollars. To the country his worth cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. —*Washington Star.*

Suppose, then, you estimate it in half or quarter cents.

THE Chicago "Times" thinks there isn't a man in the country that is a match for Mr. Douglas. But he found a beautiful woman a couple of years ago that consented to be a match for him.

AN Ohio paper, speaking of the crops, says that, "in some things, the earth has failed, during the past season, to do her appointed work." The fact is, she drank a good deal too much during the spring and the early summer.

AN English heiress has married a Spanish bull-fighter This may encourage some of our young fellows to turn bull-fighters. We don't know that the sport would be very dangerous to them. Their friends have known a score of horns to enter their bodies every day without killing them.

A LONDON court has decided that an actor is not a "laborer." Of course not; he's "no work and all play."

A YOUNG couple passed rapidly through Maysville the other day on their way to get married. The indignant old folks were full three hours behind. So the adventurous young couple had what might be considered "a fair start in the world."

THERE are said to be numerous young girls in the streets of St. Louis stealing whatever trifles they can lay their hands on—petty thieves in petti-coats.

THE editor of the "Henderson Commercial" asks if some of the sportsmen won't give him a "a smell of Green River bass." If a "smell" is what he wants, they had better send him some a week out of water.

WE see some discussion as to the name by which the wire upon the bed of the Atlantic should be called. The word cable is thought inappropriate. Suppose we call it the Atlantic bed-cord.

THEY don't call the President the "sage of Wheatland" any more, and the title was nothing but chaff during the canvass.

"CABLE" hats are already advertised for sale. Neck-ties of the same material would be serviceable after one got the hang of them.

A SKILLFUL worker in wood has sent us the figures of two little children beautifully carved. We thank him for these *babes in the wood.*

THE editor of the "Democrat" wants to know what could be done if Tom Corwin and we were to break into the Democratic party. Why, we suppose, that, if we should break in, the editor of the "Democrat" could, like the small-pox or the measles, break out.

MR. ORR, of South Carolina, professes a sincere desire to unite the North and the South. Orr is more likely to disjoin them. "*Or* is a disjunctive conjunction."

A CORRESPONDENT of an Illinois paper says that Mr. Douglas "is a bright light and not a gas-light, either." As he is decidedly *wicked*, we suppose we may consider him a candle.

A MR. BROWN has challenged Parson Brownlow to discuss the slavery question. We judge from the language of the challenge, that, if it were accepted, the contest would be between Brownlow and low Brown.

A DEMOCRATIC paper in Virginia charges that "Mr. Buchanan has played his game badly." He has had to make use of a very miserable set of creatures in playing it. Not even an old blackleg could play with such a *pack*.

A WRITER in the Georgia "Educational Journal" has asked "What goes with deer's horns?" We are not skilled in wood-craft, but to us it appears natural that the head, hoofs, hide, and tail should *go with* with the horns.

A MR. CARR, of Mississippi, declares for Yancy's southern league. Here's a Carr off the track. Fortunately it is an empty one.

WE have received a communication from a writer who is mercilessly severe upon widows. Widows undoubtedly do a world of mischief. Perhaps, after all, there is a deep philosophy in the Hindoo system of burning the bewitching creatures upon the funeral pile of those they are the "relicts" of.

THE young lady who does not apologize when you find her at work in the kitchen will not fail to make a good wife.—*Exchange.*

We remember to have found a very pretty young lady at work in the kitchen, who didn't apologize, but we had to.

MESSRS. LINCOLN and Douglas have, in their discussions, given sketches of their own and each other's lives. It appears that Douglas has been a gross sinner, and Lincoln *a grocer.*

A NEW YORK paper is discussing the effects of the ocean telegraph. We think it died without leaving any.

THE last number of the "Scientific American" describes a curious fish that has a craw like a fowl. Isn't it a craw-fish?

A MAN in Charleston kissed a woman of ill-fame against her own will, and she punched out his eye with a fork. He squeezed a *leman* and got a *punch.*

THERE seems to be some dispute as to the cause of the separation of Mrs. Cora A. Hatch, the young and pretty spiritual medium, from her husband. Most ascribe it to spiritual influence. We rather guess that the spirit which did the mischief wasn't a disembodied one.

THERE is a great deal in luck. One man will lose what he grasps in his hand, while another may throw his money into the sea, and a fish will bring it to him.

SOMEBODY recommends the young ladies to kiss the young men to see when they've been "takin' so'thing."—*Exchange.*

The only objection is that the young ladies might thus contract a couple of perilous habits—become too fond of kissing and a little too fond of liquor. If a young lady were to find upon the lips of her lover the flavor and the fragrance of a delicious julep, her own lips might cling to his rather too often and a little too long at a time.

PROFESSOR MORSE has been decorated by the Emperor of France with the insignia of the Legion of Honor. He was decorated with a legion of honors before.

A PITTSBURG paper says that "a spanking business is done all along the banks of the Ohio." Isn't it confined to the bottoms?

CALEB CUSHING complains that small "politicians" are continually annoying him. No doubt it is a pleasant employment to them to stick pins in that Cushin'.

MISS MARSH, author of "English Hearts and English Hands," has undertaken a mission to the cabmen of England, with a view to their spiritual welfare. If she is pretty she will not be put down, for when did a cabman ever put down the fare?

THE Latin has been for many centuries a dead language, but the so-called Latin that some folks write, never lived.

MR. J. H. OAKS, who was stated to have been murdered in Arkansas some weeks ago, turns out to be still living. He is live Oaks.

A MAN in Milwaukee killed his wife, and cut his own throat five minutes afterward. Five before would have been ten better.

YESTERDAY a stranger got one of our shoemakers to tap a pair of boots for him. When he called for them, he was insolent, and the shoemaker tapped him on the head. So Crispin tapped his customer at both ends—but without charging double price.

MR. OWEN JONES says that he *owes* more to the people of his district than any other man in it. Then he ought to be called *Owin'* Jones.

A WRITER in the "Philadelphia Press" says that the administration is hiding its head in the sand like an ostrich. It will soon have no sands to hide its head in—its sands will all be *run.*

TUTTLE'S comet, now to be seen without a telescope, mounted on the constellation Pegasus, has entered the list against Donati's fiery racer, now in Bootes, and we anticipate a very exciting race. We bet upon the fellow in Boots.

HOW true it is that we never put a proper value upon those things that are always present to us. We are now lauding the beauty of the comet, a perfect stranger, and forget the glorious sun, which has been with us since "in the beginning God said let there be light, and there was light."

MR. DOUGLAS calls upon the Democrats to stick to him. A considerable number of them seem to be disposed to take a good stick to him.

IT is said that Mr. Gurley, of Cincinnati, the successful Opposition candidate for Congress, who was recently assailed as a Universalist, is now so far converted to orthodoxy as to be a full believer in the doctrine of election.

DIVORCES are scandalously common in Indiana. It is said that they occasionally take place there almost without the knowledge of the parties interested. It might be prudent for every couple, before retiring at night, to satisfy themselves by careful inquiry whether they have a right to occupy the same room.

THE editor of the "Ohio Statesman," the next day after the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic party in Ohio, said he was prouder of his Democracy then than he had ever been before in his life. We are disposed to argue with him that Democracy, like sillabub, is best when well whipped.

COL. A. P. SHUTT was the anti-American candidate for the Mayoralty of Baltimore, but he couldn't get in. He isn't Shutt *in* but Shutt *out*.

MOST of the Democratic organs claim to be the great enemies of impost duties, and they might, with no violation of justice, claim to be still greater enemies of high moral duties.

WE believe that all the commercial houses in Kentucky stand firm, but the Bourbon County jail is *broken*.

THE "Pennsylvania Dutch," of Burks County, have a highly appreciative opinion of Glancey Jones. One of them said, "it is von shame if Mishter Shones be not elected, for he is the Committee of the Shairman of Mean Ways!"

WE should like to know how long it takes a man to learn the full trade of lying. The editor of the "Louisville Journal" has been at it all his life and is still a "*Prentice.*"—*Bolivar* (*Tenn.*) *Democrat.*

Well, some people, as you say of us, never do learn the trade, whilst others, like yourself, are born to its full and perfect practice.

IN Sweden a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections. In some of our large cities this rule is reversed; a drunken man is made to vote four times.

THERE are two periods when Congress does no business —one is before the holidays and the other after.

ONE writer tells us that "words are poor weapons," and another that "weapons are the worst arguments." If a man must neither talk nor fight, how are we to defend ourselves in this world?

ONE of our exchanges has an editorial on "Children and Marriage." The collocation of its words is incorrect, unless it is published in a loose community.

THE "Sun" boasts of its independence and truthfulness. If it had mouths and hands enough to lie with, it would tell as many lies as its big namesake in the heavens ever shone upon.

THE recent execution of a woman in Pennsylvania has called up the old question, "should women be hanged for murder?" We used to be on the negative side of the debate, but now, as women insist on equal rights with the men, we think the sexes should hang together.

THEY have got a county judge in Texas who is said to have three hands. How can such an odd-handed judge be expected to administer even-handed justice?

A LOCOFOCO paper says that the "sea of popular favor is swelling around the administration." Mr. Buchanan may be called, then, "the old man of the sea."

THE sweetest serenade that a woman hears in all her life is the first low tone of her first-born.

A GRACEFUL CORRECTION.—"The proper study of mankind is woman."—*Punch.*

Woman is certainly wonderfully constructed; we have always loved to study her and get her by heart. Our first lessons were delightful, but the maturer philosophy is sublimely grand and expansive.

HAVE you laid in your winter fuel? Should the Ohio river *freeze*, you may pass through the entire season without being coal'd.

IF M. Belly intends to make war with the United States on account of Nicaraguan affairs, he ought to look to his preparations. How are his *navel* affairs?

MRS. HENN, of Liverpool, has, it is said, amassed a splendid fortune by speculating in railroad shares. The family are somewhat celebrated for feathering their own nests.

A MAN is exhibiting himself in New York who claims to live on paving-stones. We have lived on them a great many years, and always envied the healthy digestion of the farmers and agriculturists who lived on green-sward.

A GOOD way to light some cities with gas would be to set fire to their editors.

THE doctor is not unfrequently Death's pilot-fish.

THE Atlantic cable was payed out at first and has never paid anything since. It lived a long while upon its credit, but now even its last tick has been stopped.

JOHN H. STORY, a locofoco editor of Minnesota, was personally punished the other day for a libel on a brother editor. There are two sides to every story, and one of John's has been kicked.

A KENTUCKY editor being charged with having "appeared in a certain capacity," denies it. He certainly might, with at least equal truth, deny that any capacity ever appeared in him.

A WASHINGTON letter says that Mr. Douglas "took his gun very early the other morning and went *ducking*." The Illinois senator is a great deal more used to *crowing* and *quailing*.

OUR neighbor of the "Democrat" tries to make fun of logic. We have known him to succeed better without trying.

THE "Hillsboro Journal" speaks of five women in that town, "the smallest of whom is seven feet in circumference." Women must be *thick* up there.

JOHN MITCHEL, who made his escape from Botany Bay, should remember that when he abuses fugitive slaves, he abuses himself.

THE New Orleans papers complain that the bars at the mouth of the Mississippi are becoming a more formidable obstruction than ever. We guess New Orleans will have to let them down.

A YOUNG lady in Pittsburg discarded her lover for his small size. In his resentment he burned her father's house. "Lo! what a big fire *a little spark* kindleth!"

THE editor of the Minnesota "Times" says that he throws down our paper with contempt. We don't believe it; our paper is not to be "cast down by trifles."

WE are not addicted to telling fibs.—*Democrat.*

That's one.—*Journal.*

IN a recent fight in California between a lawyer and a doctor, both armed with broad-swords, the lawyer cut off the doctor's left hand, and the doctor genteelly amputated the lawyer's head. That was "sharp practice" on both sides.

MR. J. G. SPOTT, a small office-holder in Minnesota, complains bitterly in a card that some of his own political friends are resolved to get him out, but predicts that they will fail. No doubt Mr. Spott thinks they will succeed as badly as Lady Macbeth when in despair she exclaimed, "Out, damned spot."

THE editor of the "—— Mercury" says he has no consideration for trifles. We suppose 'tis but his mode of confessing his want of self-respect.

WE wonder what can be the cause of the very extraordinary aversion that our members of Congress have to *time*. They are eternally *speaking against it*.

IT is said that the fur-traders in the Northwest have had large quantities of peltries stolen by the Indians. People who trade among savages should *look out for their hides*.

THE "Charlestown Mercury" says "there was a breach in the Democracy of the late Congress that could not be healed." That's strange. Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, is very vain of having been a journeyman tailor, and why wasn't he called in to mend the Democratic breeches?

A VIRGINIA paper says that the portion of the Old Dominion called the Panhandle is inhabited by abolitionists. If the abolitionists have got hold of the handle of the pan, isn't there danger that they may upset the whole utensil?

THE elephant is not the greatest beast in the world. He abhors tobacco.

A NEW YORK justice recently sent a negro to the prison six months for lying. No doubt he thought lying too great a luxury to be enjoyed by an inferior race.

THE "New Hampshire Statesman" says of a late meeting of locofocos, that they "entirely filled a two-acre lot." It was a miserable lot of politicians.

"I WISH, Mr. Speaker, to present a liquor bill," said a red-nosed member of a western legislature. He never presents any other kind.

THE editor of a Minnesota paper says he "he can generally manage, by hook or by crook, to get up a pretty good paper." He does it principally by *hook.*

A REPUBLICAN paper in Pennsylvania says that certain persons in the South contemplate making Old Buck a present of "a plantation stocked with niggers." The niggers, when he owns them, will all be "Buck-niggers."

A DUBUQUE paper says complainingly that "money is close." We are afraid that it isn't *close* enough to be *reached.*

THE King of Naples is growing thin and failing even on a diet of ass's milk.—*Exchange.*

How does it agree with people here? What is the condition of your readers?

WE have heard of a great many trials of reapers and mowers, but we never before heard of anything like the recent trial of Sickels.

THE "Morgan Republic" hopes that every member of the Ohio legislature, who voted against the bill to tax dogs, may be bitten by them. If the animals are sagacious, they will be more likely to bite those who voted to tax them.

THE "Washington Union" says the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Democratic party. Certainly not—on the contrary, the gates will readily give way and let the whole concern in.

JOHN MILLER announces in a Minnesota paper that he has left the Buchanan men and joined Douglas. It is no new thing for Millers to be bolters.

IN South Bend, on the 20th inst., by Rev. Ira Corwin, William H. Drapier, editor of the "St. Joseph County Forum," to Miss Sarah J. Chord, daughter of Samuel M. Chord, Esq., all of that place. We have thought for some time that our young Democratic friend Drapier richly deserved to have a Chord around his neck. May there be no release for him till he is "dead, dead, dead."

OUR old friend Mrs. Swisshelm hits us tolerably hard. Dear Jane, we may give a kiss for a blow if you can manage to wait till it is convenient.

A BOARDER at a hotel in Chicago missed $50. A servant, named Abraham, was arrested on suspicion. The money was found in "Abraham's bosom."

EVE'S daughters are smarter than she was. The devil got the better of her, but some of them beat the devil.

AT the Democratic barbecue at Paris, last week, Vice-President Breckinridge said "The track of the Democratic party was strewn with the necks of its opponents." And the necks of whisky bottles, he might have added, as a truthful compliment to old Bourbon, the ground he stood on.

MR. T. H. CAPERS, of the "Texas Herald," asks if we have cut him. Oh, no; we never *cut* anything bearing his name.

A TEXAS man, named Trask, breaks every jail he is put into. He has a sort of "breaking out" that can't be cured.

CAPTAIN TRAVIS, the pistol-shooter, recently hit a small crack in a target out in the woods seventeen times in succession. He will pass for a "crack-shot."

BRIGHAM YOUNG says, "if our enemies were to come here in a proper spirit, they would in one month embrace our religion." More likely your wives, old fellow.

IT would seem that men often value the work of human hands more than they do those of nature. In Florence, the marble statue of a girl often brings ten thousand dollars, but in Constantinople you can with that amount buy a dozen lovelier creatures of flesh and blood.

IT is stated in a Cape Cod paper that the mackerel, though not decreasing in numbers, are becoming every year harder and harder to catch. We suppose they are getting smarter and more knowing. It is very natural, for they are generally found in *schools*.

"SHALL I help you, sir, to some of the calves' brains?" "No, madam, I flatter myself I have brains enough." "Yes, sir, and of just the same sort."

THE Paducah paper calls one of our city contemporaries "a notable editor." Probably he means *not able.*

A LOCOFOCO editor in Indiana suggests to the "Louisville Journal" to "draw in its horns." He no doubt sucks in his—with a straw.

MR. GREEN, an Indiana editor, calls certain columns of ours "half-witty." If his were not more than half-Green, his paper would be worth twice as much as it is.

A WOMAN in Reading recently had four babies within twelve hours. She obeyed but half of the old injunction to "labor and *wait.*"

A WRITER in the "Pennsylvanian" asks whether "Major Botts" is thought of seriously for the Presidency. No, but we understand *Minor* Botts is.

A GENTLEMAN, who calls himself a Methodist preacher, has sent us a strange political letter. There seems to be some method in his madness and a good deal of madness in his Methodism.

OUR neighbor thinks that the most appropriate presents that the ladies could make us, would be *presents of mind.* We guess that many a lady has made him a present of *a piece* of her mind.

A KENTUCKY editor says that among other presents, the ladies have sometimes given us *scissors*. Oh, yes, some of them have given us pretty pairs of scissors, accompanying the gift with the old motto—"we part to meet again." Let those beware who, like our ugly neighbor, would come between.

AN Arkansas paper boasts tremendously of its freedom. We suppose 'tis as free as the air, as free as the waves, as free as a Free-Lover's love, as free as a thief makes himself with the contents of a gentleman's pocket.

THE "Minnesota Times" says that the intensely cold weather prevailing up there is "unheard of." We wonder if it is unfelt.

THE "Madison Courier" says that the editor of the "Democrat" exhibits no consistency. That's a fact. Consistency is a jewel, and we believe our plain neighbor wears no kind of jewelry.

"MARRY me, my dear girl, and you will have seen the end of trouble." "Which end, sir?"

IF a man is crazy on the subject of money, is it monomania or money-mania?

TWO young Cincinnatians ran away with a couple of vessels from that city, last week. The vessels were of that kind St. Paul calls "the weaker vessels."

A GOOD many men and women want to get posession of secrets just as spendthrifts want to get money—for circulation.

THE Opposition in Kentucky are in a bad way.—*Arkansas Times.*

The Democracy in Arkansas are in a bad State.

HA! Ha! Ha!—*Locofoco paper.*

The animal is calling for *hay.* An ass is not generally expected to be able to spell very well when asking for fodder.

THE editor of the "Memphis Enquirer" says that a man should never attempt to kiss a lady's hand without knowing whether it would be agreeable to her. But, pray, how is he to ascertain whether it would be agreeable or not? Must he, as a preliminary, or rather a *feeler*, squeeze her hand a little to see how she likes that? Or should he make a direct and formal proposition to her—my dear creature, please let me kiss your hand? Or should he gaze steadfastly into her eyes until he sees, written distinctly upon the retina, "please kiss me, sir," or until she presents him with the little flower "*jump up and kiss me?*"

A WRITER in the "Texas Telegraph" says he has been hunting three months in vain for a situation, and almost wishes himself an oyster. If he were, he would find right under every man's nose a fine opening for himself.

IT takes a member of the Illinois Legislature a considerable time to get rich in the service. He receives one dollar a day and pays two for board; the rest he is expected to "give to the poor."

THE editor of the "Charleston Mercury says "the deluge is coming." Does he think he is *knower* enough to ride out the storm?

THE "Washington Constitution" says that falsehoods are a common currency. The readers of the Constitution are rich in that kind of currency. They are in the regular receipt of their "ten thousand a year."

A WRITER in the "Boston Courier" says he doesn't like Piccolomini's *gate*. Perhaps her father kicked him out of it.

AN able writer says that "a man, by exposing himself to martyrdom, proves that he is not a knave." Oh no, it may show nothing more than that he is so desperately in love with knavery as to be willing to die for it.

THE editor of a Down East paper says that there is "nothing of the monk" about him. We have been disposed to think him a little *monkey*.

WHILE a horse was running away in the streets of Boston, a child three years old toddled directly before him, and he jumped right over its head. That horse was the right sort of a "baby-jumper."

A CORRESPONDENT of a St. Louis paper says that "it is very difficult to cross the plains between Utah and the States." It is so difficult that the truth has not been able to cross them, though falsehood, with her longer stride, has.

IF two members of Congress are hostile to each other, and one of them wants amicable relations restored, he has only to call his antagonist "a liar and a scoundrel." Then he gets a challenge; friends interfere—and the work is done.

THE "*bears*" have recently carried the day in the eastern stock-markets, and the *bares* at our fashionable parties all over the country.

A TENNESSEE editor charges that Mississippians, as a general rule, can stand dunning better than any people he ever saw. We suppose they have lived so long in a mosquito country that they don't mind being bored by bills.

AT the last dates from Kansas, it seemed likely that Gen. Jim Lane's leg would have to be cut off. Well, in that case he will, as a candidate for office, stump it all the better.

IT is a very rare thing to find a man preferring his neighbor's son or daughter to his own. It is not half so rare to find one preferring his neighbor's wife to his own.

IT is rather melancholy that the two greatest living novelists, Dickens and Bulwer, are separated from their wives. Each of the two seems to be idolized by almost every lady in the world except the one he exchanged vows with at the altar.

MISS MITCHELL, the famous American astronomer, has returned to her home in Massachusetts.—*Exchange.*

We have two famous Miss Mitchells—one an *astronomer* and the other *a star.*

THE "Montgomery Journal" undertakes to explain philosophically why certain persons grow very tall. We presume the simple reason is that they can do "*nothing shorter.*"

THE President proffered an office to a Democrat out in Illinois, and the Democrat, in his letter of acceptance, enumerated to the President the perquisites he should expect with the office. This fellow is like the Irishman, who was about to marry a southern girl. "Will you take this woman as your wedded wife?" "Yes, your riv'rance, and the nagurs too."

SENATOR BIGLER and the Hon. Jehu G. Jones, are making every exertion to rally the Lecompton Democracy of Pennsylvania. Jehu drives ahead with all his might, and Bigler "drives like Jehu."

A CORRESPONDENT named Short, who professes to be an ardent admirer of ours, writes that he is coming to our office to scold us about a certain matter. We rather object to such Short-comings.

THE Roman Catholic organ in New York complains of the lack of proper support. It says that Roman Catholic papers in Europe are always prosperous. No doubt they grow fat—fed with steaks from the rumps of papal bulls.

THERE is an editor in Alabama named Drinkard. The editor of the "Indiana Times" might with truth say to him: "If *i* were *u*, *you* would be just what *I* am."

SOME sharpers seem to act upon the assumption that, if they cheat a poor fellow out of his farm, he has *no ground for complaint.*

SOME people use one-half their ingenuity to get into debt, and the other half to avoid paying it.

A CERTAIN western editor, complains that he fell from his horse the other day, and is a little lame. He was always a mere apology for an editor, and now we suppose he is "a *lame* apology."

A WRITER of dull tales and essays boasts that he "takes great pains" with what he writes. Let him, by all means, stop then, for he gives more pains than he takes.

CUBA is called "the Key of the Gulf." Spain carries the key at her girdle; but, if she use it to lock us in or out, we shall have to blow her lock open and herself up with gunpowder.

MR. J. R. WALL, an Alabama Democrat, talks about the "lies in circulation" in his neighborhood. We guess there would be little trouble in pinning the greater part of them to the Wall.

A MR. DAVIS says in an Illlinois paper, that "no living man" can match him as a reaper. We don't suppose that any dead one can, though Death himself could beat him.

A HOG-RAISER in Indiana has written us an impudent letter. We advise him to stop writing. The only pen he has that's of any account is his pig-pen.

WE have often heard of pitching tents, but a democratic editor boasts that his party, in the spring of 1860, "will pitch their platform." Let them *pitch* it well, and there may be a chance of their sticking to it.

THE editor of the Constitution says, that he "ignores the American party." He is a fellow of infinite *ignoreance.*

WOMEN have surely no business to sulk, or fib, or swear, or drink, for they make us men do all four of these ugly things, more than enough for ourselves and them.

IT is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one half of the world.

IT is very well to blush when you are detected in a mean act, but you had a great deal better blush when you first think of committing it.

IF water were so scarce as to command a high price, men would esteem it the greatest of luxuries, and drunkenness would be less common than it is.

A GREAT difference between us and one of our neighbors is, that we don't tell half of what we know, while he doesn't know half of what he tells.

A SOUTHERN editor admits, with evident vanity, that he is somewhat "sudden and quick in quarrel." Sudden and quick to run away, we guess.

"AH, my dear girl, you have the ring of the true metal." "No, I haven't, sir. You said that it was pure gold when you gave it to me, but the jeweler says 'tis nothing but bogus."

NO matter how earnestly a bad man may invite you to visit his house, don't "put your foot in it."

MR. JAMES SKIPP, an old scholar of ours, has married a Miss *Stone*. Jimmy is at his old tricks; he always used to *Skipp the hard words*.

THE genuine locofoco party in this country is the natural child of the Jacobin party of France. So it needn't undertake to put on airs. "Won't go, hey?" said a negro boy to the mule he was trying to drive; "feel grand, do you? S'pose you've forgot that your father was a jack-ass."

MR. J. P. LUSE has succeeded the Messrs. Terrill in the management of the "Lafayette (Ind.) Journal." The democratic papers all slandered the Terrills, and now we suppose they will be *lying about Luse*.

THE "Washington Union" attributes the decay of the Democratic party to its excess of great men.—*Cin. Times.*

The "Union" had better attribute the decay not to the excess of its great men but to the shameful *excesses* of its *little* ones.

THE ex-office-holder of the "Democrat" hasn't half so much spirit as an overloaded musket. He didn't kick when he was *discharged*.

THE editor of a Southern paper promises to dispose of the entire slavery question "in a few short articles." He says he has it all *in his head*. Well, we have heard that the whole thing was *in a nut-shell*.

THE editor of a New Hampshire paper complains that his political opponents make a mark of him. He is certainly a mark that every honest man ought to *toe*.

THE "Richmond Whig" says that Mr. Buchanan in his desperation "is ready to seize hold of anything presented to him." Will some kind friend do us the favor to extend to him the hot end of a poker?

A MISS WAY advertises that she will debate woman's rights with a Kentucky lawyer in that city, after which she will make a grand balloon ascension from Congo Square.—*Exchange.*

Does she propose to take the Kentucky lawyer up with her? Or does she mean to throw him sky high in the argument and then go up after him in her balloon?

TO God, and God alone we bow.—*Lebanon Democrat.*

Couldn't you make a pretty bow to a handsome woman?

A WOMAN was severely beaten in Cleveland last week by her illegitimate son. The boy, although the natural son of his father, is a very unnatural one to his mother.

THE "Boston Bee" says that the Democracy's back is broken. Well, although we are no surgeon, we have no objection to give it a *set-back.*

A CORRESPONDENT says that Gen. Cass once made a positive engagement to join the Know Nothing society. We don't believe it. We don't think that the "old Michigander" could ever have been "right on the goose."

WHY does a ship-builder daub the outside of his vessel all over with tar? Would it not be sufficiently pitched by the ocean?

TAKE good care of your cattle and horses, for they are your own flesh and blood.

A CINCINNATI paper mentions a successful pork-dealer turned lawyer. We hope he doesn't mean to turn from pork-packing to jury-packing.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us that he has carried the "Louisville Journal" in his pocket through a journey of three thousand miles. He must be an honest fellow. He carries patriotism and integrity a great way.

MR. J. SMART, of St. Paul, was prosecuted by a young widow for breach of promise. He settled the difficulty by marrying her. He made *her* Smart lest she should *him*.

A DEMOCRATIC editor in this State says that he has "been disposed to smile at the craftiness of the Opposition." Oh yes, "the little dog laughed to see such craft."

A PUSHING politician in Maine boasts of having been the drawer of the liquor bill in that State. Is he sure that he isn't a drawer of a good deal of the liquor itself?

FOREIGN Mormons are still arriving in New York in large numbers, bound for Salt Lake. Some may think they will be in danger of reaching *Brimstone* Lake—lying not far beyond.

THE "Atlantic Monthly" says that "woman is a link between earth and heaven." So is a sausage tossed into the air.

THE editor of a locofoco paper says that we seem to have a great itch to come in constant collision with him. We should certainly expect to have one after such a contact.

MR. NUTT is a candidate for office in Alabama. We trust some good Union man may be found to serve as a Nutt-cracker.

SINCE Sickles shot Key, no less than thirty-four men have been shot, or shot at, by injured husbands, that we have account of. —*Washington Star.*

And yet we can guess that not more than one has been shot at, out of thirty-four that deserved to be.

A SMALL specimen of an editor in Illinois boasts that he is a "Screamer." Any common-sized man, if he were to get hold of him, could easily make him one.

IF our neighbor of the "Democrat" is not now in office, he is at any rate only one *remove* from it.

OUR neighbor says "impudence is a high quality, that deserves great commendation." He does well in praising the bridge that carries him over safe.

A MISSISSIPPI editor calls us an "old pirate." If he were to use such language to our face, he might find us a free-*booter.*

AN Illinois editor boasts of having been presented with "an exquisite mattress and a beautiful counterpane." We suppose he will now lie easier than ever—if that's possible.

THEY have established a "swimming school" in Germany. There are a great many sinking schools in this country.

A KNOXVILLE paper says that a wife in that neighborhood has had three children at a birth. Her husband is entitled to a divorce. She is a very overbearing woman.

A SOUTHERN editor, after a most vehement exhortation to his party, on the eve of a little local election, says that it is the last advice he has to breathe to his friends upon the subject. We guess they are not sorry that he has breathed his last.

THE fossil remains of a small dog were found in the Central Park excavations at New York, the other day. Attached to it was a piece of bark, on which, etc.—*Exchange.*

We knew there were such things as fossil dogs, but we had no idea their *bark* was ever fossilized with them.

WE observe in a St. Paul paper, a notice of the marriage of Mr. "Henry J. Mander." We respectfully suggest to him and his bride, that they name their first boy Gerry, and their first girl Sally.

WHEN the investigations were made at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, it was found that every kind of naval stores and munitions had been plundered and sold. Nothing but their weight prevented the ordnance from being *rifled* cannon.

A NEW YORK editor exclaims, "How shall we look upon the war in Europe?" We guess, if he must look at it at all, that he had better peep from the top of a high hill, out of cannon-shot. Byron says of a great battle—

> "Oh God! it is a lovely sight to see,
> For one who has no friend or brother there."

We think he might as well have added: *And who isn't there himself.*

A FELLOW named Woods is writing in an Indiana paper very intemperately in favor of cold water. We guess very little cold water ever passes "that neck of Woods."

DR. BELL says if war is long entailed on a country, the physical energies suffer by the loss of its finest population, so that the succeeding generations will be of diminutive stature. War certainly does cut men down.

THE "Democrat" says that if we want to know what Democracy is, now or hereafter, we must read its colums. We know what it is now, and we hope that its worshippers are apprised of the solemn truth, that there is a hereafter.

THE Democratic party of Kentucky, afraid of being detected in its true character, is trying to turn its squatter-sovereignty face away from public observation. It will make nothing by the motion. When Jones went to bed drunk and turned over, lest his breath might betray him to his wife, Mrs. Jones is reported to have said, in the mildest manner in the world: "You needn't turn over, Jones, for you are drunk clean through."

WE have not the slightest disposition to interfere with the business of those clever fellow-citizens who each morning send around their carts and wagons and deposit at door fronts, with the regularity of newspaper carriers, their blocks of Crystal Lake ice. Indeed, we are rather pleased in our early rambles, before the sun has scorched the topmost bough of the tallest shade trees, to observe the miniature glaciers lying alongside the blanket sheet of our neighbor of the "Journal."—*Democrat.*

No doubt it is rather pleasant to see the Journal and the lumps of ice side by side; it is the curious conjunction of ice and fire. But, if anybody were to see the lumps lying alongside the "Democrat," probably nothing would be suggested to his mind except the inquiry, which was the *coolest*, the ice or the impudence!

AN editor in the interior of the State protests that he is not responsible for what his neighbor says. He was never suspected of being responsible for what he says himself.

THEY killed an immense female snake in Pulaski County the other day. We suppose her surviving mate is a *grass-widower.*

THE editor of a New Hampshire paper more than insinuates that we lie sometimes. That's a fact. He and we both lie semi-occasionally—he in his paper, and we in bed.

THE editor of a Southern paper, who calls himself a Captain, steals half his paragraphs from us and half from other people. He ought to be a captain of a *rifle* company.

THE crowing editor of a Democratic paper in the interior calls the "Louisville Journal" "a scarecrow." We guess it will scare all the "crow" out of *him.*

ONE of the prominent speakers at the Democratic pow-wow, at Bangor, said that he "expected to spend eternity in the company of Democrats!"—*New Hampshire Statesman.*

There is danger that he will, unless he repent of his sins.

LONGFELLOW wrote Hyperion to win a wife, and of course he will never write anything equal to it till he shall become a widower.

AN Indiana paper calls Mrs. Swisshelm "a fierce old hen." We guess she'll "come to the *scratch.*"

MR. JOHN COTTON says, in a rather bitter letter in a Minnesota paper, that he has been asking office from his party for five years without obtaining it. Evidently Cotton isn't king up that way.

MONSIEUR BLONDIN took two drinks while he was walking his tight-rope over Niagara the last time. Some of the spectators were apprehensive that he would get tighter than his rope.

THE last Legislature of Texas contained thirteen "men of mark." Not one of them could write his name.

A MAN in Wisconsin, who unfortunately had his nose pulled last week, makes bitter complaint in the Madison papers. He doesn't attempt to show, however, that his nose didn't have "a fair shake."

AN Opposition editor says that our neighbor of the "Democrat" is evidently ashamed of himself. What a pity he can't *change countenance.*

THE editor of the ——— calls the opposition papers "retailers of falsehoods." But why should a wholesale dealer in that article turn up his nose at the retailers?

AN oyster's mouth is not at all handsome, but it sometimes has whiter and more beautiful pearls in it than the mouth of the loveliest woman.

BRIGHAM YOUNG says, in one of his late manifestoes, that "the great resources of Utah are her women." It is very evident that the prophet is disposed to *husband his resources.*

THE editor of the "New Hampshire Democrat" gives notice that he is upon our track. It is well that, for once in his life, he is engaged in the pursuit of the good, the honest, and the true.

THE editor of a Yankee paper threatens to *hop* on us. Such hops might *brew* him trouble.

MONSIEUR BLONDIN talks of crossing Niagara again with his wheel-barrow. Monsieur's *barrow* will get to be a *bore.*

IT is the general impression that buffalo tongues are more prized than any other, but we believe that, as a general rule, lawyer's tongues sell highest in market.

MR. JOSEPH NURSE, one of the Free Soil editors in Kansas, says that the Missourians threaten to throw him into the river. Perhaps a wet nurse is needed there.

A FRIEND in the Pond settlements has sent us the biggest bulrush that ever grew. We mean to use it as a walking-cane. So, wherever we go hereafter, we shall go *with a rush.*

THE "London Times" says that "the Austrian soldiers are the best-drilled troops in the world." Certainly those of them who met the Zouave bayonets, were as thoroughly "drilled" as any poor devils ever were.

A DEMOCRATIC organ says that the Opposition "has two faces." It has thousands of faces, for it consists of thousands of persons, each one with a face of his own.

MR. NORTH, of the "—— Times," says that he has debts owing to him in all directions. But we suppose that they are all "due North."

A WRITER in the "Literary Messenger" asks "if there is no way for a lady always to remain *young?*" Certainly there is—she can go to Utah and marry Brigham.

"THE discordant spirit which recently prevailed in *your* party," said one politician to another, "seems to be passing into *ours.*" "Oh yes; when the devils were cast out of the man they entered into the herd of swine."

A BACHELOR, writing us from the interior of California says that, although young women from this side of the continent often arrive unmarried on the Californian coast, they never get in that condition to the interior. We suppose that, like misfortunes, they "*never come single.*"

"I THINK you must allow, madam, that my jests are very fair." "Sir, your jests are like yourself—not even their age can make them respectable."

AN ordinary umbrella is, in these days, of but very partial use to a lady in a rain. Our ladies should either enlarge the circumference of their umbrellas or reduce their own.

"THE Spartana" is the name of a secret Democratic Association in the city of Buffalo. It hardly needs the power of association to teach Democrats the Spartan virtues of stealing and concealing.

A GENTLEMAN killed himself in Florida for the love of a Miss Bullitt. The poor fellow couldn't live with a Bullitt in his heart.

THE "Washington Constitution" says that "our Government wants nothing of Mexico but peace." Yes, but as soon as it gets one *piece*, it wants another.

THE pen is a formidable weapon, but a man can kill himself with it a great deal more easily than he can other people.

A LETTER, describing the personal appearance of Pike, the clever migratory editor, speaks of him as bald. We didn't suppose there was much of a growth upon Pike's Peak.

A GREAT rascal, who lived here a few years ago, has been twice tied to a post and whipped in California. We shall always be glad to hear of him at his post.

THE "Providence Journal" publishes a letter "from a source of the best information," bringing to light a new French movement against the independence of the Sandwich Islands. We shan't wonder if our big-bellied Uncle Sam, one of these days, shall make a mouthful or half a mouthful of those Sandwiches.

IN a late duel at New Orleans, a Mr. Scott was badly hurt by his antagonist, Mr. Bender. He is not the first chap that has been damaged by "a bender."

"YOU are an old sheep," said a promising specimen of young America to his mother. "Well, you little rascal," exclaimed she, seizing the broomstick, "if I am an old sheep, I *lam'd* you, and I'll lam you again."

THE editor of the "New Hampshire Statesman" says that his candidate got off the Opposition platform. Well, though his candidate may never have been witty, he has at length "got off a good thing."

HOMER begged from his countrymen, and all succeeding generations have been continually stealing from him.

THE Pittsburgers are fortunate; they get their delicious pure drinking water from the Alleghany River, which bounds one side of their city, and are supplied with exhaustless quantities of Monongahela, which laves the other.

WE wonder that, among all the titles bestowed upon the moon, none of her poetical admirers have ever spoken of her as Her Serene Highness.

THE "Washington Constitution" says that "every party should have the exclusive benefit of its own acts." Yes, but some years ago, Democrats took chiefly the benefit of what they called a Whig act—the bankrupt act.

WE should do well to take counsel from the wise and warning from the foolish.

STEALING money from a man's pocket to settle a debt due to him is to pay him in his own coin.

SOME things are much better eschewed than chewed; tobacco is one of them.

IT is more respectable to black boots than to black characters—to sew shirts than to sow strifes.

BE sure not to tell a first falsehood, and you needn't fear being detected in any subsequent ones.

FEW men are above suspicion; a great many are below it.

"MISS, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the roses and the strawberries and the peaches done that they blush so?"

A SWEET and tender young woman is loved by both Christians and South Sea Islanders—by the former as something to marry, and by the latter as something to eat. And undoubtedly she is very nice, take her either way.

AN English paper asks what sort of entertainment we could give the British if they were to invade us. We could give them a good many *balls* and a few *routs*.

MEMORY is not so brilliant as hope, but it is more beautiful, and a thousand times as true.

A QUART of whisky will neutralize a snake-bite and not intoxicate. We wonder if a snake-bite wouldn't neutralize the effect of a quart of whisky. If it would, every drunken man's wife should be the proprietor of a big snake.

IF the Alleghany Mountains are properly called the backbone of the United States, our country has a good many curvatures of the spine.

A TENNESSEE landlord, seeing a sailor with a pocket full of money, followed him on the road to rob him. He thought to catch a tar, and did twice as much as he undertook—he caught a Tar-tar.

A CYNICAL writer asks "when women will cease to make fools of themselves." Probably when men cease to admire and love fools more than women of sense.

IF the old maxim is true that the law takes no account of small matters, it must take precious little account of many who pretend to administer it.

WHEN a man has been intemperate so long that shame no longer paints a blush upon his cheek, his liquor generally does it instead.

LET a young woman take the degree of A. B., that is, A Bride, and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of A. M.

HEAVEN ever renders her dews to the earth; but earth seldom, or never renders her dues to Heaven.

THE dress of a frivolous coquette, however abundant, is *next to nothing.*

TOO much rain is as bad for vegetation as too little; it operates as a check-rain.

A DENTIST at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

PROBABLY few women actually whip their husbands, but a great many get them whipped.

LADIES, take in your crinolines and let out your minds.

OLD men and women often betake themselves to smoking. They have piping times.

THEY say that "boys will be boys." Pity it isn't equally true that men will be men.

IT seems now to have been demonstrated that the aurora borealis is but one of the forms of electricity. It is a form that we especially like. It is incomparably more beautiful than the lightning, and then it makes no thundering noise and it never strikes.

THE "New York Tribune" says that "Mr. Dickens is not coming to this country after all." We have no doubt, that, if he ever comes, he will come "after all" he can get.

JOHN MITCHEL is by this time in Europe. We are rid of him. If he could have had his way, we should have been rid *by* him.

MR. BREWER, of the "Northeastern Herald" professes to have "a dozen reasons for opposing the Opposition." It is said that "a baker's dozen" is *thirteen;* but we guess a Brewer's isn't more than about *one.*

A DEMOCRATIC paper in North Carolina, edited by Henry Timothy, comes to us for an exchange. We decline. St. Paul "loved Timothy," and so do horses, but we don't.

A KENTUCKY editor complains that a very big potato, sent as a present to him, found its way to the office of another editor. Well, he looks as if he had been *cut out of a big potato.*

THE "Democrat" says "there are many different ways of reaching the Presidency." We guess that some of the Democrat's political friends will find that there are a good man more ways of *not* reaching it.

THE thumb is a useful member, but, because you have one, you needn't necessarily try to keep your neighbors under it.

MORE persons kill themselves with the pen, than with the pistol, the dagger, and the rope.

WHAT some call health, if purchased by perpetual anxiety about diet, isn't much better than tedious disease.

"FRIEND, the Bible tells thee to swear not at all." "Oh, well, I don't swear at all; I swear only at those I am mad at."

SOME tell us of the impurity of the water, some of the impurity of the milk, and others of the impurity of the spirits. Pray, what is a thirsty soul, intent on purity, to do?

THE most wonderful instance of presence of mind was that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. In the midst of the fiery furnace, they kept cool.

"I WOULDN'T make sluices of my eyes, wife, if I were in your place." "No, sir; you prefer making a sluice of your mouth."

THERE are a great many beams in the eyes of the ladies, but they are for the most part sunbeams.

IF a village contains a score of gossiping old maids, it has precious little need of a newspaper.

IF a woman could talk out of the two sides of her mouth at the same time, there would be a great deal to be said on both sides.

WE hear much about the Dutch taking Holland. It would be gratifying to a good many if the Irish could take Ireland.

A LADY, who keeps canaries, finches, etc., caged for her amusement, must have a partiality for "jail-birds."

WE wind up clocks to make them keep running and banks to stop their running.

RICH crops are often produced by plowing the sea.

LADIES, if you find your husbands obstinately deaf when you are talking to them, try a little *palm*-oil upon their ears.

WHAT'S in a dress? Sometimes a great deal, sometimes little or nothing.

NO doubt there are some outspoken millers, but generally they are a mealy-mouthed race.

THOUGH men give you their advice gratis, you will often be cheated if you take it.

WE hear a great deal about England's poor-laws. There are a great many laws of that sort in this country.

THE "New York Times" suggests that the Americans and the British "will soon be cannonading each other across the sea." If they do not come to any closer quarters, they will give no serious offence to the Peace Society.

WHEN a man is so angry as to seek to kill his enemy, we suppose his wrath is at blood-heat.

A GREAT many men often suffer from fullness of the stomach, who will never suffer from fullness of the head or heart.

IF you want a man to do fair work for you, let him have fair play.

IT may be difficult for you sometimes to get away from bad company, but don't, for that reason, *throw* yourself away.

"I LOOK down upon you, sir." "Yes, you seem in a condition to look down for the sky, and feel upward for the ground."

A SOUTHERN editor says that he has had half his right hand shot off. We condole with him, but hope he'll excel hereafter in short-hand writing.

THERE is oftentimes as much difference between a preacher of the Gospel and a practiser of it as between a turtle-dove and a snapping-turtle.

"HAVE you read the Ode I composed to Sleep?" "Oh, yes, and was myself composed to sleep."

A POPULAR writer says it is not the drinking, but the getting sober that is so terrible in a drunkard's life. Some persons, influenced probably by this important consideration, seem to have deliberately resolved never to get sober.

"I AM rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good health," said Sparks to his wife. "Health? why I have had the plague ever since I was married."

AN inventor in Detroit is attempting to make a flying-machine, and a Detroit editor calls it "an old trap." Perhaps he thinks it a fly-trap.

A MAN, who employs people to work for him, should not be more careful to feed his stomach than his hands.

A WHITE cloud makes a very nice parasol, but a black one a very poor umbrella.

THE greatest truths are the simplest; the greatest men and women are sometimes so, too.

SOME persons can be everywhere at home; others can sit musingly at home and be everywhere.

SEVERAL young ladies in New Orleans are studying dentistry. We suspect their object is to get near the gentlemen's lips.

OFTENTIMES the "fastest" young women are the most easily overtaken by the galloping consumption.

THE END.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

11 NOV'59AB
REC'D LD
OCT 28 1959

RECEIVED
MAR 4 '67 -1 PM
LOAN DEPT.

1Dec'60E
REC'D LD
NOV 17 1960

2Jan'62WAW

REC'D LD
DEC 6 1962

MAR 12 1967 72

LD 21A-50m-4,'59
(A1724s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

Ps